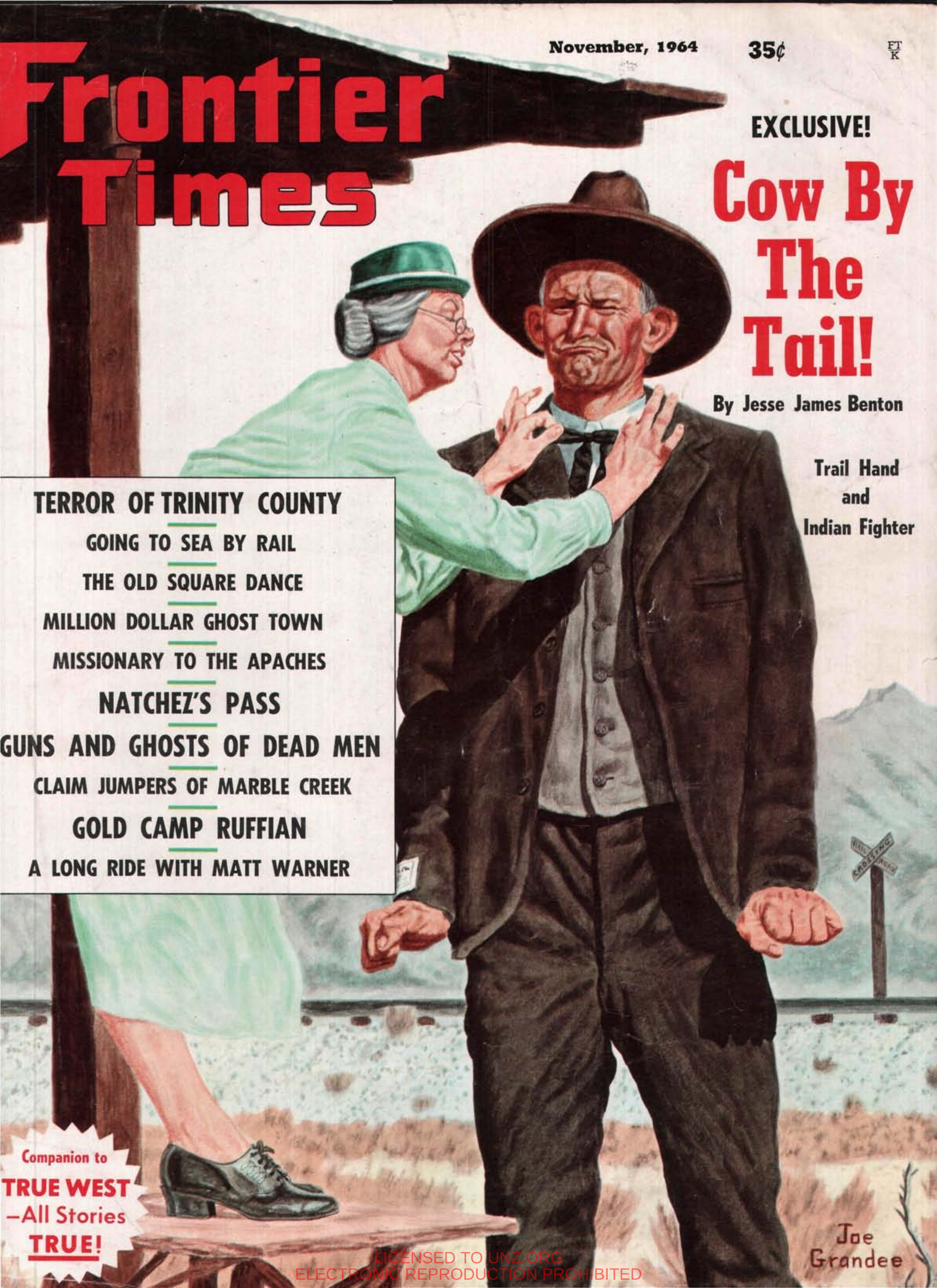
Frontier Times

November, 1964

35¢

FT
K



EXCLUSIVE!

Cow By The Tail!

By Jesse James Benton

Trail Hand
and
Indian Fighter

TERROR OF TRINITY COUNTY

GOING TO SEA BY RAIL

THE OLD SQUARE DANCE

MILLION DOLLAR GHOST TOWN

MISSIONARY TO THE APACHES

NATCHEZ'S PASS

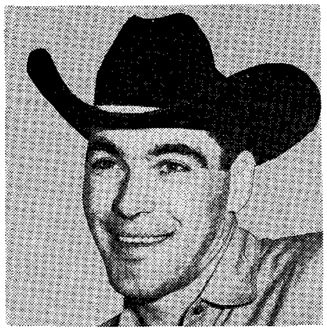
GUNS AND GHOSTS OF DEAD MEN

CLAIM JUMPERS OF MARBLE CREEK

GOLD CAMP RUFFIAN

A LONG RIDE WITH MATT WARNER

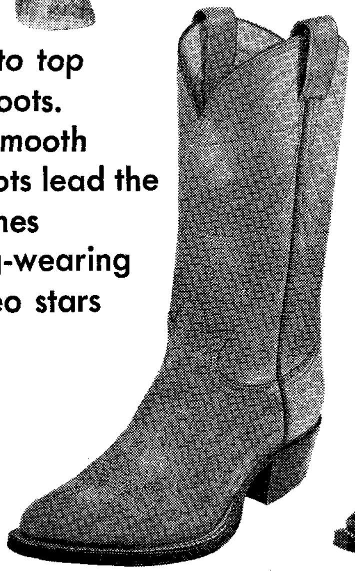
Companion to
TRUE WEST
—All Stories
TRUE!



All-Around Rodeo Champ for
1962, Benny Reynolds earns the
respect of competitors
in all events from bronc
riding to steer wrestling.
In 1962 he broke the record
for the number of places won
by any cowboy in one season.
He is well on his way to another
All Around Championship for
'64 and individual honors in
bull riding and steer wrestling.

RIDING HIGH!

BIG BEN REYNOLDS rode his way to top ranking rodeo competition in Lama boots. Most men of action prefer Lama for smooth fitting comfort and durability. Lama boots lead the field in fashion too. Only Lama combines handcrafted western beauty with long-wearing dependability. That's why the top rodeo stars are "Riding High in Lama Boots."



STYLE 24-C-5 THE RUFF 'N READY

STYLE 109-X-3 THE WESTERNER

Tony ★ Lama
CO., Inc.

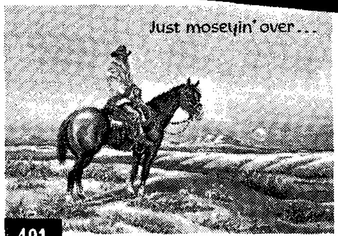
WRITE FOR NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

219 S. OREGON ST., EL PASO 1, TEXAS

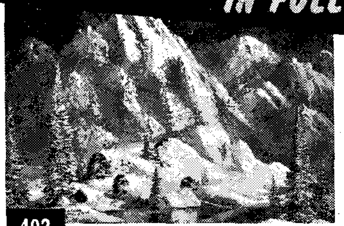
USE THIS HANDY ORDER FORM—18th ANNUAL ROUNDUP

WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS

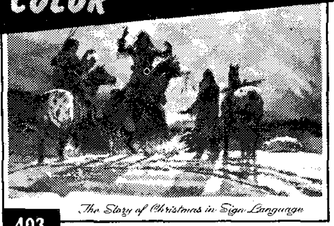
IN FULL COLOR


Just moseyin' over...

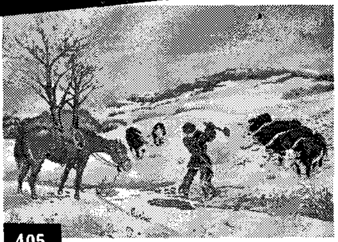
401 ☐ **Just moseyin' over**—to wish y'all Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



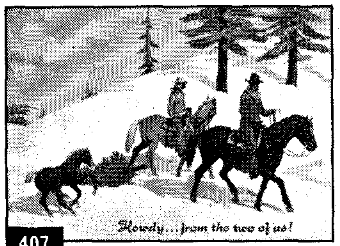
402 ☐ **Christmas Tree Wonderland**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year


The Story of Christmas in Sign Language

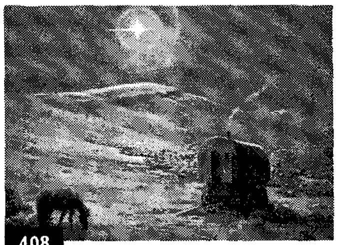
403 ☐ **The Story of Christmas in Sign Language**—May the Spirit of Christmas abide with you throughout the Coming Year



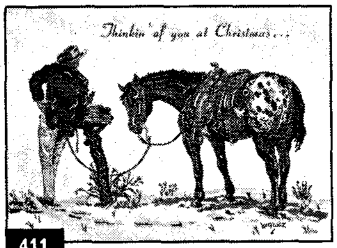
405 ☐ **A Christmas Kindness**—Greeting is a beautiful 4 line western verse


Howdy... from the two of us!

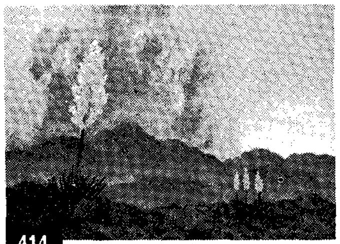
407 ☐ **Howdy**... from the two of us!—With Best Wishes at Christmas and through all the New Year



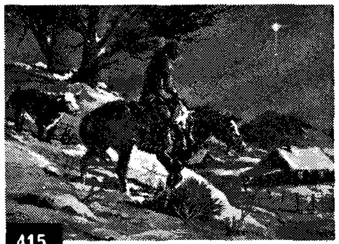
408 ☐ **"And there were shepherds..."**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year


Thinkin' of you at Christmas...

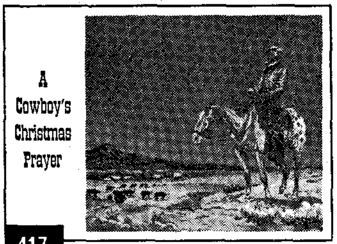
411 ☐ **Thinkin' of you at Christmas**—Best Wishes for the Holidays and Happiness throughout the New Year



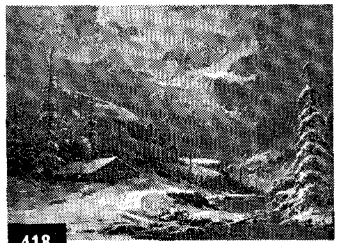
414 ☐ **Candles of the Lord**—May the Peace and Happiness of the Christmas Season abide with you through all the Coming Year



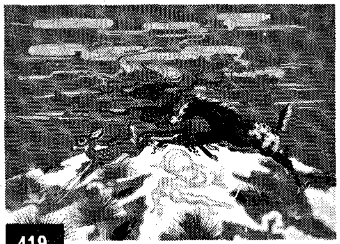
415 ☐ ***Christmas Chores***—*Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for all the Year*



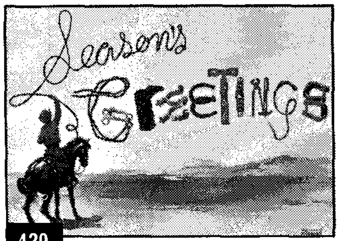
417 ☐ ***A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer***—*This famous 26 line prayer is inside the card in addition to a greeting*



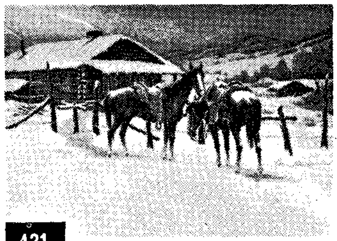
418 ☐ ***"...fair and open face of heaven..."***—May every happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year



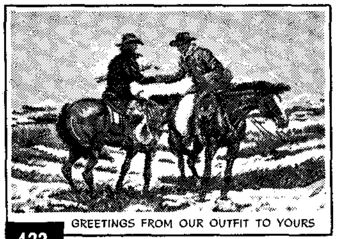
419 ☐ ***Winter Friends***—*A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year*



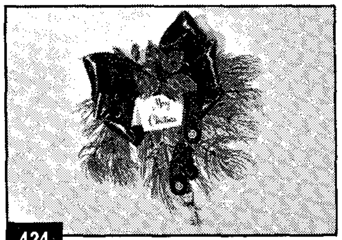
420 ☐ **Season's Greetings**—With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year



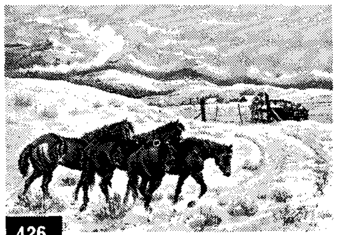
421 ☐ **Christmas Visitors**—May the meaning of the Season be deeper, its friendships stronger and its hopes brighter, etc.


GREETINGS FROM OUR OUTFIT TO YOURS

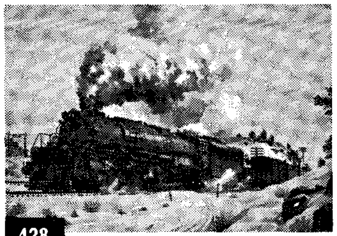
422 ☐ **Greetings from our outfit to yours**—With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year



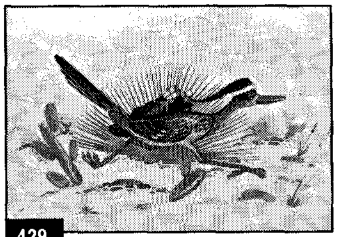
424 ☐ **Spurs an' Pine**—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



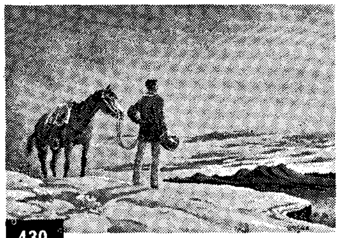
426 ☐ **Christmas Handouts**—Greeting is a warm and friendly 6 line descriptive western verse



428 ☐ **Headin' West to Laramie**—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



429 ☐ **Roadrunning Santa**—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



430 ☐ **Christmas Thanks**—Inside is a sentimental 14 line western Christmas verse in addition to the greeting

All new and different for 1964. Beautiful full-color reproductions of original paintings by top western artists—featuring Lorenz and including Kleiber, Fogg, Hilton, Lowdermilk, Echohawk, Harman, etc. Finest quality, heavy-grade paper single folds to 4¾" x 6¾" with matching white envelopes. We always include a few extra envelopes with each order. Cards can be ordered with or without your name custom printed in red to match greetings. These exclusive cards available by mail only. *Your order carefully filled and shipped within 24 hours right up 'til Christmas.*

HOW TO ORDER: Write quantity of each card you want in box below illustration. Cards may be assorted at no extra cost. Order all of one kind or as many of each as desired. Circle total quantity and cost on price list. You may order by letter or fill out coupon and mail this entire page with cash, check, or money order to:

The LAZY RL RANCH Box 1500
Boulder, Colo.

TOTAL QUANTITY	15	25	50	75	100	150	200	300	500
WITHOUT NAME	$2.75	3.75	7.45	10.95	13.95	20.45	26.95	39.75	64.95
WITH NAME	$3.75	4.95	8.95	12.95	15.95	23.25	29.95	44.25	71.45

Canada residents remit in U. S. dollar value. Colorado residents add 2% sales tax

Names to be printed on cards ____

SEND CARDS TO: ____

Rte., St., or Box No. ____

City ____ State ____

FULL COLOR • MONEY BACK GUARANTEE • WE PAY POSTAGE

FOUL ANCHOR
Treasure Headquarters

CORONADO'S CHILDREN by Dobie. An all time best $2.50
APACHE GOLD & YAQUI SILVER by Dobie. Illustrated $6.50
OLD TRAILS WEST by Moody. Shows them all and 18 maps $6.95
PRINCIPLES & PRACTICE OF RADIESTHESIA—for dowsers $4.95
SUCCESSFUL MINERAL COLLECTING by Pearl. Big & color plates $5.95
HANDBOOK FOR PROSPECTORS & SMALL MINE OWNERS—the best $11.50
LOST MINES OF ARIZONA & LOST MINES OF DEATH VALLEY, each $2.00
SHEEP HERDERS GOLD by Cornelius. New—Colorado and New Mexico $4.50
BIG GHOST TOWN MAP, 2x3 feet, Nevada, California and Arizona—86 sites $1.00
METAL DETECTOR'S HANDBOOK by Lassagne. May save you money $2.00
GHOSTS OF THE ADOBE WALLS by Murbarger. Arizona, 400 towns $7.50

Catalogue of 100 treasure books FREE. We pay postage.

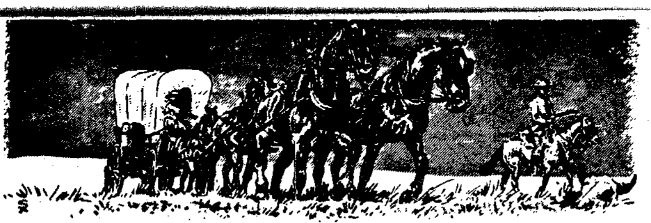
FOUL ANCHOR
"For Treasure or Pleasure!"
BOX 206F RYE, N. Y.

A FORTUNE IN GOLD!
A GREAT NEW IDEA!
Scientific system of dry placer GOLD and PLATINUM recovery!
Complete Blueprints - $5.00
Brochure on Request
FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE!
DUAL ENTPR. P. O. Box 149-W
Marysville, Calif.

MAKE BIG MONEY
raising either Chinchillas, Guinea pigs, Rabbits, Mink or Pigeons for us. This is your big opportunity to get started on the road to prosperity with us, and to have an income for life. Send 25c for full information that explains everything about the big proposition we have to offer you.
KEENEY BROTHERS FARMS
New Freedom Pa. R. No. 2. Box No. 108

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for **FREE** manuscript report & copy of **Publish Your Book.**
CARLTON PRESS TWK
84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

HYDRAULIC JACK REPAIRS
Earn While You Learn at Home
Earn while you learn at home. Trained and qualified mechanics needed NOW to service inoperative hydraulic jacks. BIG opportunity for ambitious men. We show you HOW — in your basement or garage, spare time cash income in an expanding industry. Don't wait, ACT NOW! Get the facts. Write for folder No. FT11 and free bonus offer.
HYDRAULIC JACK REPAIR MANUAL CO.
P. O. BOX 50 • BLOOMFIELD, N. J.



Vol. 38, No. 6
New Series No. 32
October-November, 196

FRONTIER TIMES

PAT WAGNER
Editor

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

PATTY AARON
Advertising

CATHIE WILSON
Secretary

MARILYN SCHOLTZ
Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

FRONTIER POST 4
COW BY THE TAIL ..... By Jesse James Benton 6
GOING TO SEA BY RAIL ..... By Glen Warner Perrins 12
NATCHEZ'S PASS ..... By Frederic Remington 16
GUNS AND GHOSTS OF DEAD MEN ..... By Raymond W. Thorp 18
CLAIM JUMPERS OF MARBLE CREEK ..... By Oscar W. Blake 20
THE OLD SQUARE DANCE ..... By Joe Sappington 23
TERROR OF TRINITY COUNTY ..... By Rita Hanover and Lenore Osborn 24
MILLION DOLLAR GHOST TOWN ..... By Jess Cox 26
GOLD CAMP RUFFIAN ..... By Jerome Peltier 28
MISSIONARY TO THE APACHES ..... By Amy Passmore Hurt 30
THE INCORRIGIBLE PEG-LEG SMITH ..... By Alson J. Smith 32
A LONG RIDE WITH MATT WARNER ..... By Harvey Hardy 34
NUGGETS 36
THE TREE THAT DEFIED A COURT ORDER ..... By W. F. Curry, Jr. 38
"DON'T CROSS THAT LINE!" ..... By Robin Tibbets 41
VOYAGE TO DEATH ..... By Lester A. Halpin 43
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 56

Cover: Joe Grandee

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 5008, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78703. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions and Canada. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1964 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address.

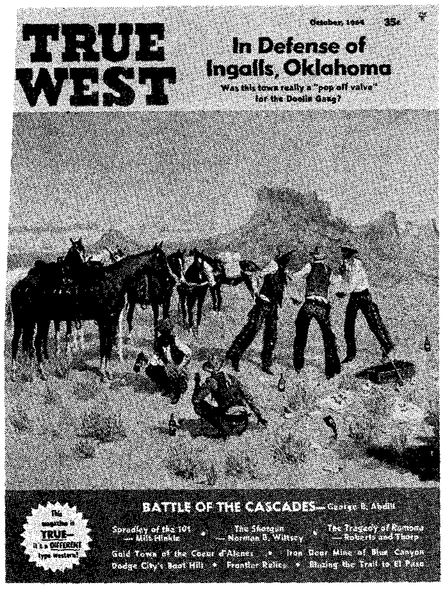
Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with all submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.

ALL TRUE—ALL FACT

IS A GOOD FOUR WORD DESCRIPTION OF

TRUE WEST!

THE OCTOBER ISSUE IS ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!



TRUE WEST

October, 1964 35¢

In Defense of Ingalls, Oklahoma

Was this town really a "pop off valve" for the Doolin Gang?

BATTLE OF THE CASCADES—George B. Abdill

Spradley of the 101 —Milt Hinkle • The Shotgun —Norman B. Wiltsey • The Tragedy of Ramona —Roberts and Thorp

Gold Town of the Coeur d'Alenes • Iron Door Mine of Blue Canyon

Dodge City's Boot Hill • Frontier Relics • Blazing the Trail to El Paso

This magazine is TRUE— it's a DIFFERENT type western!

STORIES INCLUDE:

■ **IN DEFENSE OF INGALLS, OKLAHOMA** by William Ray Kerr. The author speaks up for an innocent town and its citizens, condemned because of friendship and old associations. ■ **BATTLE AT THE CASCADES** by George B. Abdill. Kamiakin saw a chance to wipe out every settler between the mountains and the Pacific Ocean. Forty men, women and children forted up in Bradford's store were his first target. ■ **FRONTIER RELICS** by Lester U. Beitz. Second of a series which illustrates and prices many scarce and elusive items of frontier Americana. ■ **SPRADDLEY OF THE 101** by Milt Hinkle. Next to the man who rode him, this little horse had the stoutest heart that beat! ■ **EARLY DAY COOLERS** by Harold Matthews. When men went West, they took their "prisons" along with them—maybe just a chain on a wagon tongue, or a tree at the end of the street or a shack at the edge of the square. ■ **GOLD TOWN OF THE COEUR D'ALENES** by Grace Roffey Pratt. Murry was the Mecca of the claim jumpers, the last home of lovable Molly B'Damn, and the only town in Idaho that never had a pauper's funeral! ■ **BARBERSHOP BALLAD** by Shine Philips. Another chuckle from BIG SPRING published by Prentice Hall, 1942. ■ **THE TRAGEDY OF RAMONA** by Gary L. Roberts and Raymond W. Thorp. A legend that America took to its heart, and one man took to his grave. ■ **IRON DOOR MINE OF BLUE CANYON** by Den Galbraith. Did this engineer contrive a story so logical he finally believed it himself? And could it be he was guessing right?

All these jam-packed into one great issue, along with **THE SHOTGUN** by Norman B. Wiltsey, **HOMESTEADIN' IN THE ROCKIES** by Guy C. Batton, **BIG BEND MELEE** by M. Wilder Hays, **BLAZING THE TRAIL TO EL PASO** by Stephen B. Oates, **JIM PARKER'S REVENGE** by Tom L. Coleman, **MY BROTHER** by Jake Herman, and **DODGE CITY'S BOOT HILL** by Robert E. Eagan.

DON'T MISS
The DECEMBER
TRUE WEST
on sale
October 20

If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, Box 5008, Austin, Texas 78703
Publishers of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES

I enclose: $4.00 for 6 issues of each magazine______ $7.00 for 12 issues of each magazine______

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ Zone______ State______

______This is a Gift Subscription. Please send one of your special announcement cards with my compliments. Sent by____________________

New__________ Renewal__________

FRONTIER POST

A Sad Goodbye

Gentlemen:

I have never been much for writing letters but in looking over the newspaper last night, ran across an item I think you should hear about. I remembered reading about Bill Tilghman in one of your past issues and you mentioned that Mrs. Tilghman lived in Oklahoma City. Although I was not acquainted with her, I could not overlook this item, and thought you would be interested.

I first saw your magazines about two and one half years ago and have been keeping up with them ever since, several times coming across names that I have heard my grandfather mention, and have enjoyed every copy. Keep up the good work.

"Services for Mrs. Zoe Agnes Tilghman, 83, will be at 10 a.m. Tuesday. Mrs. Tilghman, who was the widow of early-day peace officer Bill Tilghman, died Saturday in an Oklahoma City nursing home. Mrs. Tilghman was born in Greenwood County, Missouri, and grew up on a ranch in Osage County. She attended school in Arkansas City and married William M. "Bill" Tilghman in 1903. She lived in Chandler until moving to Oklahoma City in 1911.

"She had published several works including fiction, biographies of her famous husband and the Comanche chief, Quanah Parker, and poetry."—G. E. Huston, Box 447, Bethany, Oklahoma.

George Hanson

Dear Sir:

First of all I want to tell you that *Frontier Times* and *True West* are the greatest Western magazines on the market.

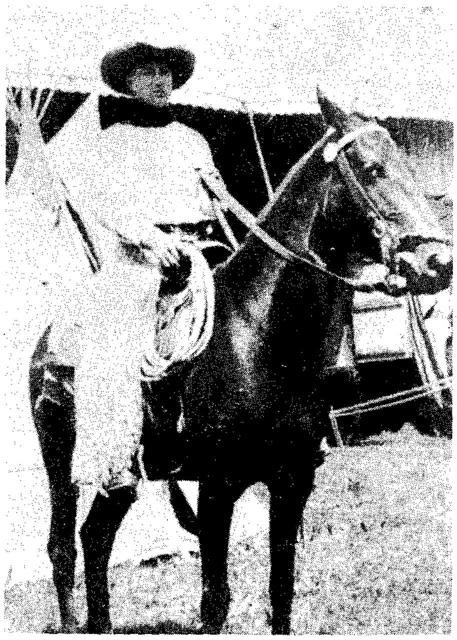
Nobody could be a greater Western history lover than I am. I am one of your younger readers, but nobody could be a more dedicated one. I am nineteen and only wish I could have been nineteen in 1873.

Now to get down to what I'm writing you about.

I read with interest in your May *Frontier Times*, the article titled "The Holdup of Hominy Thompson." In the picture on page 47 of Hominy Thompson, the man to the far right, George Hanson, grew up in my mother's hometown of Bottineau, North Dakota.

My mother knew him as he roomed and boarded at my grandmother's place before he went to Montana. The house he grew up in still stands today. His older sister was my mother's and two of my aunts' music teacher. My mother said he was a fine young man when he was in Bottineau.

After he had been in Montana a few years, word was received that he was dead. But nobody knew just what happened to him. There have been no relatives of his in Bottineau since the early Twenties. If anybody in Montana knows what really happened to him it would be interesting to find out.—Ronald H. Anderson, Maxbass, North Dakota.



Henry Wagner—1911

Looking for Old Pals

Dear Sirs:

The enclosed picture was taken fifty-three years ago in Concho County of West Texas. I rode broncs and steers for these outfits: Young Buffalo Texas Ranger, Dickeys Circle D, 101 Ranch, Two Bills, and Hill and Flornoy Shows. I am now in retirement and my hobby is riding and enjoying my Palominos.

I read from time to time names of people I have worked with, and some who have passed on. There still may be some around who may recognize me if you would publish this picture.—Henry Wagner, N112 W12675 Mequon Road, Germantown, Wisconsin.

Life on the Farm

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading and enjoying your wonderful July issue of *Frontier Times*. My folks all came from Oklahoma up in the Panhandle and all the stories sure do bring back wonderful memories, especially "Country Hick" by Garland E. Dixon. This story, more than any, sounds like our life on the farm.

My mother was a little girl when the shot sounded that started the Oklahoma land rush. She has a very deep love for the Old West as it used to be. She is 73 years old and I know she would "flip" over a large picture in color of the breathtaking cover by Bob Taylor. The coloring of the sky is so different.

Best always to you and yours.—Mark Dinning, 1321-A Riverwood Drive, Nashville, Tennessee.

Dear Joe:

I enjoyed Garland Dixon's story, "Country Hick," because my life on the

(Continued on page 64)

THE WAY

TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES never get out of date. Filled with the timeless sagas of the Old West, the back issues are fascinating to read, and to keep. Begin the interesting hobby of collecting them, and watch their value grow as they become more and more scarce. As soon as we sell out of a back issue, collectors immediately begin asking $1, $5 or more for a copy—and getting it!

Issues on this page are available now, but won't be for long. Why don't you take advantage of this offer—pick a few back issues to try. Each issue has the same high quality, factual Old West material you expect and get from current issues.

And don't forget that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are really the same type magazine—we are just sneaky enough to issue them under different titles so they will stay on the newsstands longer. Order now, before it's too late!

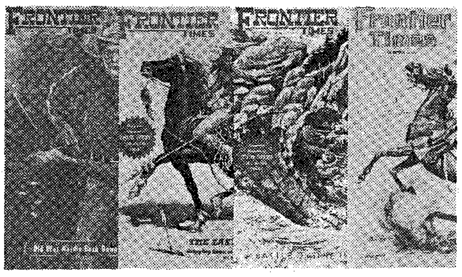
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

Box 5008-BI Austin, Texas 78703

NOTICE: Western Publications will give a 10% discount on all back issue orders totaling $30.00 or more.

TRUE WEST
TRUE WEST
TRUE WEST
TRUE WEST

49TW—35c 50TW—35c 51TW—35c 52TW—35c

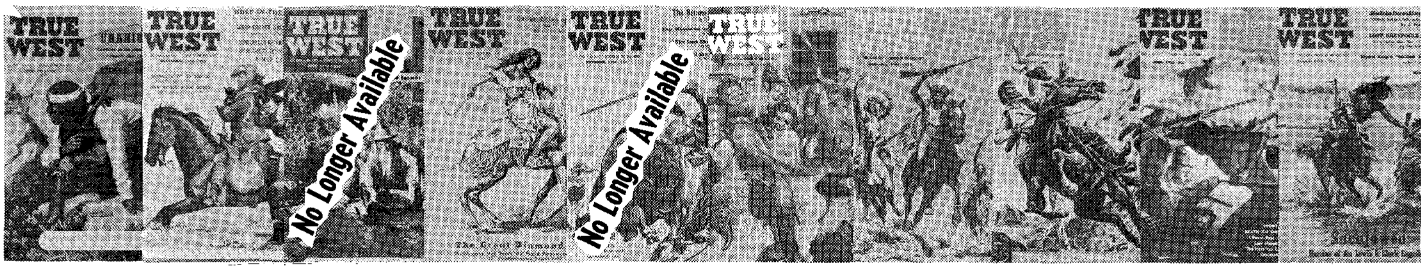


2FT—25c 3FT—$1.00 4FT—$1.00 5FT—$1.00

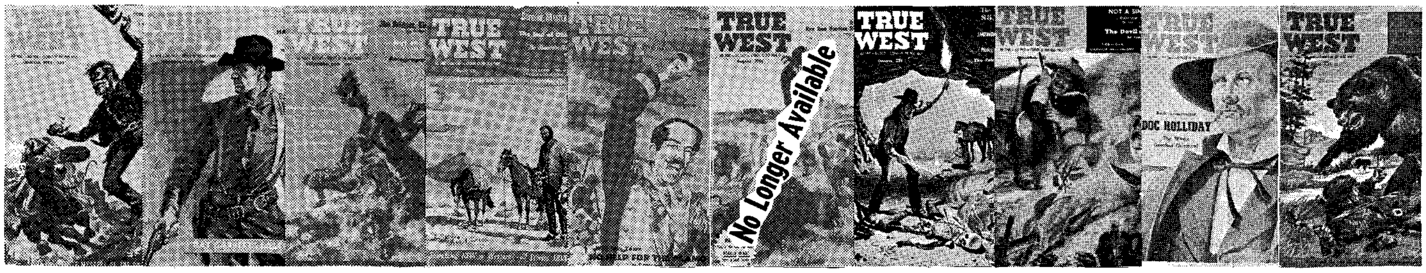
Frontier Times
Frontier Times
Frontier Times
No Longer Available

19FT—25c 20FT—$1.00 21FT—$1.00

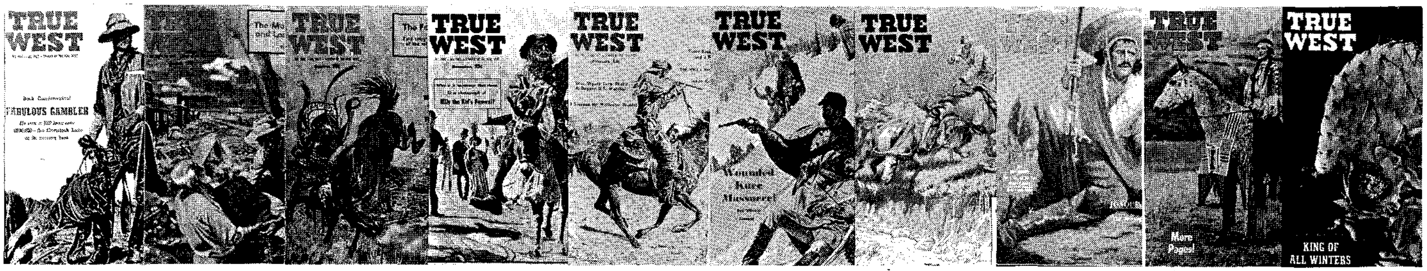
THE WEST REALLY WAS!


No Longer Available
No Longer Available

15TW—$1.00 18TW—$1.00 21TW—$1.00 22TW—$1.00 23TW—$1.00 24TW—$1.00 25TW—$1.00 26TW—$1.00 27TW—$1.00 28TW—$1.00


No Longer Available
DOC HOLLIDAY

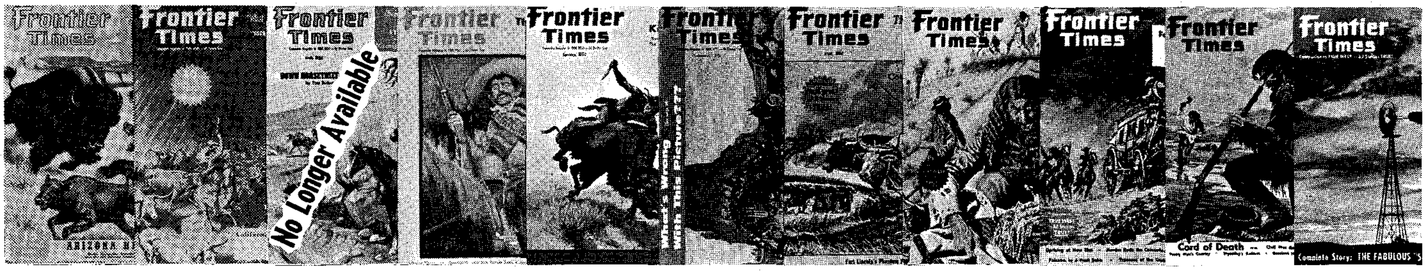
29TW—$1.00 30TW—$1.00 31TW—25c 32TW—$1.00 33TW—$1.00 34TW—$1.00 35TW—$1.00 36TW—$1.00 37TW—$1.00 38TW—$1.00


FABULOUS GAMBLER
KING OF ALL WINTERS

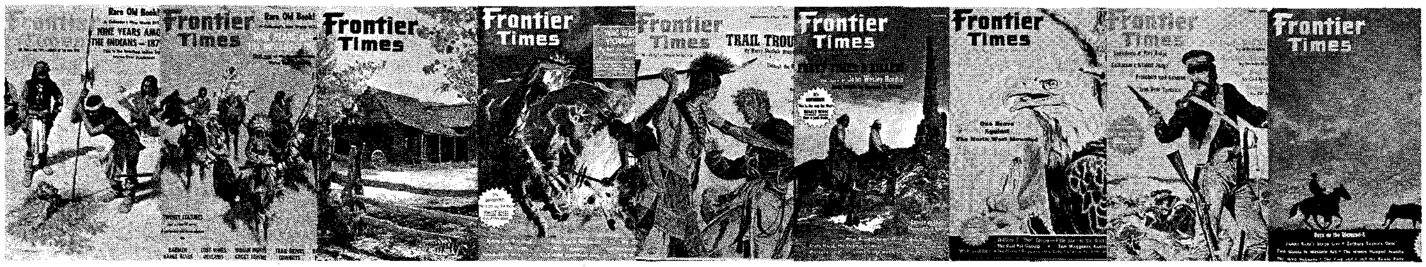
39TW—$1.00 40TW—$1.00 41TW—$1.00 42TW—$1.00 43TW—$1.00 44TW—$1.00 45TW—$1.00 46TW—25c 47TW—35c 48TW—35c

CUSTER!
CATTLE KINGS!
GHOST TOWN and TREASURE HUNTIN' SPECIAL

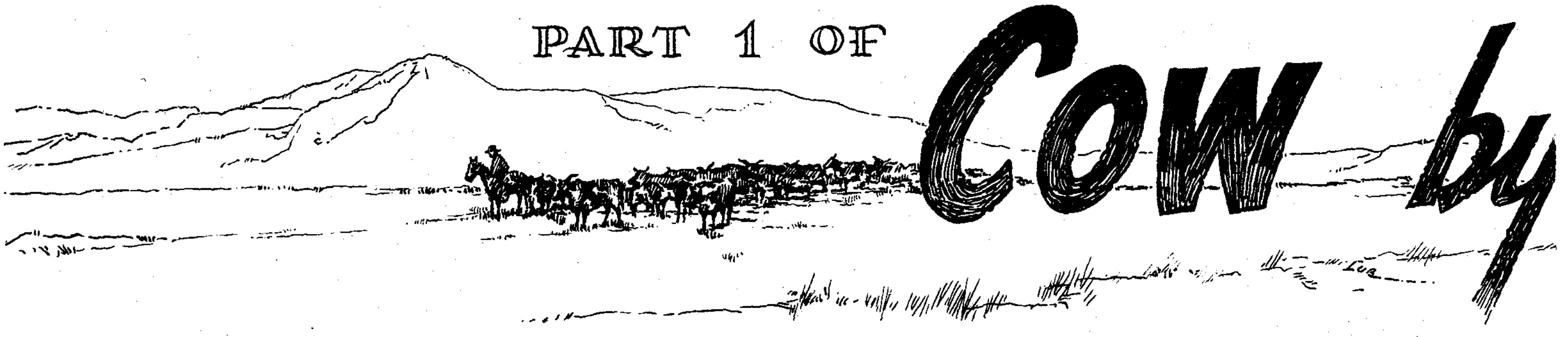
53TW—35c 54TW—35c 55TW—35c 56TW—35c 57TW—35c 58TW—35c 59TW—35c 60TW—35c 61TW—35c 62TW—35c 63TW—35c 64TW—35c


No Longer Available

6FT—$1.00 7FT—$1.00 8FT—$1.00 9FT—$1.00 10FT—$1.00 11FT—$1.00 12FT—$1.00 15FT—$1.00 16FT—$1.00 17FT—25c 18FT—$1.00



22FT—35c 23FT—35c 24FT—35c 25FT—35c 26FT—35c 27FT—35c 28FT—35c 29FT—35c 30FT—35c



PART 1 OF Cow by

By JESSE JAMES BENTON With An Introduction By RICHARD SUMMER

About Jesse James Benton

Jesse James Benton (James later changed to Jones by his mother) is now eighty years old (1943). He lives alone in a little house south of Tucson, where he cooks his own meals, tends to himself, and doctors his bruises and hurts with an herb salve given him by the Navajos. He shows his age only in his failing sight, for he is straight and thin and wiry and walks without any hump to his shoulders; and his mind is clear and flooded with recollections of a remarkable life, recollections vivid in every small detail of name and face.

Despite near-blindness, and near-illiteracy, Mr. Benton has written the equivalent of 500 typewritten pages, all done in longhand through a magnifying glass. There has been some rearrangement and elimination of irrelevant material and misspellings, but the pithy, ungrammatical speech has been retained just as he, Benton, wrote the story of his life. And a remarkable life it is. It rings with truth and strangeness, from the long wagon journey out of the poverty-ridden post-Civil War South, from Kentucky to Texas, when he was eight, life among the boys, Negro and white, in a frontier community when the Comanches were raiding up and down the state hanging slaughtered white children on meat hooks, yet the boys played and acted like characters out of one of Mark Twain's books—on through a full life to the buying of a wild ranch in Arizona in the Nineties.

I have read many manuscripts of old-timers, who lived out the frontier days of the West. But I have never seen a book like this, in print or out of it, done by a living man, that gives quite such a clear cross-section of the spirit of the early West, of the way people really felt and acted and looked and talked in those rough days.

Most old-timers, writing of themselves, try to play the hero, try to exaggerate their own achievements. Part of the verity of this manuscript is Mr. Benton's ability to recognize that he was an average man in a strange, tough period, to see with rare humor and insight the exotic average people around him ("I sure do know how them colored boys talk, don't I?"), to present good and bad, humorous and gruesome, in the calm matter-of-fact way that these events were lived on the frontier. "He just cut off the strings of that eyeball. It were bothering him some hanging out. He sure were a brave man."

Mr. Benton shows you the wicked-looking curved scalp knife that he used to cut off the dead Injun's scalp lock: "It's mighty sharp. I could use it to shave with." He shows you his guns and his belt and a picture of himself in the cowboy regalia as he was when he rode with the last of the great herds of longhorns that plodded from South Texas to the railheads. "I sewed them chaps myself outa rawhide," he says.

He can't understand why people are so interested in the cowboys and the early West. "We jest lived along plumb like we had to, like anybody else would do." But as long as people are interested, he wants to tell them. "Now, this ain't a bad book, is it, considering it's the first a feller ever wrote?"

He wishes he could remember all the words of the songs the cowboys used to sing, but he can bring back only a line here and there. He says he couldn't put them in the book, of course, because they were too dirty. "Why, all these popular cowboy songs, you should hear the way they used to be sung by the cowboys." And then stamping his feet and thumping away, he sings snatches of them and rocks with laughter.

He tells how with Pink Burdett in Starr County, Texas, in 1878 he helped to author the *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie* song. "It were about a real cowboy. Buried him in a little draw we call Antelope right beside the Old Starr Trail. He was killed at Ellum Springs, fifteen miles above Doan's store on the Red River." The song as Pink Burdett and he composed it went like this:

Bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes howl and the wind sports free,
Bury me not on the lone prairie.
I ofttimes wish to be laid when I died
In the old churchyard on the green hillside.
By the bones of my mother, oh, bury me,
But bury me not on the lone prairie.

Mr. Benton has lost most of his money in three bank failures. "I still got a little money, but, by God, I bury it in the ground where it's safe," he tells me. He doesn't trust the bankers. Nor has he much sympathy with the second World War. "I lived through five wars. I'm tellin' you before this is over, us fellers that done our share to build up this new country, we're gonna be out in the dirt a-peckin' away along with the chickens."—Richard Summers, Tucson, May 1, 1943.

WE STARTED October 14, 1872, for Texas; thirty-six in number, men, women, and children—sixteen ox wagons. We were a fine-looking mountain people all dressed in linsey clothes and hickory shirts and jean pants. Had plenty of mountain moonshine whiskey with us and sixteen foxhounds.

I was eight years old, a pint-sized skinny kid that didn't know much what it was all about, all the fuss and hustle and excitement. We were leaving Kentucky for good because of the guerrilla bands of outlaws and the feuding and what the damned Yanks had done to the country. And Texas looked mighty good to us. Ma's brother, Mart Crawford, had gone to Texas a few years earlier, and he wrote Ma a letter saying, "Tell Merriel this is a fine country and he better come down here where he can live in peace."

Dad thought it over and decided to go. Aunt Lou Finney wanted to go too. She was a widow with eight children. Bud Kelly, a cousin, and several Crawford men decided on going, and the Hamilton family.

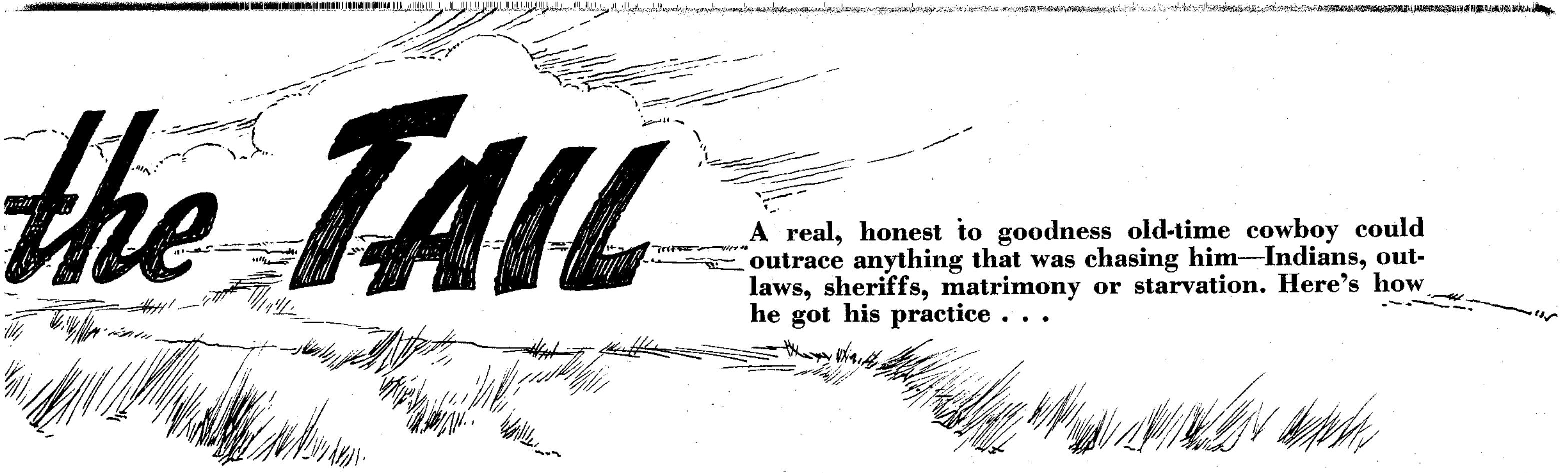
We hillbillies were in a great state of excitement, especially the young sprouts. To me a trip to Texas was like a trip to Mars.

Dad set the Negroes to curing hogmeat, and we ground bushels and bushels of corn into meal. All that summer the spinning and the weaving and knitting went on. Every child, black and white, was picking wool, for Massa Merriel had promised each and every one new clothes for the winter. Dad got all the big spindle wagons and oxen in good shape. He bought a team of young horses for the spring wagon and a thoroughbred mare from Ben Golf, who lived in Clark County.

The summer of 1872 passed and when fall came, Dad and Ma had everything ready for the trip. The big wagons were loaded, everything was planned, and all the relatives who were not going and the old Negroes, ex-slaves who had stayed on the place, stood around waiting to see us start.

We pulled out through the trees, headed southwestward for Tennessee and the Mississippi River, all singing and shouting and happy, the bull whips popping, the meat all cured—hams, shoulders, bacon, lard, and sausage, which was tied up in corn shucks. Each ear of corn had been taken out and the cavity filled with the fine well-seasoned sausage, then the whole bunch tied securely together and all ready to be fried.

Dad was captain of the wagontrain



the TAIL

A real, honest to goodness old-time cowboy could outrace anything that was chasing him—Indians, outlaws, sheriffs, matrimony or starvation. Here's how he got his practice . . .

and soon got things well organized. Each person knew what his task was. Some of the men unhitched and cared for the oxen, others built the big bonfires and took the heavy cast-iron Dutch ovens from the wagons, twelve or fifteen of them. Then the women and girls got busy. Four would get out the corn meal and make the cornpones, four prepared the meats. Aunt Lou Finney was captain of the cooking crew and told them what they were to cook. Sometimes they would slice up and fry two or three hams or shoulders, or boil them for the next day. The grease and liquor from the frying or boiling pork was saved and used the next morning for stewing squirrels or chickens. Sometimes when hunting was good we would have as many as fifty squirrels for the thirty-six of us. Most of the time we could shoot the squirrels right from the wagons without getting down.

WE HAD brought along plenty of green coffee, and every three or four nights my mother and a girl or two to help would parch or roast enough of it to last a few days. Then they would beat it up fine in a cast-iron mortar, as we had never seen a coffee grinder.

My mother and Aunt Lou owned some fine coin-silver tableware, but they were making right sure it wouldn't be lost or stolen. They had it wrapped up in clothes and hid in the bottom of our trunks. We had to eat with case knives and cob-handled forks. Dad was always running around asking where old Case and Cob were.

We had no sweetening except maple sugar and brown sugar that we sometimes boiled into syrup. We never had eaten much white sugar, as it was hard to get and highly prized. The men all drank quite a bit of whiskey. When we stopped at night, the first thing was to pass the little brown jug. My dad drank about three goblets of whiskey a day, and was always strong and healthy, lived to be eighty-nine years old, and would of lived longer if he hadn't got married again—my uncles the same. In those days of living in the open the men were tough and hearty, with constitutions like buffaloes.

I have seen my father, in the winter in Kentucky, day after day get up at early morning, gallop out of the house in his long nightshirt, go down to the creek about fifty yards away, run out on a log over the waterhole, jump high up in the air and land on ice as thick as a dinner plate, and his feet go plumb through into the water, which was twenty foot deep. Up he would come snorting and blowing cold air like smoke. Or maybe he'd come up somewhere else, busting through the ice with his fist. Then he'd run back to the house and stand in front of the wide open fireplace where the big logs six foot long was crackling. Then he'd dress, his skin all pink with health.

JUST A FEW things stand out in my memory, up to the time we reached the Mississippi. One memory was the big Iron Horse. It may seem funny now that a kid my age had never seen a train, but it was true, because in the mountains of Kentucky we was off the beaten run of things.

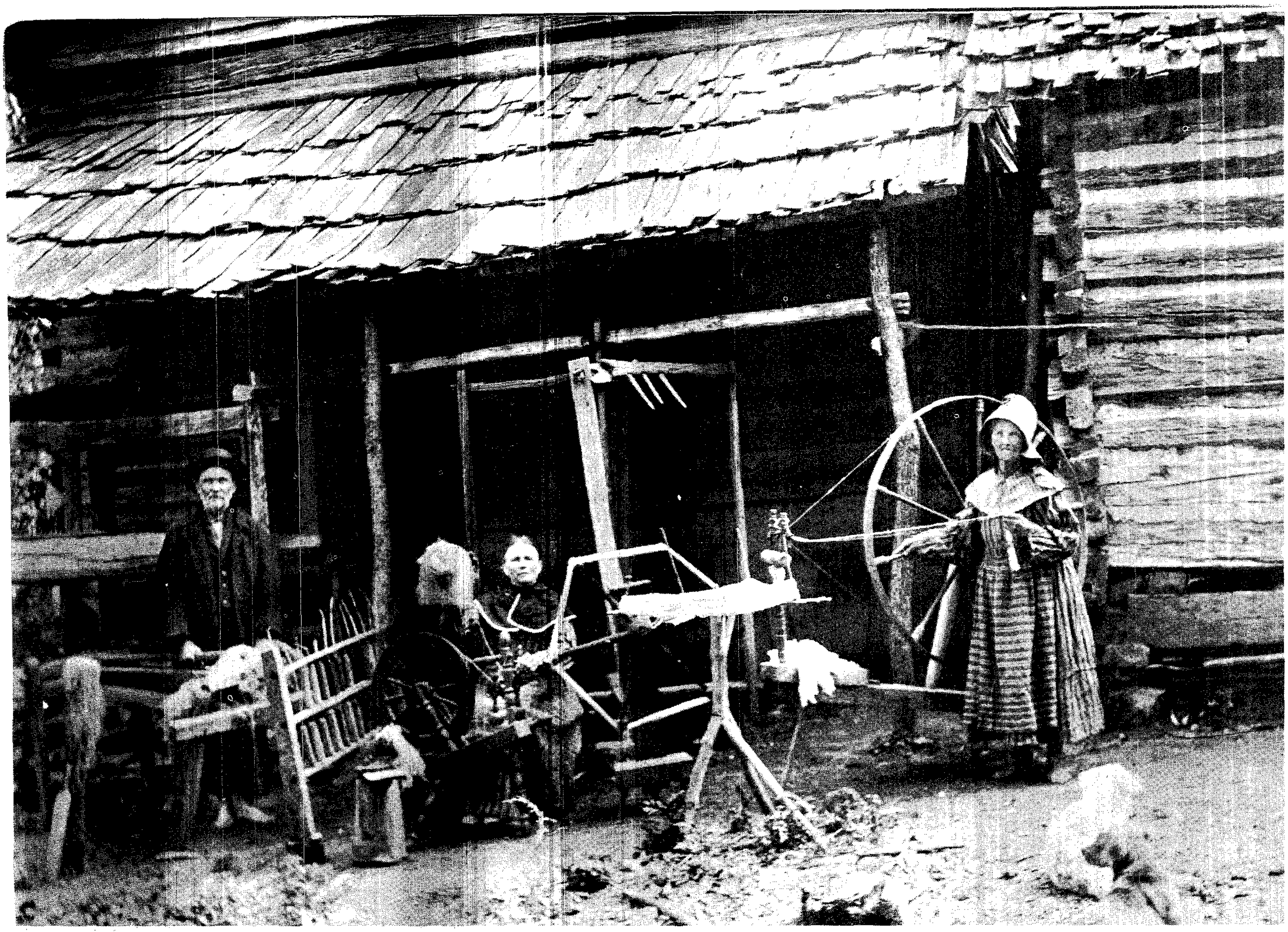
Near Bowling Green, Kentucky, I had ridden half a mile ahead of the wagons to see the Iron Horse, as my dad called it. The engine was standing right smack across the dirt road, so I edged my pony close as I dared, and a little closer and a little closer, all the time staring like my eyes would pop out of my head. All of a sudden the engineer pulled the whistle. My horse had plenty of ginger. She reared up, wheeled around, and with a jump went hightailing it back toward the wagons and left little J. J. lying flat on the ground with his nose in the dust.

Soon as I fisted the dust out of my eyes so I could see the road and the

This was an era when all travelers seemed to be "headin' west."

Library of Congress

MONTANA OR BUST.
1865



Library of Congress

Outfitting a family in clothing was a time-consuming process. This group has moved carding, spinning and weaving outside. Their bare feet suggest mild weather.

engine, I knew the engine had eaten up my mare because the mare wasn't there any more. The whistle blew again. I flew up the road like I thought it would grab me every jump. When I got to the wagons the women were all crying. My dad said, "It like to of got you, son?"

"Yes, but I outrun it, Dad," I said. "But it sure was after me."

I REMEMBER how slow it was to cross rivers and ford creeks, so slow I'd feel like I would bust wide open if we didn't hurry up and get on toward Texas. Sometimes we were two days or more making log rafts and crossing over. Very slow going with the ox teams and spindle wagons, made entirely of mountain locust wood.

After we left Chattanooga, I got to worrying plenty about how we would cross the big river, the Mississippi. I had heard a heap about it, how big it was. And I didn't see how the stock could swim all that way, over a mile. It worried me plenty. But it didn't keep me from getting mighty excited when we spotted the silvery twistings of the river off in the mist. Everybody let go with all the voice he had.

When we pulled up on the bank of the river, one of the men said, "Let's see if our cap and ball pistols will shoot acrosst to the other side."

Ma said, "Old Flintlock will shoot acrosst."

So Dad sure did put a charge of powder in that old musket. There they stood on the sand of the riverbank, Dad and Ma, Dad with his old billy-goat whiskers a-flapping, a-ramming in the ball.

"All ready," Dad said.

Ma was waiting. Dad had lost the flintlock off the gun, so when he sighted the gun Ma kept trying to set fire to the punk by striking the flint with steel. The spark had to drop into the tube where the powder were. In those days we had no matches, just flint and powder and tow. She stood there in her slat sunbonnet that looked like a young covered wagon, and her long black dress that touched the sand all around. The gun were heavy and hard to hold steady. Ma whanged at the flint while Pa kept shouting at her to hurry. "Dang it, Larinda, hurry up. This thing is heavy."

Ma struck faster than ever, all us kids and the grown-ups standing around watching and laughing. Whang, whang, whang went the flint and steel. Then flash! Ma had struck fire and *bang* said the old gun.

We watched where the bullet splashed. It was hardly halfway across the big river. Dad had lost his bets, and everybody gave Ma and Dad the laugh.

We had that kind of fun all the way to Texas.

WE CROSSED Arkansas toward the south, pulling for the Red River, which divides southern Oklahoma from Texas. When we reached the Indian Territory line we was halted. A young Federal officer went snooping about the wagon. Soon he asked Dad, "You carrying any whiskey?"

Dad wouldn't lie about it. "Sure," he grinned, "about a hundred gallon in the crowd, I reckon."

"You can't enter the Indian Reservation with any whiskey. You will either have to pour it on the ground or go around the Territory," he told Dad as wagon captain of the outfit.

"Sure, that's all right," Dad said.

When the officer had left, Dad said to the others, "You all keep still. I'll do the talking. I got a plan."

We was camped on the line two or three days. First night we invited the young officer over to our camp—and the second night—and the third night. The men would play the fiddle and the girls would sing. By and by some of the men would dance with the girls, and soon they

Oklahoma Historical Society

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY,

By Riverside Press Cambridge

had the young officer dancing. There was six or eight girls, and understand me, they were all corn-fed and husky ones, and good-looking, all from the mountains of Kentucky, and every one of them eligible for marriage. Dad said, "They is ready because they has been tried out before they left Kentucky."

This was the test. Any one of the girls that could cook johnnycake in a skillet on a fireplace, throw the johnnycake up the chimney, then run outside and catch it coming down before a foxhound got it, she was eligible to be married.

These nights in camp my dad would pass the little brown jug around quite often. He'd already instructed us to treat that officer like he was a king, and everybody obliged. The girls made over him, and he had anything he wanted to eat. Third night he took Ann, a very pretty cousin of mine, off to one side and made love to her. Later on he called my dad and said, "If you have no objections, get ready tomorrow morning, and I will go with you to the Texas line. Then anyone seeing me with you will know that you haven't a drop of whiskey."

"And you can spark with Ann on the way," my dad said, his eyes twinkling.

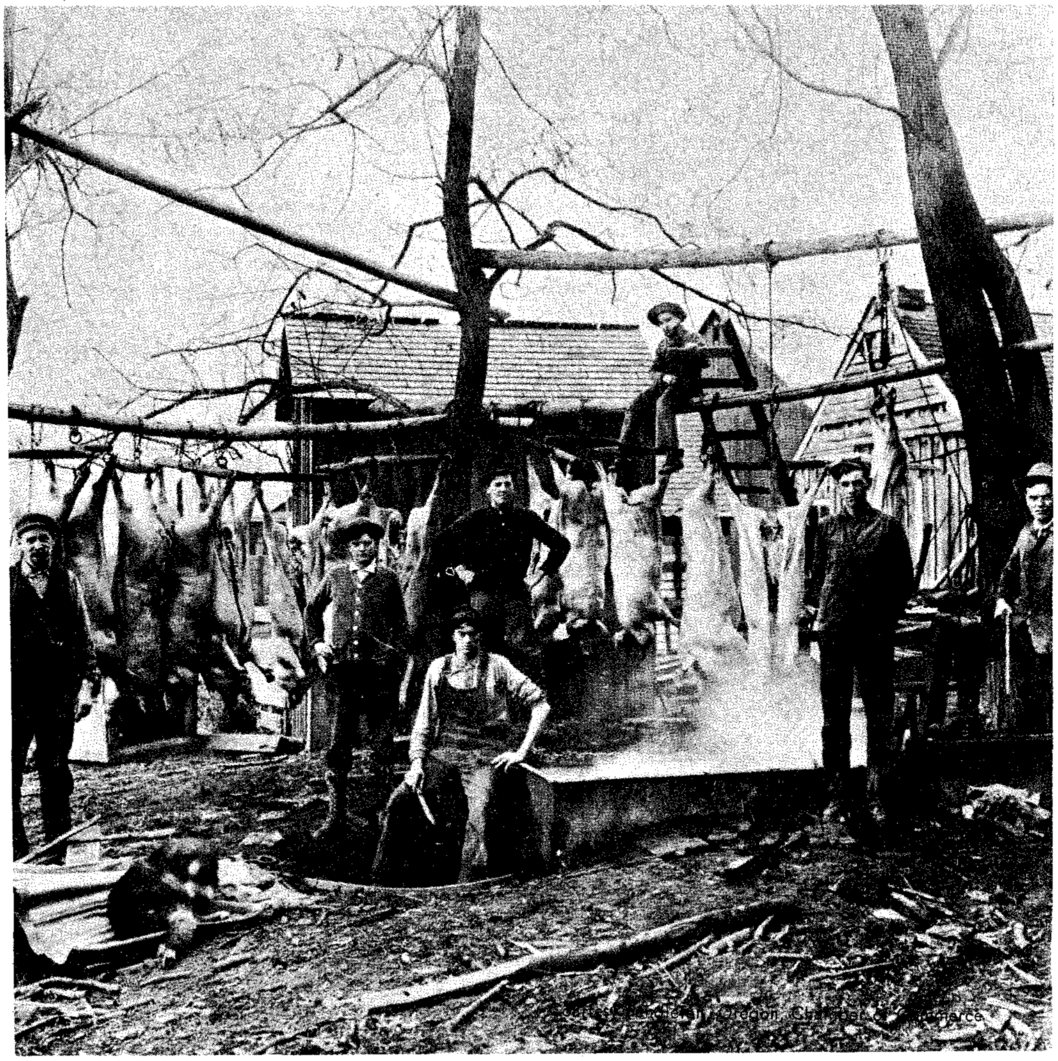
"Well, now," the officer said, "as long as you put it that way—"

"Sure," Dad said; "we'll be ready in the morning, and mighty glad to have you go along with us."

The officer stayed with us, riding along horseback, across a good-sized chunk of the Oklahoma Indian Territory till we reached the Red River. It was low at this season of the year. We crossed it by ford one evening at dusk, and now the soil of Texas was under our feet, and it felt mighty good and warm under the bare feet of us kids. We had come a long way to get here, and right now it seemed worth all the trouble. We come into Texas on a line almost straight north of Dallas.

Bill Perkins, the officer, decided he'd better be getting back on the job. Dad took him aside and gave him a quart of the Kentucky whiskey, and he was mighty grateful for it. Like the rest of the men, he was fond of strong drink.

Dad looked kind of thoughtful watching Bill Perkins leave, after he'd kissed his girl goodbye. Dad turned and said to the other men: "You can handle any of these officers if you just commence right. When one comes around, talk kind to him and let him show his authority, as they feel very important. Men, women, and especially the girls must make him think that he is some king, and just as soon as the girls make eyes at him, you can put a halter round his neck easy enough. Sure, we have to have them around, but it's up to the public to learn how to handle them. Kindness and respect to any man's authority will tame him down."


Courtesy [illegible] Oregon Chamber of Commerce

Hog-killing time

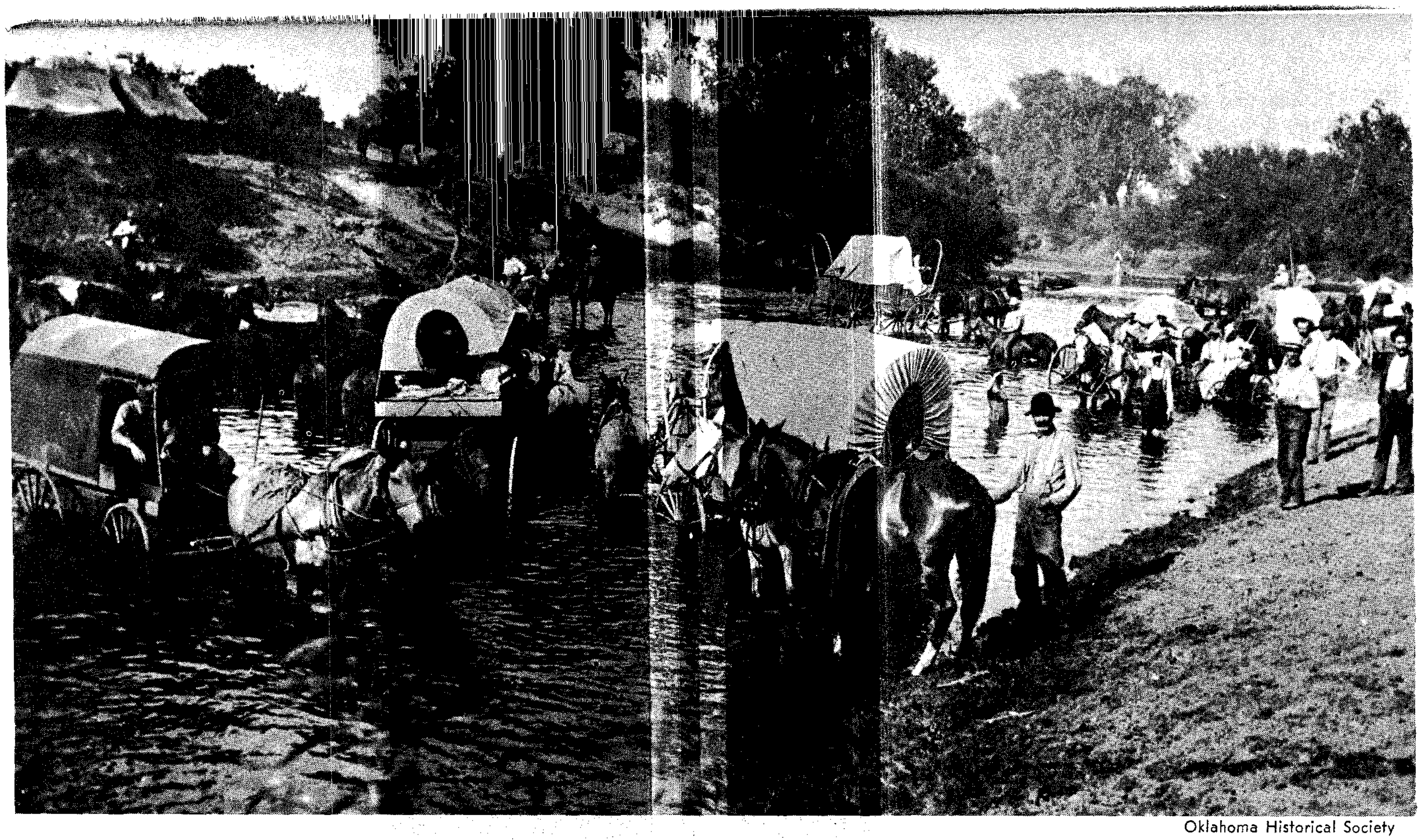
WE ALL needed a good rest and time to wash clothes and get spruced up. We camped for two days beside the Red River near a small settlement. I've forgotten the name. But I do remember an old man living nearby, who owned an overshot watermill, a dandy one, he told Dad. He was mighty glad to get our contract to grind four bushel of corn into meal. When he could keep chickens and hounds away from the mill, it would, I guess, grind half a bushel every twenty-four hours—running day and night.

On the night before we were ready to leave, he had only two bushels of the meal ground. We heard the miller's wife yelling out into the darkness to her two daughters, "Girls, did you turn the chickens around on the meal barrel? If we don't have enough fresh meal yer dad will hafto let the strangers have two or three out of our barrel. Might be a good notion you sieve the top o' the meal in the barrel that the chickens roost on."

Well, I don't know as to whether my dad bought the meal or not, but we all were suspicious that he did get part of the meal from that chicken barrel, and I have never liked boughten meal since.

By the time the wash was done, on the third day, the girls begun to put on their Sunday clothes and talk in whispers about things that girls talk about.

Most early-day farming was done with the help of oxen.



Oklahoma Historical Society

Many a Texas traveler forded the Red River at Doan's Crossing just as these folks did.

Out came red bonnets with staves in them fifteen inches long, big heavy homemade shoes, knit stockings, yarn gloves. Believe me, the girls were all in misery with their best rigging on. It wasn't long after we got under way that the girls were carrying one or both of their shoes and rubbing the sore places on their feet.

Ever since we had started for Texas, I'd decided I was going to be a cowboy and shoot Injuns, and whenever I saw somebody in the distance, from way back when we crossed the big river, I'd ask Dad or Ma or Aunt Lou Finney if that weren't cowboys, or Injuns maybe.

In the Territory we'd seen plenty of Injuns. They were dressed mighty funny to us, and I reckon that train of Kentuckian hillbillies looked funny to them. From the first time we spotted Injuns, Dad ordered the children to stay close to camp, and after we kids had seen them close, we didn't have to be told twice. They was dressed in red and buckskin, and faces painted and just to look at them made us scared.

We hadn't seen any cowboys yet, but I wanted to put on my cowboy clothes. I took off my old hickory shirt and put on a new pair of jeans and a new hickory shirt. And my mother dug down into her old trunk and brought out a new red cap about a foot long that she had knitted back home.

In fact all our clothes were homemade. The hickory shirts were made of flax, planted and grown by my father, gathered and broke over a hemp block, then spun on a spinning wheel that twisted them into thread. My mother ran the thread through the big loom and wove fine strong linsey. If you caught your shirt on a snag, it wouldn't tear. One brother caught his shirt in a tree he was climbing and hung there until Dad pulled him down, and the shirt didn't rip. The jeans pants was made out of wool the same way, while Dad tanned the beef hides and made shoes when we had them, though mostly we went barefoot, even the older girls and boys.

DAD wasn't satisfied with my looks. He decided to cut my hair. He called for the pot to go over my head, but Ma said we had lost it. So he picked up one of the women's stockings that was lying near. The first one was too large for my head, so he grabbed up another one. This was just right. He pulled it over my hair down to my ears, and then cut all around the edge of it until I had a perfect ring around by head.

"There," he said when he was done. "Pull on your cap. Now you're my Texas cowhand." Dad had never seen a cowboy either. "Anyhow, you ought to pass for a cowboy. You got the best blooded mare and the fastest one that ever entered Texas from Kentucky."

At dawn the next day we broke camp and pulled on farther south into Texas. The second day everybody suddenly set to shouting and pointing to a big cloud of yellow dust. Nobody knew what it was at first, but as we got nearer we made out that it was a drove of cattle plodding northward on their way to market. It was the first cattle and cowboys we'd seen, and it made a thrill in me. Little did I realize then, watching those 1,500 cattle and eight or ten cowboys moving west along the Red River, how many times I would make that long trip from Texas to the railroad.

Dad said, "You, Jesse, ride up and see how you look compared to them cowboys."

I felt that I looked about as well as any of them, and I knew I had a better horse. So I spurred up to some of them, and they all took a good look at me and busted out laughing. "Kid, where'd you get that hat?"

"It's my Texas hat," I said. "My ma made it."

I looked them over. Cowmen had no fancy outfits in those days. Apple-horn saddles, cap-and-ball, spurs and rope reins, with their bedding tied behind to their saddles. Brogan shoes and any kind of clothes they could get, regardless of color or style.

"You want to trade that horse?"

"No, sir," I told them, "nor sell it either. You better get some good saddles like my McClellan. Your horses got sores all over their backs."

They laughed and rolled along, and we rolled south.

We liked the country until we struck the sticky black mud of Collin County where we were to live. That mud would pack up on the wagon wheels until the oxen couldn't budge the wagons, and all the boys and men would have to pile out and put their shoulders to the wagon and get messed up with the black mud.

"What kind of country we landed in?" Dad grunted, and shook his head a little sadly.

The girls had to get out to lighten the load. It was right funny to see them stump along with about twenty pounds of mud stuck to each red shoe so they had to kind of waddle to move at all.

THINGS didn't look so bad to us, though, when we landed at Uncle Mart Crawford's farm in Collin County the fourteenth day of December, 1872, all in the best of health and happy that the journey was over. The country looked rich with corn and cattle and cotton everywhere.

Dad rented 100 acres from a widow lady, Mrs. Wattie Smoot. She had two sons about the age of me and Henry, and a Negro boy the same age. The five of us sure made things fly riding calves and wild horses, pretending we was cowboys. What one couldn't think of, the other could. The creek bottom was full of deer, wild turkeys, possums and coons. We would take our Kentucky hounds and jump a deer right now. In two or three hours we would either catch him or bay him in a hole of water in Howlet Creek, which ran through the widow lady's place.

But it wasn't all fun—only during the winter. The following spring Dad plowed up his one hundred acres of land and put it all to cotton. The foxhounds were all tied up, and whimpering for a chase, but they stayed tied, while all hands—men, women, kids—lived in the cotton fields. I chopped cotton and picked cotton the whole year, and I said right then and there, "If I ever get out of this cotton patch it will be my last."

I think Dad felt a little the same way. I could tell sometimes when he'd stand up straight from the rows, and wriggle out the crick in his back with his hand on it, and look off over the fields toward the western sky. This wasn't the way Dad had pictured Texas, not the way he talked about it.

He made a good stake that year. Our cotton went one and a half bales to the acre, and I remember the price was $125 per bale. When Dad scraped off the last of that black mud from his boots with a stick, I knew he'd decided on something.

"Mother, how'd you like to go farther west and buy a piece of land?"

Ma never complained about anything. "Whatever you think," she said.

That was how we moved again. My uncle and aunt went along with us, and we kept looking for land along the way until we about reached the end of civilization, in Denton County in the north-middle of Texas. Here on the forks of the Oliver and Denton Creeks Dad bought his land.

This was wild wilderness. Buffalo, deer, turkey, outlaws, and Injuns—and not many people. Almost no settlements, no farms, no fences. Just a few cattle and horses, with the grass two feet high and thick as a carpet and the prettiest running streams you ever looked at. It made me glad all over to be there. No more cotton picking for me in the mud of Collin County. It was all wild and free and open and near one of the great northward trails for cattle from Texas. I knew I would be a cowboy like I dreamed of.

We settled on the new land, and used the wagon as a camp while all hands set to work building a house and making rails to fence in about forty acres. Then came the plowing. That task belonged to me and my brother Henry. We two boys —I was about nine years old then— handled two yoke of steers and a big turning plow. Brother drove the steers and I held the plow handles. I had to reach up to take holt of them. This was the winter of '73 and the spring of '74.

IN THE spring the annual cattle drives started north. Herd after herd passed right by on our farm and watered in the creek—thousands upon thousands of cattle. Every chance we had, Henry and I visited the camps and talked to the cowboys and listened to their tall yarns of the cattle trails.

At night we could lay in our beds and listen to the herds passing, sometimes two or three in a single night. We could hear the low faint rumble of the hoofs like thunder very far off, and plainer we could hear the cowboys singing their lonesome songs. They sang mostly the songs they had learned from their mothers as young boys. Some of them were church hymns and some love songs, and they sang as much from being lonesome as the cattle needing to be soothed.

Gradually, later on, these songs changed to ones that the cowboys made up themselves, but mostly in the early days they sang the home songs like church hymns, especially at night as they rode around the bedding grounds. Later on, as one of Tobe Odem's cowboys, I had a hand in helping Pink Burdett, a regular songbird, compose the originals of such songs as *Home on the Range*, *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie*, *Dreary Black Hills*, and *Hoopie-I-O*, *Little Dogies*. These were quite different from the modern versions.

One day I said plain out to Dad, "Dad, I want to go off now and be a cowboy."

Dad grinned at me. I was just a sawed-off, little shaver. "You mean you want to ride with one of them herds."

"Sure," I said.

"You're too young," he told me.

Right then and there I decided that as soon as I was a little older I would run away from home and learn to be a cowboy.

In the summer of 1875, the Injuns broke loose and were out raiding everywhere, killing whole families. As well as I can remember, about 1,000 Comanches left the reservation to go on the warpath. They rode down to Fort Worth, rounded up all the horses they could find, then pulled back for their reservation. We were about thirty miles north of Fort Worth. The Injuns reached there just before daylight and surrounded our house. There was about 300 Injuns in the band, smeared all over with oily war paint.

We all kept quiet and stayed in the house. We saw them talk things over among themselves awhile, and then they begun moving up the creek toward the Finney place. We worried considerable about what would happen to the Finneys. My Aunt Lou wasn't afraid of anything that walked. We heard afterwards when the Injuns pulled up around her place, she came out and walked over to them and said to a buck that looked like the chief, "Please don't take my horses. I am a widow woman, and they are all I have or can get."

The Injun never said a word, but they left her horses alone and moved on up the creek three mile to the next settlers. Here they killed the whole family, including an eight-months-old baby. They scalped every one of them except one little girl with black hair. She had been stabbed to death as she tried to hide in a hole under the floor. The next day we found them. The eight-months-old baby was hanging outside the door on a meat hook.

DAD had rallied all the men he could get together in order to follow the trail of the Injuns. Job Wilson, Negro Andy, the two Finney boys—John and Will—my older brother Oliver and some others. There were twelve of us in all. Dad had thought I was pretty young, but had let me come along, and had loaned me his old cap-and-ball pistol. I felt mighty big with it. Next thing I wanted next to being a cowboy was to kill an Injun. Dad said to me, "Jess, if we come up with them and get in a fight, you stay out of sight behind."

"Sure," I told him. But I didn't aim to. I wanted to try my luck at shooting an Injun.

We hugged the plain trail. We saw many sights that sickened us; dead horses, crippled horses, horses full of arrows, horses running back to home with long rawhide ropes dragging. We saw some ropes of plaited buffalo hide and some blankets. We picked up two or three shields, several bows and quivers full of arrows. Some of the arrows was poisoned. One old-timer with us knew all about poisoned arrows, how to recognize them and how the Injuns made them. I asked him about it.

"Well, my little Injun fighter," he said, "they kill a horse, deer, or buffalo, take the liver, and while it is still warm they let a rattlesnake strike it several times. Then they jab their arrows into the liver and let the poison blood dry on the arrows. Don't think it is not poison. I've seen animals and men shot with them. They make a very bad wound, and I were shot myself and know. But it is not so strong as if you was bit by the snake itself."

All the time we were gone, my brother Henry, my mother and sisters had hid in the creek bottom, and there melted lead and ran bullets for the men. They worked with three bullet molds and plenty of lead. But we had no fighting, for the Injuns moved fast back to their reservation. Finally Dad gave up and led us back to our home stamping grounds.

After that I wanted a gun of my own bad. I wanted more than ever to kill an Injun. Finally I traded with one of the boys a good knife for an old-time cap-and-ball musket, and couldn't wait to get back to the farm to try it out. I loaded her up and took bead on a target fifty yards away and let go. That gun must of kicked me ten feet backward. After a few times of firing her I laid her aside to give my shoulder time to heal. Dad said it was the kind of musket used in the Civil War. I told him the men that used them must have killed more folks behind than in front.

From our Injun expedition Dad brought back three buffalo hides. They were well tanned and seemed mighty fine robes for cold nights. "I'll never be cold again," Dad said, as he piled them down on his bed and slept in them that night.

The next day Ma noticed something running around on his shirt collar. When she picked them off she thought they were black ants, but pretty soon she discovered they were Indian lice. She made Dad pull off his shirt. Sure enough, they was running around on the hair of his chest like a bunch of young squirrels.

Even though Dad yelled, Ma pulled those robes out of the house and set fire to them, and they made a stink that lasted for days. But at that they didn't last so long as Dad's vermin. He looked right funny with them in his billy-goat chin whiskers. Any old time you would see him for a long while after that, he was combing away with an old wooden comb made out of hickory. Ma gave him several baths in lye water, and boiled his hickory shirt and jean pants in it. After that, Dad left Injun buffalo robes strictly alone.

TROUBLE hit us double-hard in 1876, when I was twelve years old. Some sort of wasting fever came to Denton County, probably malaria. My mother died of it, very slow and long-drawn-out, and then my brother, who was much older, died soon after Mother. Most of my older brothers and sisters had married and gone somewhere else to live.

I cried a lot, as any boy would who'd lost his mother. That big house seemed plumb empty, and sometimes at night it was scary, and twicet I dreamed my ma was a ghost standing in the room with

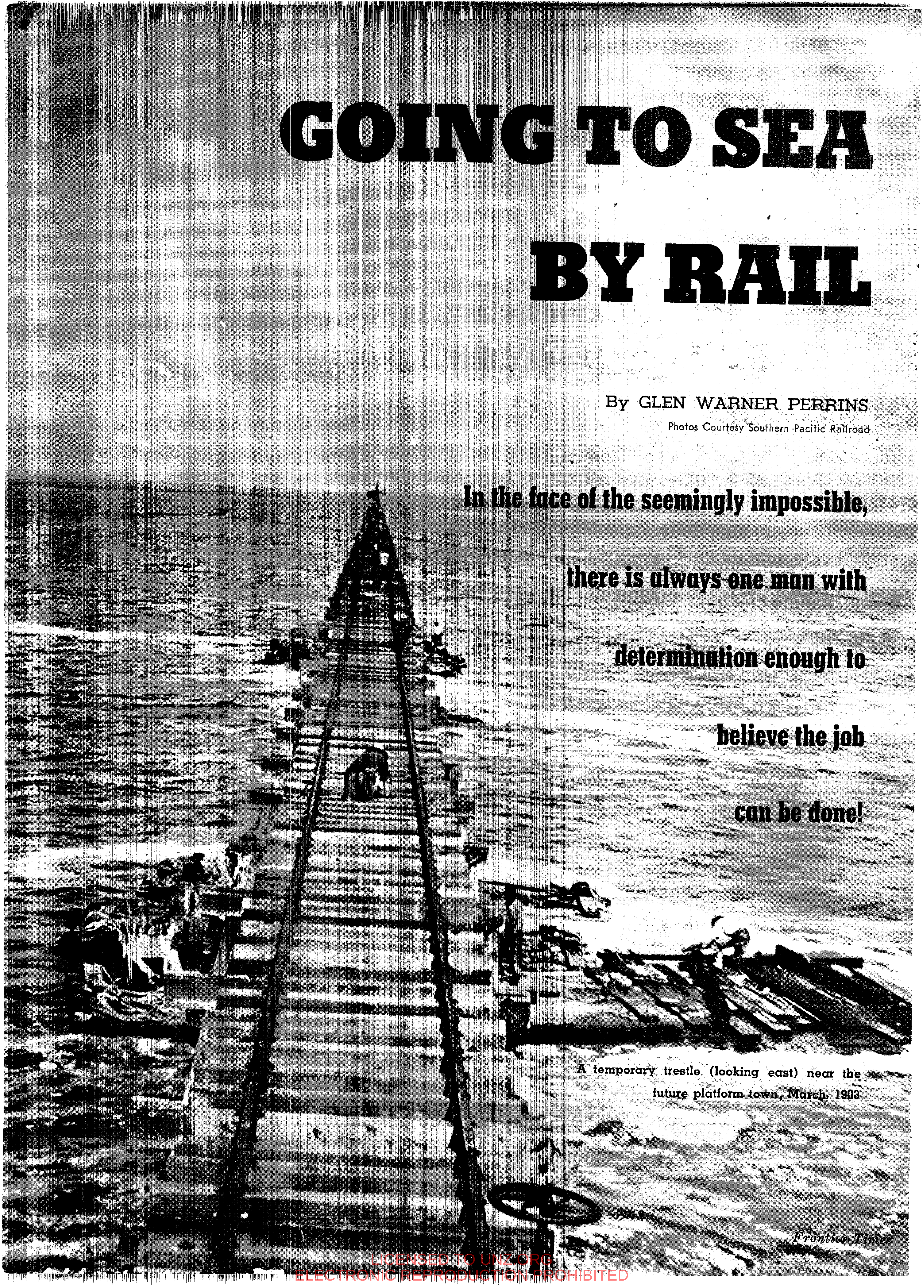
(*Continued on page 40*)

GOING TO SEA BY RAIL

By GLEN WARNER PERRINS

Photos Courtesy Southern Pacific Railroad

In the face of the seemingly impossible, there is always one man with determination enough to believe the job can be done!



A temporary trestle (looking east) near the future platform town, March, 1903

OGDEN, near the eastern shores of Great Salt Lake, was a sleepy little settlement at the turn of the century. Then suddenly on March 17, 1902, it became a brawling boomtown as hundreds of immigrants came west across the Atlantic and east across the Pacific to work on a great and daring railroad project, the now world-famous Lucin Cutoff.

It was one of the most mind-staggering, far-reaching and audacious engineering undertakings ever attempted in the United States—an attempt to bridge America's unique inland sea, Great Salt Lake. The lake's size varies from year to year and from season to season but, roughly, it is seventy-five miles long and fifty miles wide, and is the Nation's largest west of the Mississippi.

The Southern Pacific Railroad planned to bridge the lake to cut forty-three miles from its Ogden to San Francisco Overland Route. Programming of the project was started in the late 1880s at a time when it cost $1,500 daily to push trains over the Promontory Mountains.

This longer route around Great Salt Lake was completed with the driving of the golden spike, May 10, 1869, marking the completion of the first transcontinental railroad.

At that time there was talk of bridging the great lake of salt water. Father and guiding spirit of the idea was Collis P. Huntington, one of the builders of the Central Pacific, predecessor of the Southern Pacific. Huntington, however, died in 1900 before work began on the mammoth undertaking.

His chief engineer, William Hood, carried on the idea. The faith of E. H. Harriman, Huntington's successor, in his dynamic chief engineer made him a convert to the project.

And so it was that on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1902, Harriman gave the signal to proceed with the daring short cut across the lake which was discovered in 1824 by Jim Bridger while trapping on the Bear River. At that time, Jim took a drink of the briny water and spat it out with the ejaculation, "Hell, we are on the shore of the Pacific!"

The March morning was a good day for a parade in Ogden—warm and sunny—even though several days of heavy rain had left the streets full of puddles. Most of the attention was directed toward a group of teamsters driving spans of stockily-built, strong-looking work horses. The horses pulled fresnos and dirt scrapers.

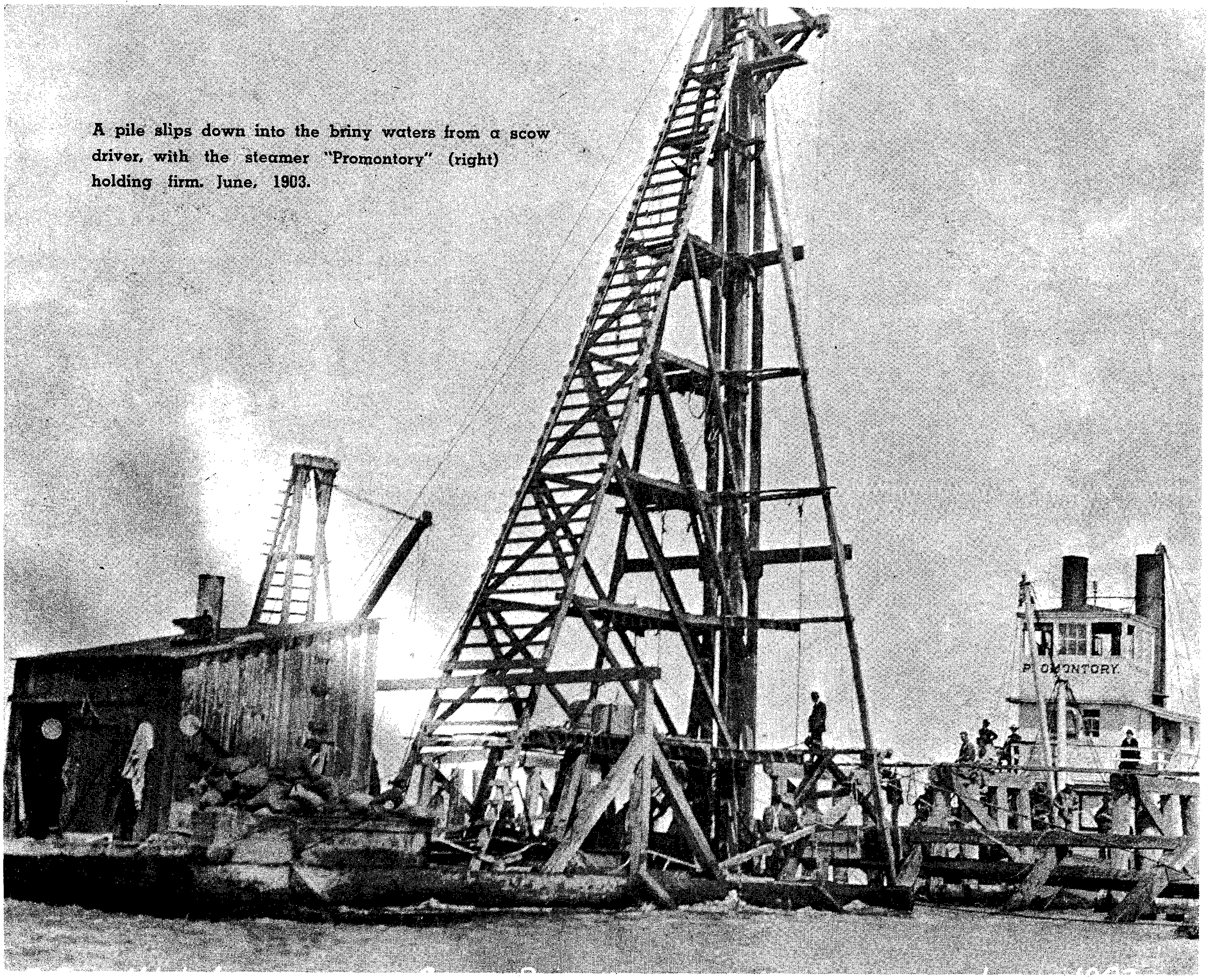
The parade moved north along Ogden's main street, Washington Boulevard, ending at 20th Street. Here the teamsters headed west toward Great Salt Lake, and on the outskirts of Ogden they began piling dirt into a six-foot high, ten-foot wide embankment stretching ever westward. Behind them came section gangs laying rail ties and long slender steel rails.

So began the tremendous task which took years of planning, almost $10,000,000, a forest of timbers, several lives and a lot of guts.

AMONG the spectators at the parade was Lorin Farr of Ogden, pioneer and former Ogden mayor, who had witnessed the driving of the famous golden spike at Promontory. Here trains went over curves 1,515 feet above the lake level.

The old route over Promontory which linked both coasts was far from ideal. Passenger trains frequently were cut to three sections to negotiate the long grades. Freight haulage had reached the maximum the line could handle—and the route was too long for the distance traveled.

Crews reached the lakeside August 21, 1902, and the first pile was driven that day: Engineer Hood then faced the great


A pile slips down into the briny waters from a scow driver, with the steamer "Promontory" (right) holding firm. June, 1903.

stretch of water which was thirty-one feet deep for the first ten miles along the route he proposed to sling his span.

"I'll cover eleven miles of lake with a wooden trestle," he said, "and then pile up a solid ridge of earth across the rest of it."

"Where will you get the tremendous amount of fill material you'll need?" he was asked.

Hood pointed to Hogup Mountain, sixteen miles west of Great Salt Lake. Giant steam shovels already were ripping into the mountain, bringing out seven tons of dirt and rock at a single bite. Then he pointed to Little Mountain, from where Captain John C. Fremont obtained his first view of Great Salt Lake in 1843.

"Reckon they'll hold out," said Hood. Timbers long enough for piles?

"They're cutting them now down in Texas and up in Oregon—100 to 120 feet long."

Hood's schedule called for a mile and a quarter of trestle to be completed a week. Steel rails had begun arriving at the lake followed by trainloads of piles. Many of the piles were so long they had to be carried in three flat cars coupled together.

The trestle inched across the Great Salt Lake, and the embankment came to meet it from the west as 3,000 men fought cave-ins, settling, salt water, heat and death. Every day 1,680 tons of fresh water had to be brought in by rail from 80 to 130 miles over the salty desert lands.

As the work progressed and workmen and engineers learned from past mistakes, the marvel of railroad engineering took on new speed. During one period the trestle crew rammed home piles so fast that an average of 1,140 feet of roadbed a day was completed!

More than 38,000 trees were felled to provide piling for the trestle portion of the cutoff. If placed end to end they would reach from Chicago to Buffalo.

THERE were many predictions that the project was impossible. Time and time again rails disappeared below the lake's surface as the mushy bottom spread out and allowed the material to settle. Statements were made claiming there were bottomless pits in Great Salt Lake.

In speaking of these stories, Chief Engineer Hood said, "These yarns circulated about difficulties and disasters in building the cutoff are without foundation. I have never heard of any scientist's examining the so-called peculiar and bottomless pits. As a matter of fact, we experienced less trouble from the settling and sinking of material dumped into the lake than is frequently encountered in this type of work."

As work progressed, the town of Midlake sprang up half-way across the lake. Midlake was a row of houses set on a platform atop piling, covering an area about forty feet wide and eighty yards long. Its main street was the transcontinental rail line; its population fluctuated, at one time reaching thirty. There were no stores in Midlake, no post office, no jail. Newspapers, groceries and mail were delivered daily from Ogden.

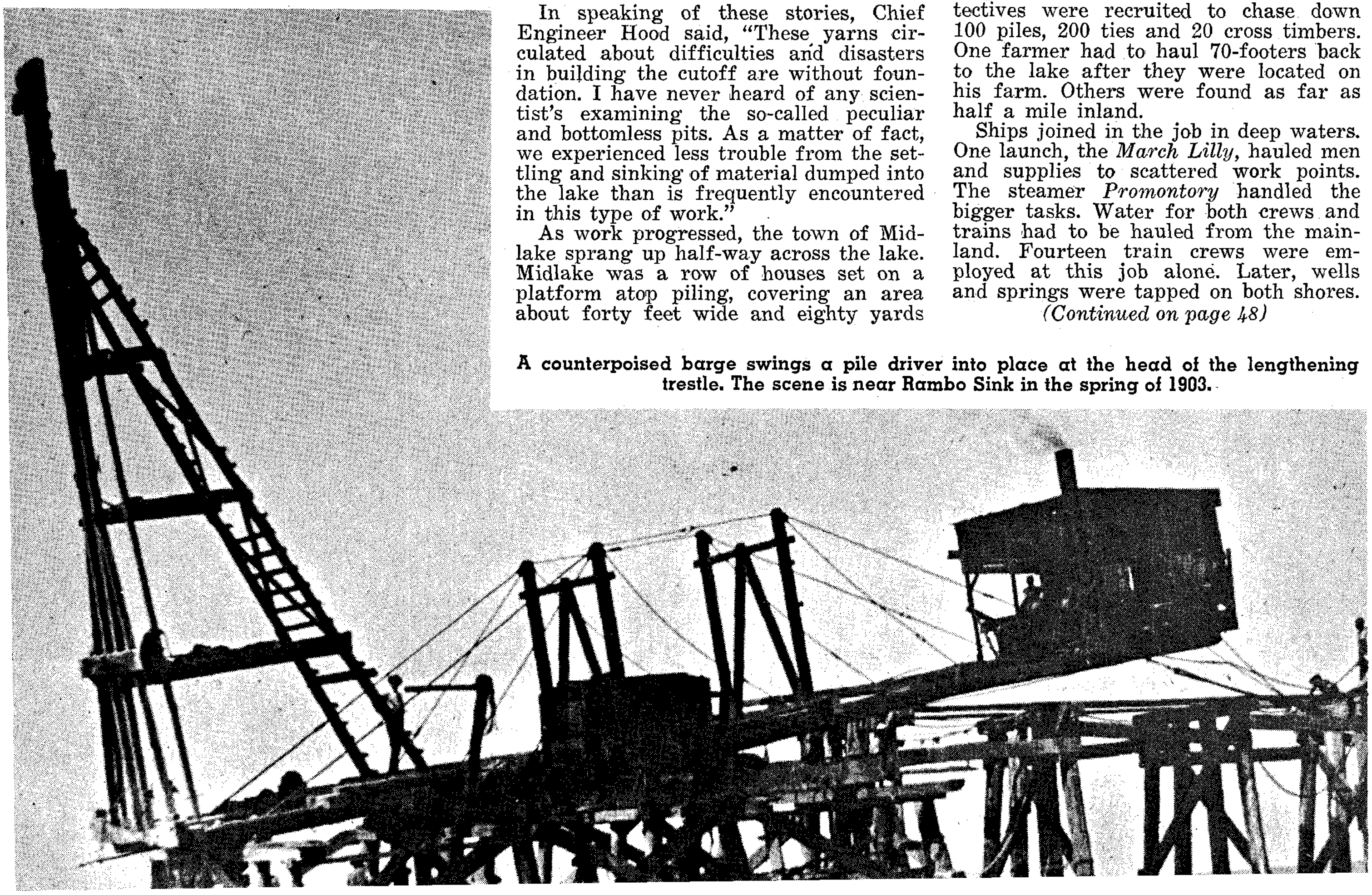
Several locomotives bit the dust, so to speak, during the building of the Lucin Cutoff in 1902-1903 when embankments gave way as it settled into the briny lake. Opposite the mouth of the Bear River on the west side two eighty-foot piles, one atop the other, sank completely out of sight. The area finally was bridged, however, in lieu of an earlier plan to build a grade.

Rugged men, up to their armpits in brine, worked for a few dollars a day. When winter struck, the less hardy quit and it was difficult to recruit replacements. Only 800 men were on the job during the blizzards and sub-zero cold of December, 1902.

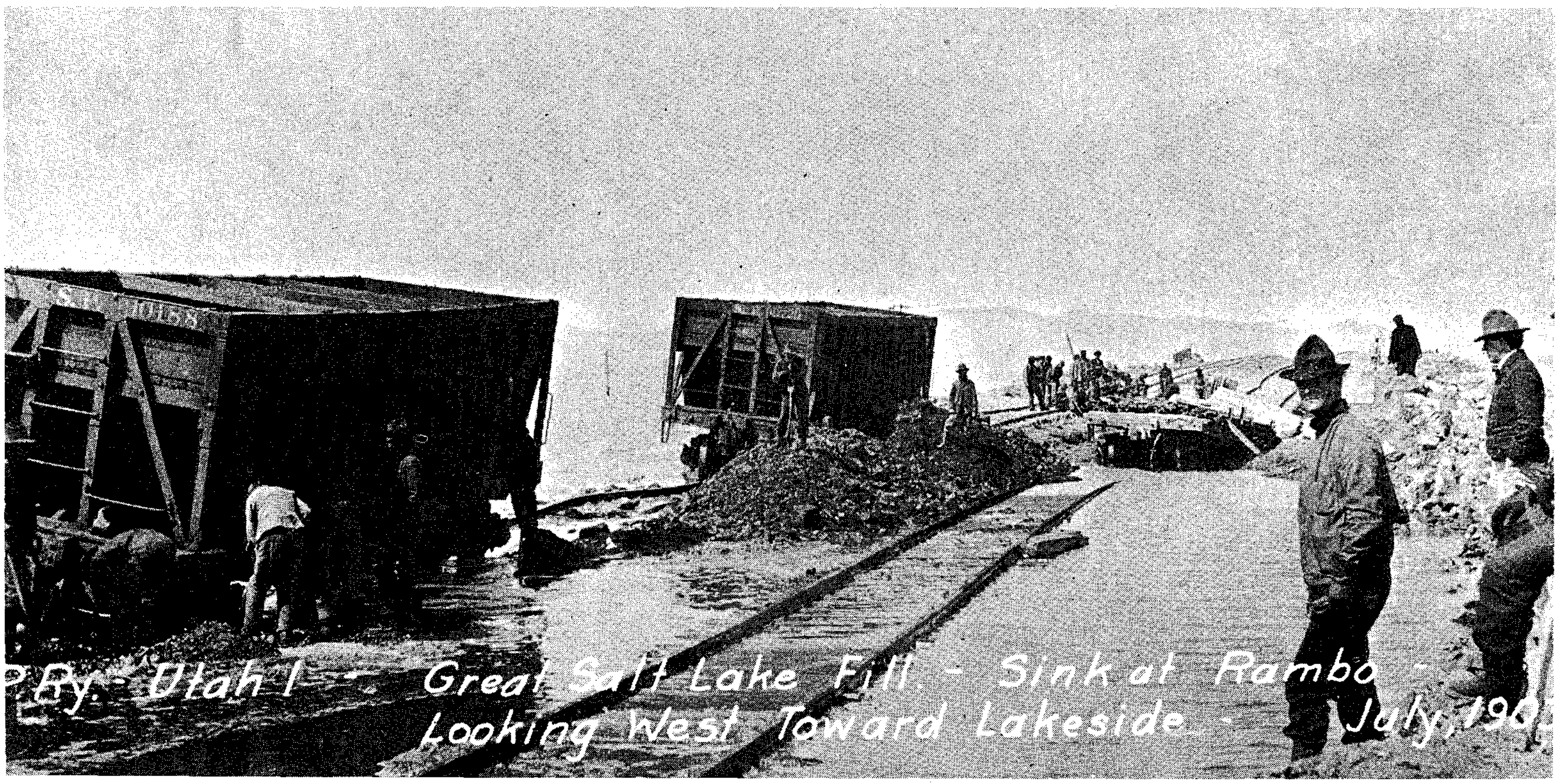
Even then, as during all construction, it was a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. Night shifts labored beneath the glare of electric lights fed from portable generators. Storms added to the difficulty. One scattered $3,000 worth of timber the length of the lake. Southern Pacific detectives were recruited to chase down 100 piles, 200 ties and 20 cross timbers. One farmer had to haul 70-footers back to the lake after they were located on his farm. Others were found as far as half a mile inland.

Ships joined in the job in deep waters. One launch, the *March Lilly*, hauled men and supplies to scattered work points. The steamer *Promontory* handled the bigger tasks. Water for both crews and trains had to be hauled from the mainland. Fourteen train crews were employed at this job alone. Later, wells and springs were tapped on both shores.

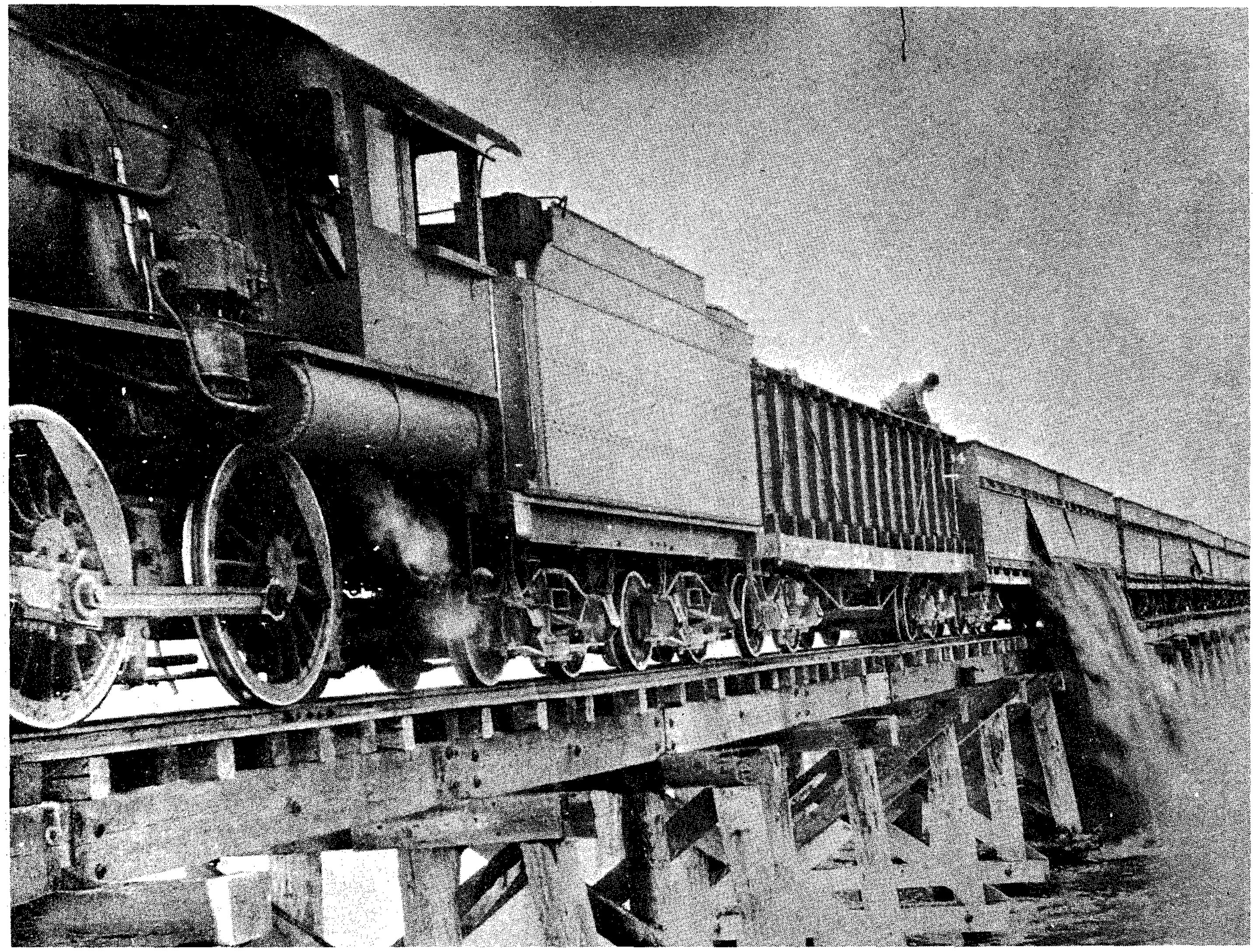
(Continued on page 48)



A counterpoised barge swings a pile driver into place at the head of the lengthening trestle. The scene is near Rambo Sink in the spring of 1903.


P.Ry. - Utah I - Great Salt Lake Fill - Sink at Rambo -
Looking West Toward Lakeside - July, 190

Workers above go to the rescue of marooned cars in another battle with the sinking fill. Below, a work train dumps gravel from the tracks, making a fill from one temporary trestle.

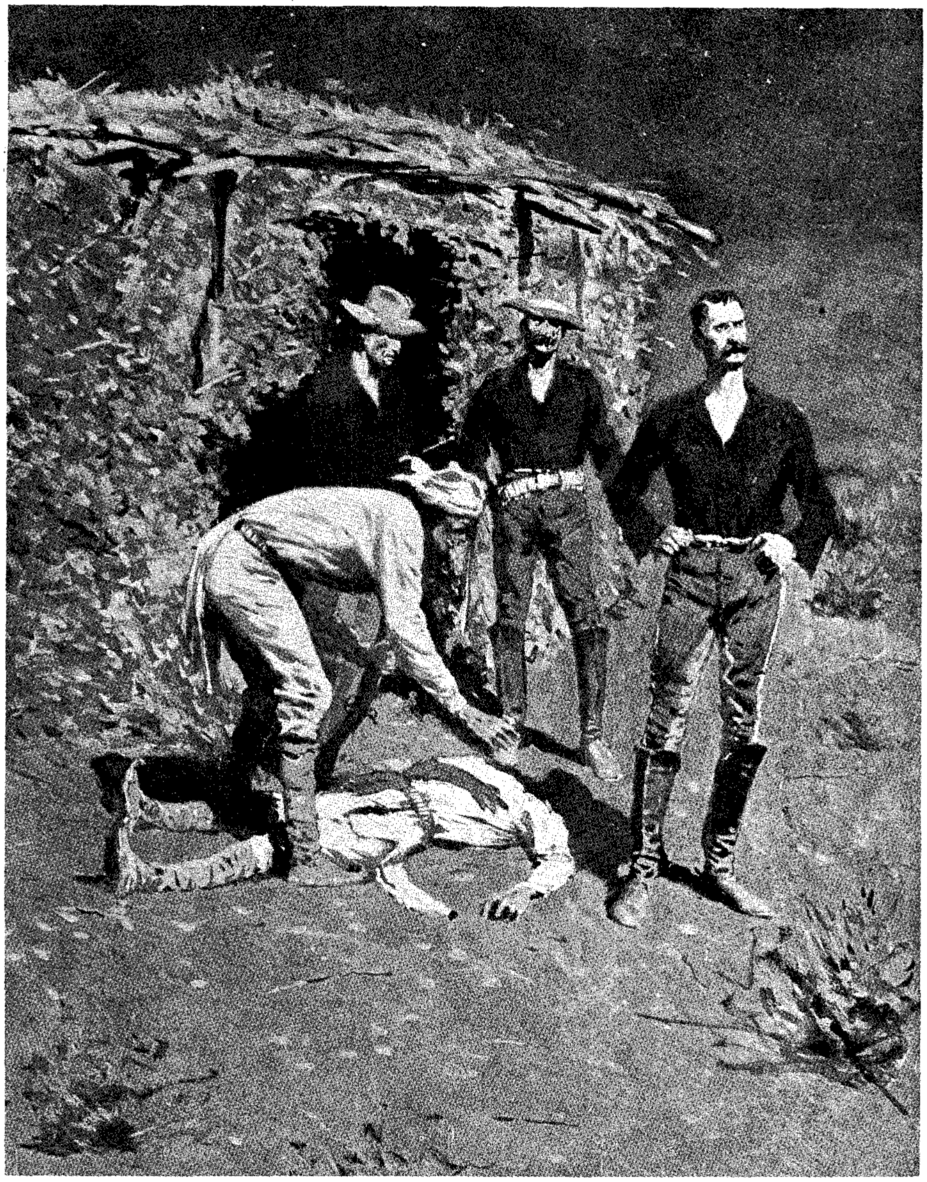


NATCHEZ'S PASS

By FREDERIC REMINGTON

Submitted by

WILLIAM D. WITTLIFF



Illustrations by Frederic Remington

WHAT I have in mind occurred in the days when the Government expected the army to fight successfully both the wild Indians and the Department of the Interior. A military career thrives on opposition. It is the natural development of a soldier. Captain Bill Summers had buffeted through the great war, and all in all had sixteen years of formulation. He was rugged, red, fearless, and short-winded in his speech. He had found that the flag and Washington were often at odds, but he did not attempt to understand. The agency and Fort McDowell were as much at war as well could be.

There was at this time a demon in charge of the Apache agency whose name shall be Mr. Marshall East. He may have since died in a penitentiary, or have gotten through the net which justice has always set across the dark waters of opportunity: I do not know. He was a well-looking man, educated, and resourceful. Morally he liked a dirty dollar—even a bloody one, I think. He was a tool used by what was then called the "Indian Ring"—a scurvy band of political pirates, the thought of whom will always make Americans blush. Its reckless operations made a hell of the frontier. The army protested, the settlers pleaded pathetically, but the Interior Department kept its mercenaries at their posts.

The politicians grew fat, the army, the settlers, and the Indians grew thin. General Crook was in charge of the military operations against the Indians and the Interior Department. Savages constantly left the agencies on passes, when they murdered and stole. Crook's soldiers rode after them, and the Government had a real war on its hands, between two of its greatest departments.

One hot day Captain Bill Summers rode into the agency at the head of his troop. After making camp he stalked into the office of Mr. Marshall East, and opened fire. "Mr. Marshall East, we have found the dead bodies of three white men over on the Rio Verde—killed by Indians whose trail we have followed into this agency. What are you going to do about it?"

"Humph!—won't you sit down?" nodded the agent, as he fumbled some papers before him on the table.

"No, thank you. I didn't come here to sit down. I came here to arrest murderers, and I demand your aid."

"Well—arrest murderers, and don't bother me," retorted the agent.

"See here, Mr. Marshall East, you know that it is your duty to assist me by the use of your Indian police to identify these outlaws. You know, or should know, what Indians are away from the agency, or have been away, with or without passes," rejoined the Captain, now becoming alarmingly red in the face.

"I thought you came here to arrest murderers?"

"I did."

Coolly the man behind the table continued, "Well—what are you standing there for?"

The Captain was no longer standing, but striding, heavy heeled, across the room and back to his place, where he slapped his sombrero on his head, pulling it down defiantly about his ears. "You are a scoundrel, Mr. Marshall East! You are accessory after the fact to murder!"

The agent in his turn took fire. He sprang to his feet. "You call me a scoundrel! What do you mean by coming into my office and calling me such a name? Get out of here instantly," and half turning to a long-haired, sombreroed Indian factotum, he said, "Sanchez!" Sergeant McCollough's rifle came from an "order" to a "carry" with a snap.

"Steady, sergeant," muttered the Captain. Thus the scene was arrested in its development, and all in the room stood regarding each other nervously. Presently the Captain's mustache spread, and he burst into a loud laugh. "Oh, you old dog! I know you won't bite. You would abet murder, but you would not do it with your right arm. I am going to leave this room, but not until you sit down—if I have to get my striker to pitch my dog-tent here."

Slowly the desk-man resumed his chair. Continuing, the Captain said, "Before going, I want to state carefully that you are one of the worst scoundrels I ever saw, and before I am through I will run the brand—Scoundrel—on your thick hide." Going to the door, where he stopped with his hand on the knob, he half turned and said, "Sanchez," followed by a sneering laugh. Then he passed out, followed by the sergeant.

"I will make you pay for this!" came a muffled roar of the agent's voice through the closed door.

"Oh, I guess we will split even," mumbled the departing officer, though of a truth he did not see how.

Walking to the troop camp, the Captain took possession of an abandoned ramada some little distance from his men, and here he sat on his blankets, trying to soothe his disgusted thoughts with a pipe. The horses and mules and soldiers made themselves comfortable, and rested after their hard marching of the previous days. It was to ease his command that determined the officer to stay "one smoke" at the place.

In flamboyant and positive style, Indian Agent East's signature is pictured as a "license to murder whites" by any Apache who carried the lethal scrap of paper off the reservation . . .

IMMEDIATELY after dark, "Peaches," one of the Indian scouts of the command, slipped, ghostlike, to the opening of the ramada, saying, "Nan-tan!"

"What is it, Peaches?"

The ghost glided from the moonlight into the shadow, addressing his officer: "Say, Nan-tan—Injun bad—agent bad—no like you hombres. Say—me tink kill you. Tink you go make de vamoose. Sabe?"

"Oh, nonsense! Apaches won't attack me at night. Too many ghosts, Peaches."

Peaches replied, with a deprecatory turn of the hand: "No, no, Nan-tan—no brujas—too near agency. You vamoose—sabe?"

The Captain had an all-abiding faith in Peaches' knowledge of villainy. He was just at present a friendly scout, but liable at any time to have a rush of blood to the head which would turn his hand against any man. He had been among the agency Indians all day, talking with them, and was responsive to their moods. It isn't at all necessary to beat an Indian on the head with a rock to impress his mind. He is possessed of a subtlety of understanding which is Oriental. So the Captain said, "Go, Peaches—tell Sergeant McCollough to come here."

In a few minutes the alert non-com stood across the moonlight saluting.

"Sergeant, Peaches here has heard some alarming talk among the Indians. I don't think there is anything in it, but 'Injuns is Injuns,' you know. Tie and side-line your horses, and have your men sleep, skirmish formation, twenty-five paces out from the horses. Double your sentries. You might send a man or two up here to divide a watch over me. I want a good sleep. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. May I be one of them? It ain't far to the troop, and I can see them in the moonlight well enough."

"You had better stay with the troop. Why do you want to come up here? You can manage some sleep?" queried Summers.

"Been sleeping all afternoon, sir. Been talking to Peaches. Don't quite make it all out. Like to come up, sir."

"Oh, well—all right, then—do as you please, but secure your horses well." Saying which, the Captain turned on his blankets to sleep.

In a half-hour's time the sergeant had arranged his troop to his satisfaction—told the old "bucks" to mind their eyes, judiciously scared the "shave-tails" into wakefulness, and with Peaches and Trooper "Long Jack" O'Brien—champion first-mixer of the command—he stole into the Captain's ramada. The officer was snoring with honest, hard-going vigor.

"This do be a rale da-light," murmured Long Jack.

"Shut up—you'll wake the old man!" whispered the non-com. Silence becoming the moonlight and desert soon brooded over the plains of the agency. There was no sound save the snoring, stamping of horses on picket, and the doleful coyotes out beyond, baying the mysterious light.

Through long hours Long Jack and the sergeant nodded their heads by turns. The moon was well down in the west when Peaches came over and poked the sergeant in the back with his carbine. The punched one stood up in sleepy surprise, but comprehending, shook O'Brien awake, and stepped over to where Peaches was scanning through the dead leaves which draped the ramada.

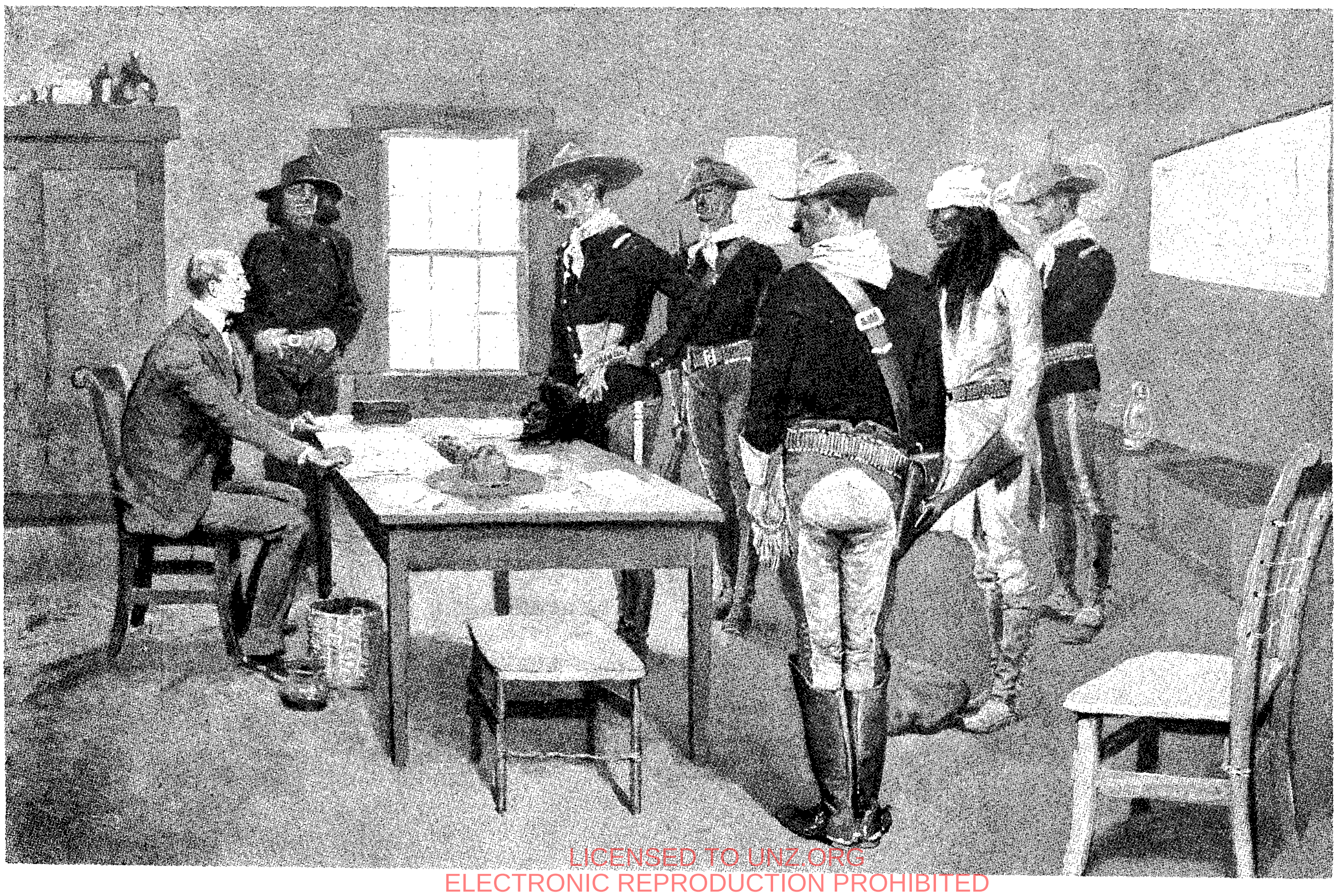
"Injun," whispered Peaches, almost inaudibly.

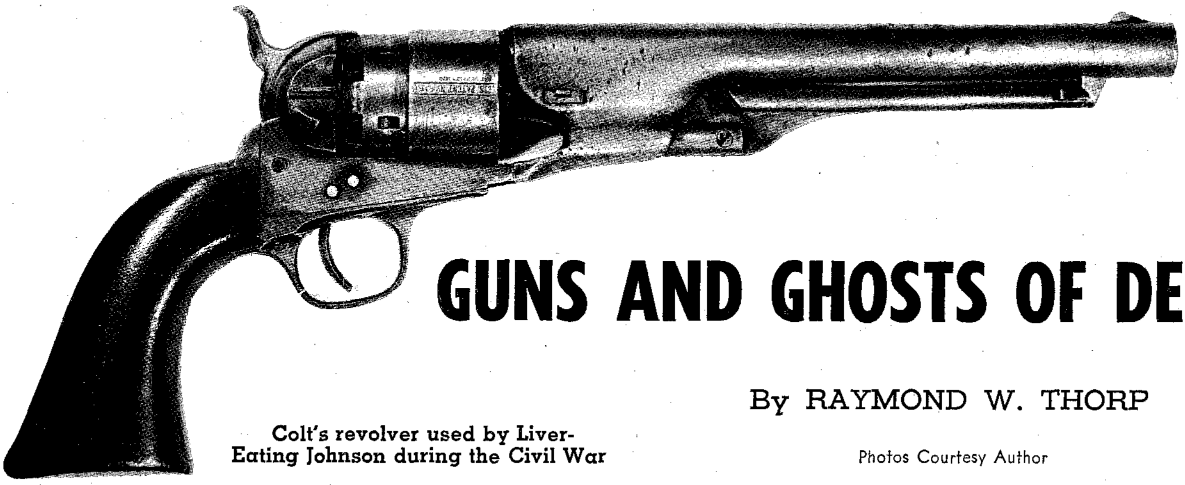
For a long time they sat gazing out at the dusky blur of the sagebrush. The sergeant, with white man's impatience, had about concluded that the faculties of Peaches were tricking him.

"Humph!" he grunted. The hand of the Indian scout tightened like nippers of steel around his arm and opened his eyes anew. Presently he made out a sagebrush which had moved slowly several feet, when it stopped. The hand of Peaches gave another squeeze when the brush made farther progress toward the ramada. The sergeant stole over to the door and put a tourniquet on Long Jack's arm which brought him in sympathy with the mysterious situation. That worthy's heart began to thump in unison with the others. A man under such circumstances can hear his own heart beat, but it is so arranged that others cannot.

The sergeant pulled Long Jack's ear to his mouth, as a mother might to kiss her infant. "Don't shoot—give them the butt." Cautiously the two Springfields were reversed. Long Jack was afraid to spit on his hands, but in lieu he ran his tongue over both before he bulldogged them about the carbine barrel. With feet spread, the two soldiers waited, and Peaches, like a black shadow, watched the brush. The minutes passed slowly, but the suspense nerved them. After ages of time had passed they were conscious of the low rustle of a bush alongside the ramada—ever so faint, but they were coming. Slowly a sagebrush

(continued on page 48)





Colt's revolver used by Liver-Eating Johnson during the Civil War

GUNS AND GHOSTS OF DEAD MEN

By RAYMOND W. THORP

Photos Courtesy Author

I REMEMBER the old lady and her rain barrels as if it were yesterday, yet it was more than sixty years ago. I even recall the dav that the man delivered the receptacles. He walked to the end of a gutter down-spout, examined the barrel beneath it, and then performed the same office on the other side of the farmhouse. Shaking his head in a puzzled manner, he said to the old lady, "Mrs. Samuels, your barrels are all right. What do you want with these?"

The old lady glared at him from beneath her sunbonnet. It was July, the weather was hot, and she was in a bad humor. "Just you mind your own business, Jake Bennett," she snapped. "Here's your two dollars. Now git out!"

Jake got in his spring wagon, put his horses to a trot, and left the place. An order from this old lady was a command to be obeyed. She was Zerelda Samuels, the mother of Frank and Jesse James, and although Jesse was dead, and Frank turned into a peaceful citizen, she had never been tamed. My mother, who was her good friend, often said, "If the truth was known, Zee has killed more men than either of her sons." Her right sleeve hung limp to her shoulder, the arm having been blown off by a bomb tossed through a window by a Pinkerton detective.

The extra rain barrels were part of a business arrangement. One was placed on the kitchen porch, and the other just inside the door. Each was kept as full as possible with old revolvers. It was not difficult to keep the barrels filled, for in those days every barn loft and house attic in Missouri contained old Colt's pistols left over from two wars. Old Wilse Hayes, who lived a short distance from me, left a lot of them at his death. Mrs. Hayes gave me two Colt's Walkers that he used in the Mexican War. My mother had known Zerelda Samuels ever since she (my mother) had arrived in Missouri from Virginia as a young woman. My first train ride was to see the old lady—the day she received the barrels.

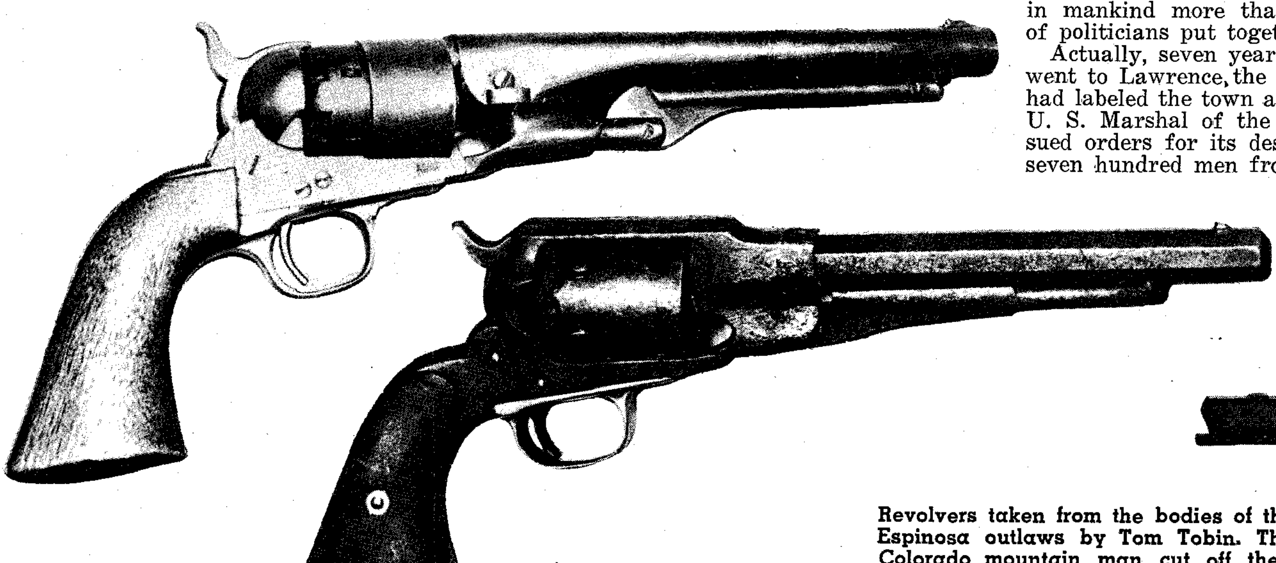
One barrel she set outside of the kitchen door on the porch, the other just inside the door. The outside barrel contained guns with which "Jesse was killed," and the inside receptacle was filled with guns "that Jesse had carried." The guns were sold to visitors at a minimum of $2.00 each. I got 25c each for my Colt's Walkers, which today are worth $7,000 each.

The money the old lady got for the pistols comprised her livelihood, and furnished money for train rides to Kansas City, where she had relatives and friends. Actually, her keep was Frank James' responsibility, but he never acknowledged it. She explained that away by saying that jobs were hard to find and, anyhow, Frank had "brought her a lot of pistols for sale." Frank, a tall, thin-faced man who looked as if he had consumption, came to see her once while I was there. He picked over the guns in the barrels, cocking and pointing them, and fixing up those that were damaged or lacked parts in a little tool shed which was also a chicken-house.

My mother remarked on the way home, "Did you notice how he handled those guns? He has killed hundreds of men." She didn't like Frank, but thought Jesse hadn't had a fair shake. "Everybody Jesse James killed was long overdue, and deserved to be killed."

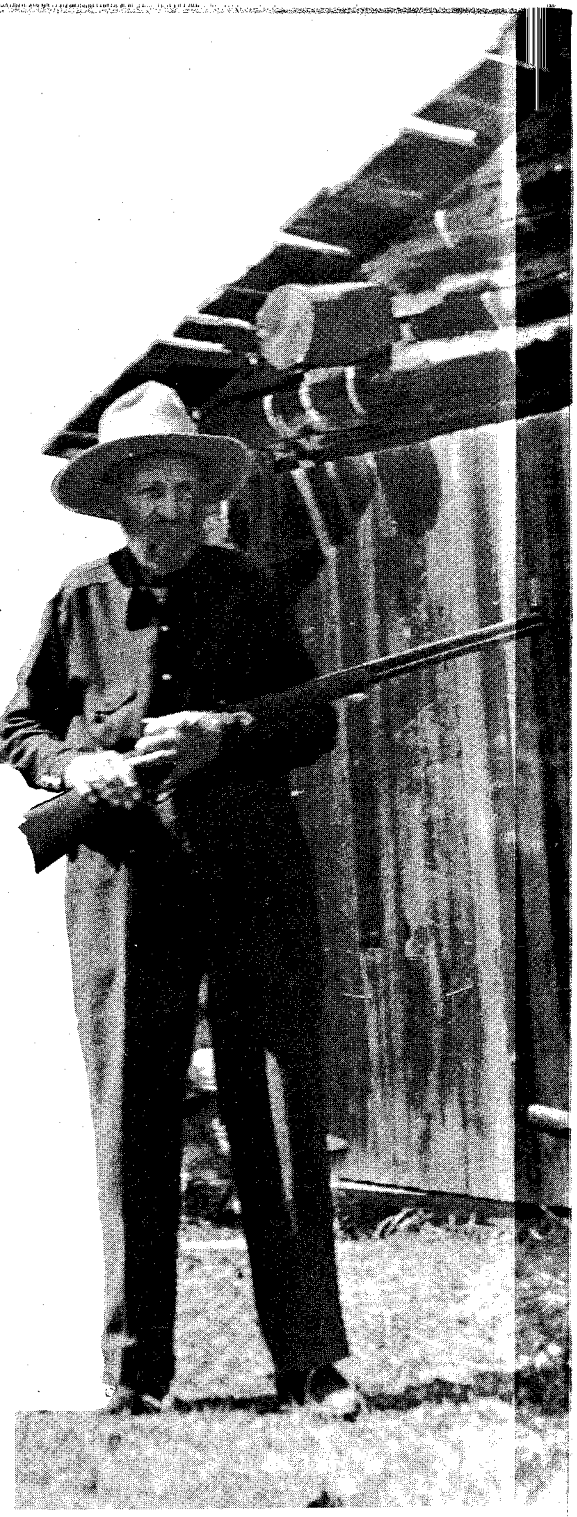
COLE YOUNGER visited us after he left the Minnesota pen. He gave me a Remington revolver that he had used at Lawrence, Kansas, in 1863. This gun was written up in *Outdoor Life* in 1929 when Townsend Whelen was in charge of the firearms department. At this time the Colonel was very much interested in the Remington 1858 cap and ball, and wrote at length concerning it. I also received letters castigating me for such associations, mainly because Cole had been with Quantrill at Lawrence, Kansas, with this revolver. To these letters I replied in much the same fashion as I did recently in the Foreword to Carl Breihan's *Younger Brothers*: "They were not backslappers or compromisers (Quantrill's men) and preserved a pride in mankind more than the whole race of politicians put together."

Actually, seven years before Quantrill went to Lawrence, the U. S. Government had labeled the town a nuisance, and the U. S. Marshal of the Territory had issued orders for its destruction. Twenty-seven hundred men from four states as-



Revolvers taken from the bodies of the Espinosa outlaws by Tom Tobin. The Colorado mountain man cut off their heads and took them to Fort Garland in a gunny sack.

There is something morbidly fascinating about a weapon that has taken a human life—and palming off the original on a gullible buyer has always been big business!



Pack-Saddle Ben Greenough holds the rifle of Liver-Eating Johnson. Note stock which was broken by a grizzly bear. The building in the background is Johnson's old cabin converted into a garage.

sembled, blew up the main hotel with gunpowder, burned the newspaper offices, dumped the type and presses into the Kansas River, and pillaged the town. It is always well to know history when writing about guns. Retrenching during the Depression, I sold the Younger gun and many others just as historic to a collector in Gastonia, North Carolina.

Liver-Eating Johnson, the famous mountain man who in a thirty-year vendetta with the Crow Indians killed 300 braves and ate their livers raw, certainly never thought that people would be interested in his side arms. The Colt's revolver shown here is the one he carried during the Civil War in Missouri. The rifle shown in the hands of "Pack-Saddle" Ben Greenough is a Winchester .45-70 owned by the Liver-Eater when he was marshal at Red Lodge, Montana. The stock was broken by a grizzly Johnson had wounded, and Ben (once father-in-law to Sally Rand of fan fame) traded a .40-82 for it. Ben was proud to own something that had belonged to Johnson.

In the Big Thompson Valley in northern Colorado, Mariano Modeno built a stage station on the well-traveled route from Arkansas to the Pacific. It was supposedly his home, but he didn't live there, for he was always trailing and killing Ute Indians. He owned a Flathead Indian squaw named Marie whom he had purchased from a French trapper, immediately renaming her "John," and she ran the business while he followed his more important and picturesque work.

Mariano was a famed character in the history of the West. He had trapped and hunted with Sublette and Old Bill Williams, Hugh Glass and Liver-Eating Johnson. Three-fourths Spaniard and the remainder Indian, and small of stature, he nevertheless equaled the best among those of Anglo-Saxon origin, and was a linguist, speaking thirteen languages and several Indian dialects. Educated by the priests, he was more literate than his companions, and handier than many with gun and knife. The stage station was named Namaqua, and the inside walls of Modeno's house were covered with scalps that he had taken. Liver-Eating Johnson once remarked, "No red coon ever lived whut could salt away that Spaniard."

When Modeno went over the mountains to Taos and other settlements he traveled in style in a ragged carriage pulled by four horses, with two Hawken rifles within easy reach. Those Hawkens, like his scalping knife, which he called *El Solucion,* were his beloved tools, showing his opulence. Old Bill Williams, dean of all early mountain men, was the authority for the statement that, "A child is rich with one Hawken, but a man like Mariano, with two, could mow a path all the way ter Californy."

When Mariano died he willed one Hawken to General A. H. Jones of Denver, along with many of his "possibles." In 1932 the author photographed A. H. Jones, Jr., in the basement of his Denver home with all of this treasure.

One grisly adventure (glorious to Mariano) was the killing of Captain Jack, a Ute chief. Over a period of years the "Spaniard" had killed every member of Jack's band, fifty in all, and when he went after the chief he was in dead earnest. Jack had said that he would take Mariano alive, and burn him slowly to death at the stake, and the latter had in turn said that he would capture Jack and give him "the limb." Only the old mountain men knew what the limb signified.

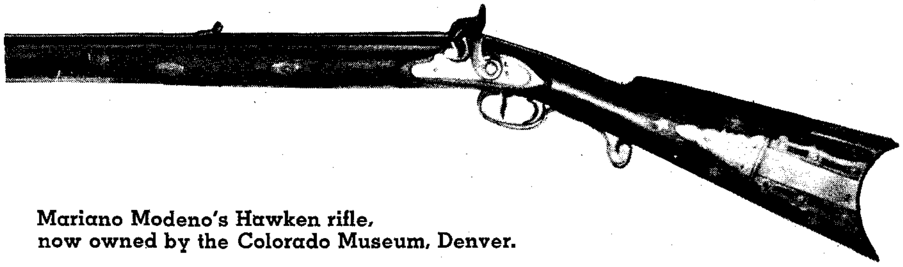
Mariano trailed Jack for weeks in the fall of the year, and finally sneaked up on him at his campfire. He didn't want to kill him outright, so he took a dead aim with his Hawken and broke the chief's shoulder. Then, with Jack running around the fire like a madman, he loaded up again and fired and broke the other shoulder. It was then a simple matter to capture the Ute, and as Mariano did not want to let him have any comfort, he lassoed the Indian and made him run behind his horse on the way home.

Beneath a big cottonwood tree on the banks of the Big Thompson, the well-learned trapper scalped Captain Jack. Then he lassoed a high limb on the cottonwood and made the animal pull it down; the rope was passed around the Ute's body beneath his arms and the limb was turned loose, swinging the chief high in the air. He stayed there all night, the cold north wind whipping him, scalped and with broken arms.

Liver-Eating Johnson, riding beneath the tree early in the following morning, saw him swinging there. His partner wanted to kill the suffering chief, but Johnson wouldn't allow this, reminding him that had it been the other way around Mariano would have been burned at the stake. "That war ol' Milt Sublette's trick," he told him. "Milt invented that one." Then, to the uncomplaining, dying Indian, "How's it feel now, red coon? Is it col' up thar?"

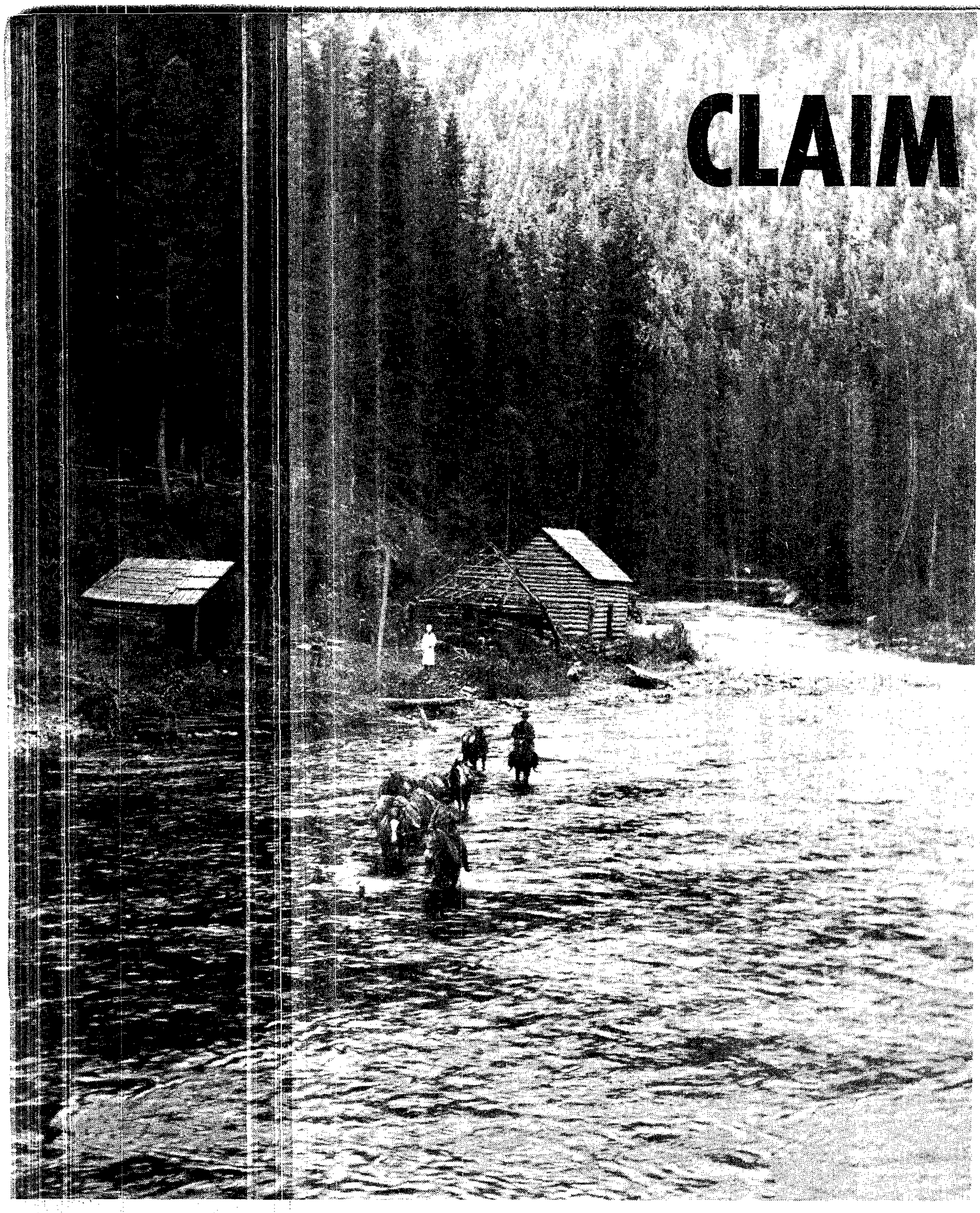
THE GUNS of the Espinosa brothers, Felipe Nerio and Vivian, are especially bloody weapons. These two Mexican outlaws of the San Luis Valley, Colorado, killed more than thirty men and women; they didn't care which sex came into the sights. Tom Tobin, a mountain man, was sent after them by Colonel Tappan of Fort Garland in September, 1863.

(Continued on page 47)



Mariano Modeno's Hawken rifle, now owned by the Colorado Museum, Denver.

CLAIM JUMPERS of



A homesteader fords the St. Joe River and his family waits in the isolated cabin on its banks.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Today Marble Creek still roars down its canyon walls on its way to join the St. Joe River, and on Sunday afternoons in summertime, you can see license plates from different states in the Union, umbrella tents, gasoline camp stoves, refrigerator boxes and other items and gadgets that make up a present-day camp outfit.

But in the wintertime, when deep snow has everything buried, all is quiet except for the howl of coyotes and the noises of other wild animals. Some difference from what it was sixty years ago!

There are very few of the actual squatters or homesteaders, men or women, left and it's with great sadness that I bid adieu to all of them, including the jumpers.

IN THE early days of north Idaho, 1903 to 1915, there wasn't much law. During the building of C.M. & S.P. Railroad, with law enforcement officers no closer than fifty to seventy-five miles, murder was a common incident. Taft Tunnel (one-half in Montana and one-half in Idaho), Avery, Little Falls, Calder, Fitz Creek, Big Creek, Slate Creek, Ferrel, St. Joe, Marble Creek and dozens of other mushroom "cities" supported from six to sixteen saloons or dives each.

It's a fact that in the spring of 1908 and 1909, many bodies were uncovered when the snow went off and the ice went out of St. Joe River. They were men who had been working on tunnels and all along the right-of-way from Taft to St. Maries, who had been waylaid and murdered for the "stakes" on their persons. They were usually foreigners.

I first landed in Marble Creek country, a tributary of the St. Joe River, fifty miles east of St. Maries, in the summer of 1908. I was sixteen years old.

My job was compass man and cook for a timber cruiser that was looking up timber for D. H. Dollar and the Stack-Gibbs Lumber Company of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. There were families living there who were called squatters or homesteaders, and each had 160 acres. The timber was classed as the finest stand of white pine in the world.

I remember the Andersons and one other family on Homestead Creek, and C. A. Hill had a claim on Marble Mountain's west slope. Jack Stevens lived at the mouth of Bussell Creek; Hanson and West were located between Bussell and Hobo County—and there were many others whose names I can't now remember.

Four men were killed in approximately one week during August, 1904, and the circumstances were fresh in everybody's mind when I was there in 1908. They were all shot in the back. When "Bully" (or "Boulette") was murdered, the killers (of whom there were four) made a good job of it. He had twenty-five bullet holes through his body. His horse and his dog were killed at the same time.

I talked with nearly all the homesteaders previously mentioned, and they all told me the same story, and nearly all of them admitted that they were sorry that they were not in on the actual shooting. However, I got the straight of it in 1912, while moving a steam donkey engine up Marble Creek.

Dollar (or Uncle Dave, as we called him) had given me orders in April to keep checked up on the snow and open the trail up Marble Creek as far as Donkey Creek when the snow depth was right.

He had hired two brothers to stay at George Rogers' cabin all winter to take care of the horses; they were Nathaniel and Henry Gove (fictional names), who had homesteads between the mouth of Dividejo Creek and Cranberry Creek.

Well, I stayed all night with the boys, and after supper I dug two half-gallon jugs of whiskey out of my pack sack. Nat's eyes began to shine and his mouth began to drool at the sight of them, and I knew at once that I would get the story of what caused Bully to get killed. And I did.

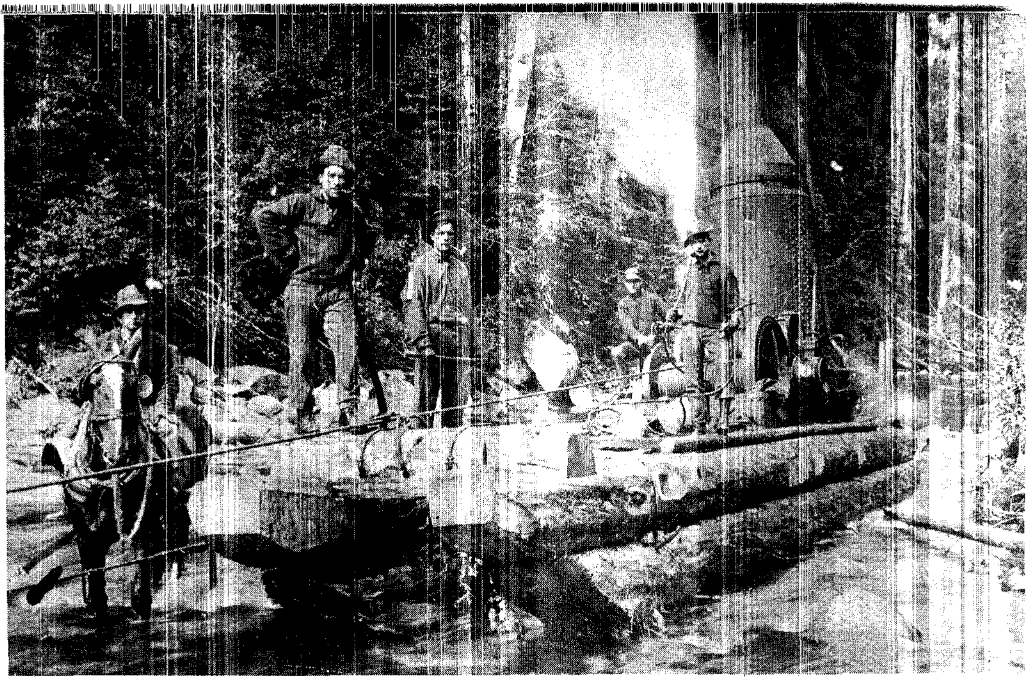
NAT'S claim was about one mile from Bully's. Tom Watson's claim was the one that Bully "jumped" and, according to Nat, nearly everyone was afraid of him. Bully was a two-gun man from Chicago who was hired by a certain lumber company to jump one good claim and then run or scare the homesteaders off the others.

Tom Watson, along with most of the married men with families, had to go outside to make enough money for a grubstake. He left his wife and two children on the claim, while he worked in a sawmill in Couer d'Alene. His boy was eight years old and the girl was ten.

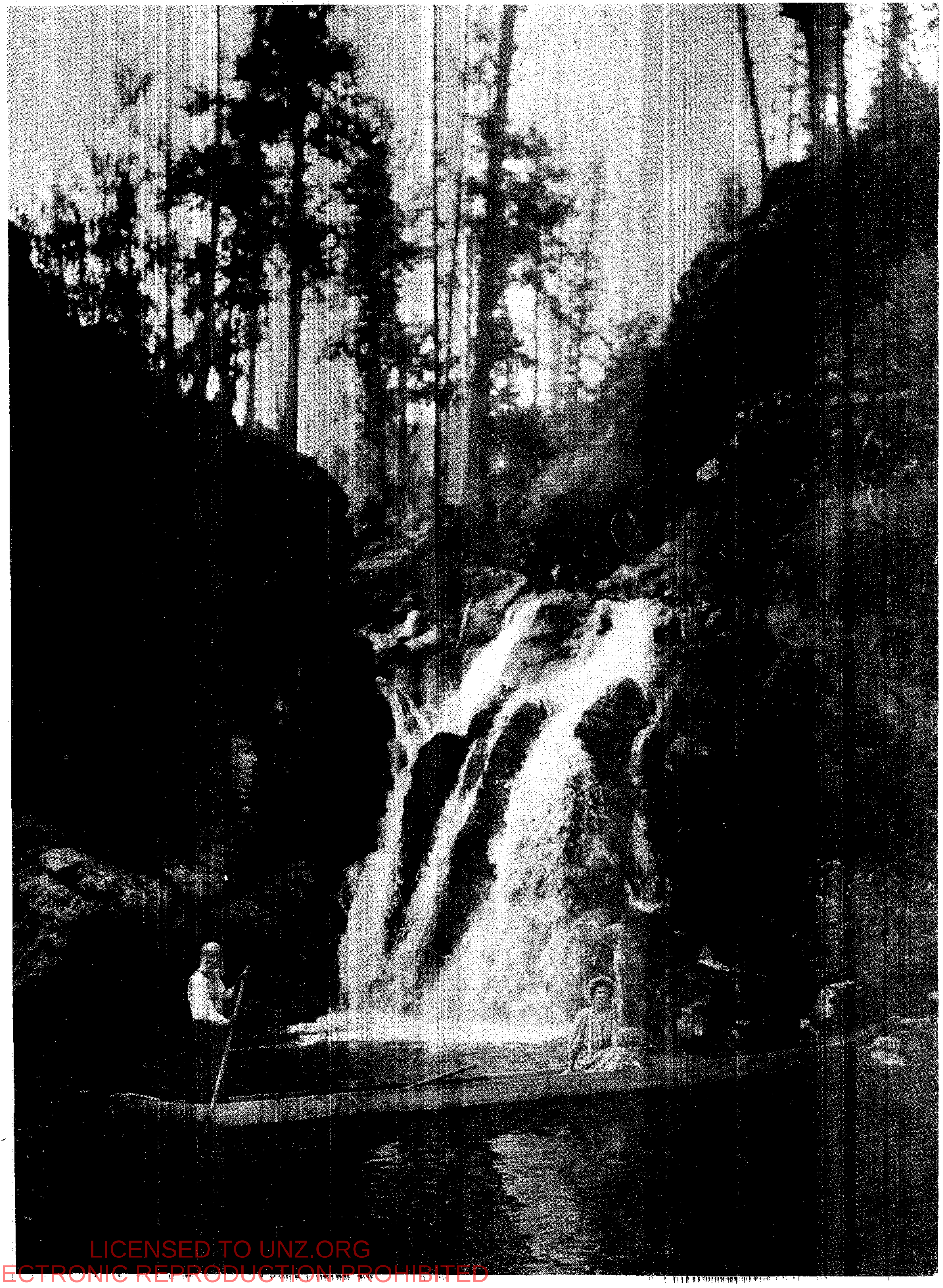
Marble Creek

By OSCAR W. BLAKE

Photos Courtesy Author



Moving a steam donkey engine up Marble Creek. Where the only road was a river, (below) dugouts were the common method of travel.



Nat told me when he started getting short of chuck, he went to work running lines for a homesteader on Boulder Creek, but before he left he posted notices on each corner of his claim. He had copies four years later that he showed me.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
Having "squatted" on this 160 acres of land (then came the description of section, township and range, etc.) am living up to the Homestead laws of U.S. Government. I issue this warning to anyone who might get the idea into their head to jump or contest my claim, in any way, they had better bring PLENTY of guns and ammo as I have a new 30-30 Winchester repeating rifle; also a 45 Colt's single action revolver, and a double barrel 12 gauge shot gun and plenty of ammunition for all of them. I have a reputation of being an expert shot with all the firearms.—Nat Gove

The women and children who were holding down the claims didn't like the idea of thug claim jumpers from Chicago, or anyplace else, living on the same 160 acres. Bully had a cabin about one-half mile away. According to Nat he was always telling anyone who would listen about how tough and rough he was, and Nat was just waiting for a chance to tame him. As a lumberjack might say, he had a "bull pine chip on each shoulder."

Before Tom Watson took his outside job, he told the jumper not to come near his place. Yet, soon after Tom left, Bully started troubling the family. He would hide in the brush and scare the children while they were picking huckleberries, and they were afraid to leave the house; he would make noises like a bear or cougar to scare them.

One day the children were working in the garden (all the homesteaders had a small one and, in this case, it was about 100 yards from the back of the cabin). Mrs. Watson had instructed the boy, if Bully ever came to their cabin, to get Nat.

Mrs. Watson was inside the cabin with the door open when she heard a noise out on the porch. She went to the door and started to close it when Bully put his foot inside. He pushed the door open and grabbed her. She told Nat afterwards that she was so scared she couldn't even call for help. Mrs. Watson was fighting him off when all at once she regained her voice and screamed for the children. The boy started for Nat's place and the girl clawed and scratched till Bully let loose of her mother.

There was a rifle on the wall in a

Three Marble Creek homesteaders, photographed about 1907.

rack and he took it down and told the woman he had no intention of being shot in the back. He didn't know it but Mrs. Watson had never fired a gun in her life. After he left, taking the rifle with him, he hammered it over a log and broke it all to pieces.

A short time later, Nat arrived on the scene and told Mrs. Watson, "Now, you're going to learn how to handle a gun for your own protection, but I'll guarantee that Bully won't ever harm you folks again when I get through with him. I am going to rig up a signal system so you can let me know when he comes here again. I will cut two or three trees out of the way, so I can see your house from one of my windows.

"The boy and I will rig up a white flag that can be raised to the top of a tree with a string, which isn't likely to be noticed. If and when he comes again, which he will as soon as he thinks I am not at home, the boy can sneak out and raise the flag. I would be delighted to teach him manners at his own cabin, but he would shoot me on sight if he saw me coming up the trail to his place, so we will 'Injun up on him.'

"When the boy gets back and gives you the 'nod,' you will know that I will be standing at the corner of your woodshed, out of sight, waiting for the unwelcome visitor, and you can order him out of the house and off the place. If he doesn't go immediately, just raise your voice and I'll do the rest."

WELL, it happened the way Nat had it planned. The very next day the would-be Romeo sneaked up the back way and Mrs. Watson and the two children didn't see him till he opened the door. The boy was in the woodshed, cutting wood, and while his mother and sister kept the intruder occupied, he slipped out the back way to raise the flag. Nat was down the hill in only a matter of minutes, as he happened to be looking out of his window and saw the white flag going up. He met the boy within 200 yards of the signal tree.

Nat told the boy to go in the house and give his mother the nod that they had agreed on, while he, Nat, took his position alongside the front door. Pretty soon he heard Mrs. Watson tell her visitor, "Now you get out of the house!" and Bully's answer, "I'll get out when I get d--m good and ready!" Nat could stand it no longer, so he opened the door and made one grand leap half-way across the room. Bully sure didn't know the rough and tumble holds the lumberjacks of north Idaho used, and Nat made a "believer" out of the thug in nothing flat. He told me the only regret he had was that he didn't have on his logging boots so he could walk up and down his spinal column.

With the boy's help, Nat got Bully back to his cabin and told him he had twenty hours to get out of the Marble Creek watershed or the homesteaders would kill him. (He had been warned many times before.)

Nat wrote the time and date on the door when the cabin had to be vacated. Nat told me the names of three other neighbors and homesteaders, along with himself, who came with their 30-30 rifles and hid in the timber near Bully's cabin and waited until his time to leave was drawing near.

About two hours before the deadline, the four men saw someone approaching Bully's cabin. They identified him as N. Lindley, another jumper who was living near the St. Joe Trail approximately six miles away.

I will quote from the *Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, Washington: "Aug. 22, 1904—Two men are dead, and a third is missing as a result of a row over alleged claim jumping on Marble Creek near St. Maries on August 20. The bodies of E. Bully and N. Lindley were found on the trail between Marble Creek and St. Joe Crossing. F. Tyler is missing. It is said that Bully's body had 23 bullet holes. It is said that Bully and Lindley were claim jumpers. Excitement prevails in St. Maries, as there had been threatening talk about alleged claim jumpers for the last several months."

I might add at this time that Lindley had not been killed as yet, but got his a short time later. Another report from the *Spokesman-Review* dated August 23, 1904, stated:

"The deliberate assassination of E. Bully near Marble Creek and Mica Creek Trail is shown. First reports were that E. Bully and N. Lindley had been killed together but Lindley was shot only in the arm. Bully and Lindley were accused of being claim jumpers and feeling has been running high against them. About two months ago Bully was shot and wounded in a similar case, and his companion at that time was killed. Lindley gives the following account of the shooting:

"'Bully and I were at the creek getting water and Bully was stooping over to take a drink when I heard the report of a gun, and he fell over onto me. I ran, and a bullet struck me in the arm. Not a soul could be seen anywhere. The shots were coming from the thick brush. From behind a tree I saw fifteen or twenty bullets pumped into Bully's prostrate body, the shots coming from the thick brush.'

"Deputy Sheriff Elliott came up on the steamer *Idaho* today, August 22, and went up the Santa Trail with a posse of men and eight horses. He hopes to intercept anyone coming out that way. There is great excitement through this section over the matter, with feeling altogether against the dead men. All parties supposed to have any knowledge of the affair are reticent, and an effort will apparently be made to shield the murderers and the officers can count on very little aid or help from the settlers. Marble Creek flows into the St. Joe River 15 miles above the head of navigation.

"The officers who went to the scene will have to cover that 15 miles in large dug-outs which are poled over swift water upstream. It takes a day of hard struggle, with the swift current, to cover that distance. The trouble that culminated in this tragedy has been brewing for months.

"Enticed by the fine timber, many settlers have gone to the headwaters of the St. Joe River and its tributaries and acquired 'squatters rights' on unsurveyed lands.

"Their rights are claimed under the homestead laws which permit settlers squatting to have first right when the land is thrown open for filing.

"It is claimed men in the employ of large timber companies have been jumping and threatening to jump most of these squatter claims on the ground that the land was more valuable for timber than for agriculture."

If this case had ever come to court, I don't believe a jury could have been impaneled in the State of Idaho, Washington, or Montana, which would have brought in a conviction. I found in the court records at Wallace that Steve Adams confessed to the murder of Lindley.

Most of the jumpers only got $300 and a grubstake for their trouble, and I have heard many men remark that they would like to get some certain lumberman in their rifle sights, because everyone agreed that they deserved to be shot in the back, as well as the jumpers.

Marble Creek homesteaders laying in a supply of meat—1907

THE OLD SQUARE DANCE

By JOE SAPPINGTON

Reprinted from July 1928 Frontier Times

The amount of rhythm that went into your bones was in direct proprotion to how much hide came off your heels!

Illustrated by Willard Ballow

THE OLD-TIME country dance is about to vanish from the face of the earth. "Honor your partners, ladies to the left, all join hands and circle to the left" is now but a faint echo of the dim and misty past. Where are those of us today who once swung corner and balance all to the tune of *Black Jack Grove* and the *Devil's Dream*? Some of us are dead. Some of us are old maids, some of us are in the penitentiary, and some of us are mothers-in-law.

The memory of the old square dance gives me that sad, sweet, pensive look out of the eyes that my wife claims is caused from lack of exercise and smoking a cob pipe. I now ask my readers to give me close attention while I truthfully relate some incidents of the country dance that have come under my personal observation.

The first dance I ever attended proved fatal to a mule colt belonging to our family and was quite a shock to my own nervous system. I was about fourteen years old and my voice had begun to make a few lightning changes, when a great desire came over me to attend a dance that was to be given at Bill Jackson's who lived about nine miles from our house. I was afraid this desire would not be strengthened to any alarming extent by discussing its merits with Father and Mother, so I kept it a secret from them. On the night of the dance I retired as usual and along about nine o'clock I dressed and slipped out to the barn, saddled our old family mare that bore the proud distinction of being the mother of a long-eared mule colt, and left hurriedly for the dance.

I made splendid time and soon arrived at the one-room log house where the dance was already in progress. A bow-legged fiddler who seemed to be drunk was playing *Black Jack Grove* with great physical exertion and everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves. I never enjoyed anything as much in my life as I did that dance, and if I should live to be a hundred years old I shall never forget those ecstatic thrills that waltzed up and down my young spine while watching it. I was too shy to go on the inside where they were dancing, and contented myself by peeping through the logs from the outside.

I would watch them dance for fifteen minutes at a time and then I would retire behind the smokehouse and would dance until my head swam and my heels would be rubbed raw by my brogans. I took no notice of the passing of time, so absorbed was I in the dance. But finally it dawned upon me that daylight was breaking in the east; so with a mighty effort I tore myself from the gay mad whirl of the dance and started home. I soon saw that I had tarried too long at the ball, and began crowding the old mare into a speed that would have alarmed my father's family had they seen us. I made it convenient to approach our house from the direction of the barn, and hoped to arrive there before any of my folks were up. I arrived at the barn all right and found everything looking as usual and found my father there also.

Dear reader, there are some things too painful to relate, and I shall not go into unnecessary details. The colt died about two hours after my arrival, from being overheated, and had it not been for mother coming to my rescue I really believe there would have been two deaths in our family instead of one lone mule. Father used an old-fashioned quirt with knots in its tail on this occasion; that was why I preferred standing to sitting for two weeks afterward.

SIX WEEKS after the death of the mule, I attended another dance at the same house of Bill Jackson's that came very near having a tragic ending. Bill had decided to give a fancy dress ball at his house, and to make room for the invited guests it became necessary to move the beds and all other household goods out onto the prairie that extended about 345 miles due north from his house. The dance had progressed uninterrupted for several hours; the young men had distributed all of their stick candy among the young ladies; Bill had just finished dancing a jig; and Mrs. Jackson was serving hog backbones among the guests when someone on the outside yelled out that the prairie was on fire.

With one impulse we all rushed out to save our host's household goods. The relentless flames had been putting in time while we were reveling, so we fought the fire against many odds. But with all of these disadvantages we succeeded in saving two quilts, a box used for a dining table, a skillet, frying pan, two tin cups and a splendid bootjack—in fact, we saved most everything of any value, and the dance went on until broad daylight.

We afterwards learned that a hare-lipped fellow by the name of Hawkshaw, who had failed to find a partner among the young ladies present, had conceived the diabolical plot of setting the prairie on fire, that we might be destroyed in the raging flames. But instead of it destroying us as he had plotted, he only succeeded in bringing out the heroic character of every young man present, as we all sacrificed more or less whiskers while fighting the flames.

I had a hated rival to play me a mean trick once at a dance, and if I had not been restrained by the crowd I would have mauled his head off. Dud Jenkins and I were the best dancers in the neighborhood, and we each tried to outdo the other at every party we both attended, and at this particular dance our rivalry reached its climax. We both had our followers, and that night about midnight it was proposed that Dud and I should give an exhibition of our skill as dancers.

I was not in trim for dancing on account of one of my heels being skinned from plowing in brogan shoes, but I would have done my best to have beaten Dud if both of my heels had been rubbed raw. Dud had the first go at it, and danced every step he knew to fast and furious music, and when he sat down I saw a gleam of triumph in his eyes, which said very plainly: "It's no use to try, Sap; you will never cut the mustard."

But I was determined to beat Dud, even if I had to jerk both hips out of place and rupture a blood vessel to boot—in fact, I would gladly have wrecked my entire system to have beaten Dud. I told the fiddler to play the *Devil's Dream* as fast as he could pull the bow, as my first stunt was a jig. I came in an inch of dancing my breeches off before he could slow down so I could stop.

He then played in quick succession *Hornpipe, Soapsuds Over the Fence, Cotton-eyed Joe, Sally Gooden, Shake That Wooden Leg*, and several more tunes just as tough on the human system, and all the while I was keeping time with the back step, buck and wing steps, jig steps, double jig steps, pigeon wing steps, and double pigeon wing steps, besides a few fancy steps on the side that were new to me and everybody else present.

When the music ceased, everybody cheered and said that I had knocked Dud into a cocked hat or words to that effect. I never felt so good in my life, notwithstanding I had danced all the hide off

(Continued on page 47)

TERROR of TRINITY COUNTY

By RITA HANOVER
and
LENORE OSBORN

Photos Courtesy Authors

Isabelle Hoffman Martin

ONE OF THE most remarkable and unbelievable characters of early California days is not a bewhiskered miner, not a sharp gambler or politician, but a lady of high society whose adventures are still recalled by the old-timers who live where she once operated. Her story began in 1854 in New York, where she was born in obscurity to parents of humble origin.

Perhaps wistfully dreaming of the romance lacking in her own marriage, the mother christened the baby "Isabelle," a name associated throughout history with queens, courts and gaiety. And sure enough, this tiny mite of humanity would indeed be known as a queen of society, would figure in several newsworthy romances, and would become one of the most hated and feared persons in the West.

Belle, as she became known, developed into a strikingly beautiful young woman. Unfortunately, her tastes were not compatible with the family income, and she set about to rectify this situation. At an age when other girls were giggling shyly behind fans as boys passed by, Belle was finding excitement in nocturnal rides with traveling salesmen, and in the process becoming very sophisticated. She also became an expert at deception, convincing strangers that she came from a wealthy family.

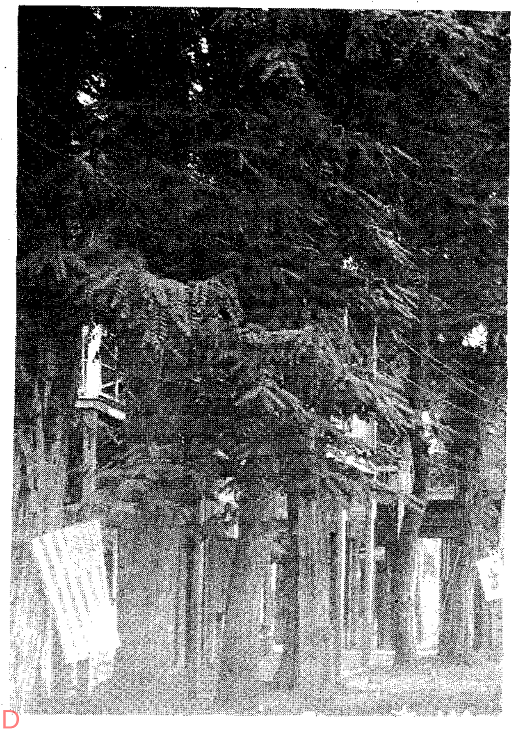
Belle soon discovered that traveling salesmen could not provide the background she desired, so she set out to find a husband. Deciding on a well-known and respected businessman in the area, she wove a web which resulted in her becoming Mrs. Belle Hoffman at the age of 18.

Although Mr. Hoffman was well-to-do and made good money, Belle's talents for spending far exceeded his capacity for earning. During the course of their marriage, she managed to deplete his bank account as well as make herself the topic of conversation in many a parlor. In those days, divorce was almost unheard of, but there seemed no other solution. As a result of the divorce, the two children born of the marriage were separated. The daughter remained with her father and the son, Henry, left New York with his mother. This son was apparently reared by a San Francisco family. He is mentioned briefly in connection with a lavish party given by Belle after he reached his majority. Other than that, he disappeared from view for a number of years.

Although Belle's early life is not too well documented, it appears that she soon became involved with a wealthy railroad man. After living with him for several years in California, she returned to her home town in New York, where she did a thorough job of scandalizing the populace with her dress and demeanor. After that escapade she returned again to California, but this time her destination was the tiny hamlet of Hayfork in Trinity County. Belle's intention was to take up residence with an uncle who resided there and whom she believed to be wealthy.

AT THAT time Trinity County was one of the largest gold-producing areas in the state. On the stage with Belle was a Mr. Henry Martin who was returning to Trinity County after a trip to San Francisco to buy equipment for his mine. When Belle discovered that Henry had recently made a rich strike near Weaverville, the county seat of Trinity County, she immediately exerted all her charm to make him aware of her. By the time the stage reached Weaverville, Henry had prevailed upon her to postpone her journey to Hayfork for a few days.

The following night saw a gala event in Weaverville. Henry gave a dinner party in the sumptuous New York Hotel, at which Belle presided as hostess. Champagne flowed, as the elite of Trinity County flocked to meet the new beauty. Among those who made her acquaintance that night was John Martin, Henry's older brother. John, although some thirty years older than Belle, was obviously smitten. He, too, was a wealthy man and a persistent one. During the ensuing months, the wagon trail to Hayfork became very familiar to John and Henry as both courted the flirtatious young lady.



Belle's charm was exceeded only by her capacity for spite. And she wasn't afraid of the devil himself!

Belle remained in Hayfork only three months. After ascertaining that her uncle was not wealthy, she returned to San Francisco and took up residence at the glittering Palace Hotel. Although John's business had seldom required his presence in San Francisco in the past, he suddenly found the need of going there on more and more frequent occasions. Before long the citizens of Weaverville were surprised to learn that on January 28, 1888, John and Isabelle were wed at the Palace Hotel. Henry, who most of their acquaintances had assumed held top place in Belle's heart, welcomed the bridal couple on their return to Weaverville to establish a residence.

A doting husband, John provided his new wife with every luxury, showering her with gifts and money. Belle, however, was discontent. She could not reconcile herself to small-town life in the role of a pampered housewife. Without impairing her financial situation, she began to seek avenues of escape from the trap in which she had ensnared herself. As the first step in that direction, she insured her new home and its contents for $15,000. Her next move was to insure her husband's life for a large sum of money.

At 2:00 a.m. on September 2, 1890, sleeping citizens awoke to a cry of "Fire!" Amid the snorting of horses and clanging of fire bells, the volunteer firemen arrived at the Martin home—or what had been the Martin home. The intensity of the blaze had burned the structure to the ground, as well as igniting a nearby lumber yard and several other buildings, all of which were burning too fiercely to save.

Mrs. Martin, her eyes brimming with tears, told a pathetic story of how, alone in the house, she had gone to a spare room for a bottle of medicine. Since she had recently been uncrating furniture in that room, straw and debris was scattered around. According to her statement, she placed her lamp on a box atop a barrel. The box was not balanced properly and upended the lamp into the packing material, igniting it and causing Mrs. Martin to flee to a neighbor to spread the alarm. The neighbor, when interviewed, denied her story that he had arrived within five minutes of the accident. "Hell, no!" he replied. "It was on fire from one end to the other when I got there."

BELLE'S fabulous face and figure may have won her fortune at times, but her mannerisms since becoming Mrs. Martin had not endeared her to the residents of Weaverville. They immediately became suspicious when the neighbor further stated that he had smelled the distinctive odor of kerosene when he arrived on the scene. The local agent of the insurance company reported this fact to the company adjuster. After an investigation, the insurance company determined that the fire had been deliberately set for the purpose of collecting the insurance and refused to pay.

At this, Belle threw one of the tantrums for which she was to become famous. She threatened to sue the insurance company, but surprisingly the adjuster reversed his decision and paid the full amount of $15,000. John Martin was a proud and respected man in the community. There was no doubt in the minds of those who knew him that he, too, believed the fire to be deliberately set and, rather than have a charge of arson brought against his wife, arranged with the adjuster to pay the policy out of his own funds.

Main Street, Weaverville, California, was a pretty quiet place for a girl like Isabelle.

While John may have had doubts about some of his wife's actions, he was apparently quite content except for one factor. He desperately wanted a son and heir to carry on his name, and Belle showed no indication of granting his wish. Some three years after the wedding, her agile mind devised a solution to this problem.

For some time she appeared on the streets in the dress of a "lady in waiting." In the spring of 1891, she went to New York, presumably to await the arrival of the baby. There are several conflicting stories of just how she acquired the child, none of which could ever be substantiated. The most widely accepted theory was that she found an expectant mother who could not or would not keep her child, and assumed custody of the infant as soon as it was born. At any rate, she reappeared in Weaverville with a small son, whom she promptly dubbed "Baby John." It has never been established whether or not her husband was aware of the deception, but he welcomed the baby with open arms. Baby John was later to play an important part in Belle's adventures.

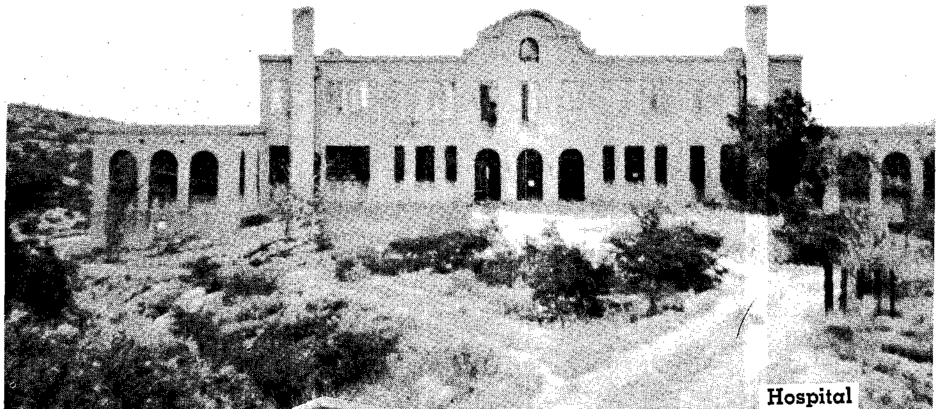
Shortly after Belle's return, John Sr. contracted a strange malady which defied diagnosis. The local physician attended him for a short time but was relieved of the case by Belle. After his dismissal she refused to allow anyone near John except his business manager, Mr. Todd. She assumed full care of him, preparing his meals and hovering over him. John grew steadily weaker until at last Mr. Todd announced to his friends that he felt his patient could not last much longer and expressed doubt about Belle's ministrations.

A delegation of John's friends waited upon Belle, demanding to see him, but were ousted at revolver point by that determined woman. Finally Belle, apparently relenting, announced to Mr. Todd that she had engaged the services of a San Francisco physician. She asked him to meet the stage and bring the doctor to the house at top speed. The trip was in vain, however; a few moments after the physician's arrival John passed away. The presence of a licensed physician to sign the death certificate did solve one problem—it eliminated the need for an autopsy. At the time of death, Mr. Todd angrily informed the townspeople that it was his belief that Belle had poisoned his employer. As a result of these remarks, Belle refused to pay Todd's back wages and threatened him with a libel suit. Todd countered with a threat to have John's body exhumed and tested for traces of poison. Belle failed to carry out her threat, and after lengthy litigation Todd collected the wages due him.

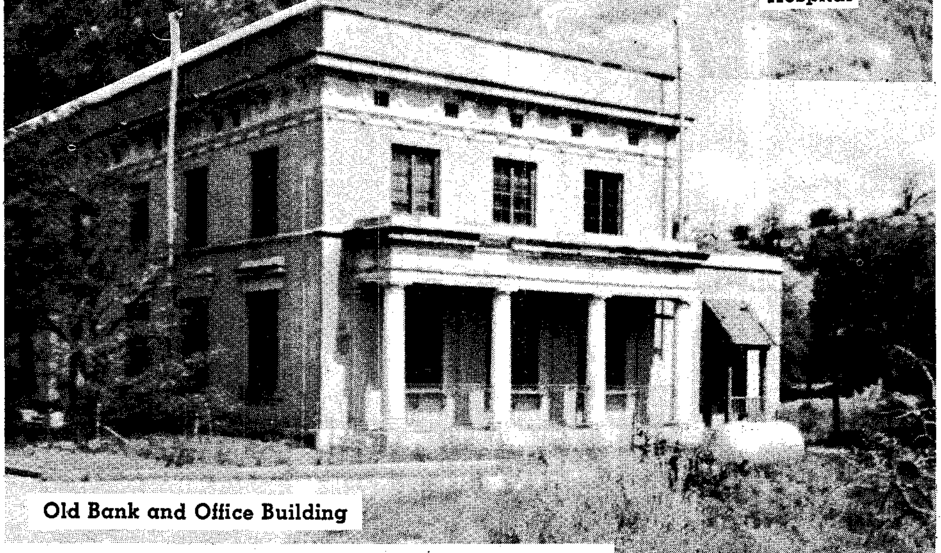
AFTER John's death, Belle liquidated his business assets in Weaverville and returned to Oakland. Here she invested her money in several buildings. Within a short time, two of the houses mysteriously burned after being heavily insured. Again the insurance company refused payment in view of the suspicious circumstances surrounding the fires. Belle promptly brought suit to collect the insurance. She not only failed to collect, but narrowly escaped being arrested for arson.

For the next year, Belle was a trial not only to insurance companies but to her neighbors and law enforcement officials. She quarreled constantly with all who had contact with her, demanding

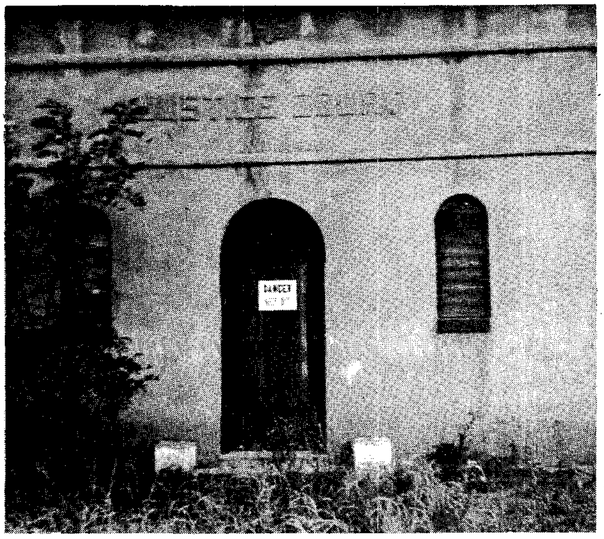
(Continued on page 50)



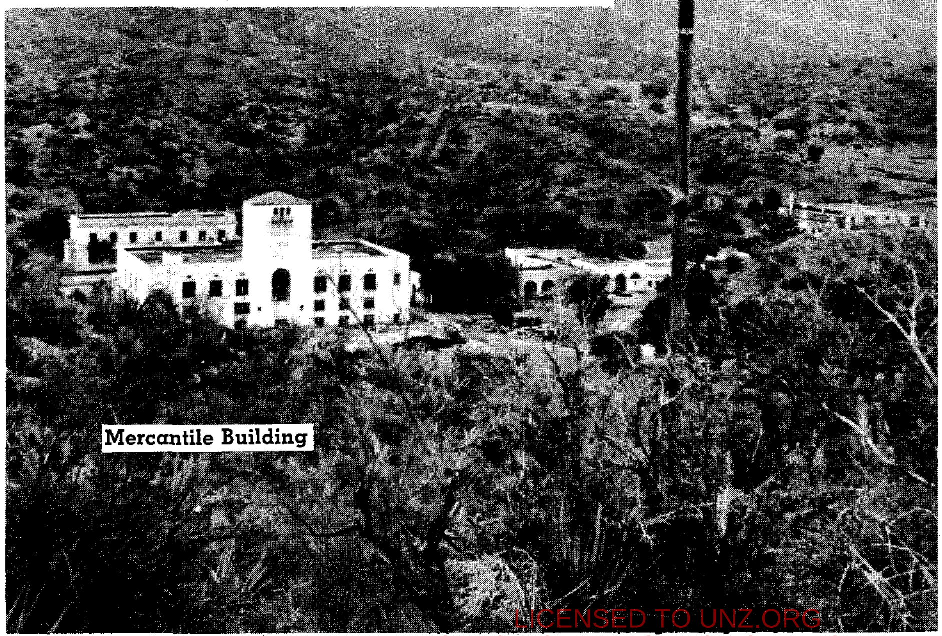
Hospital



Old Bank and Office Building



Justice Court Building



Mercantile Building

Million

Tyrone is like a lady dressed up in party clothes, waiting for guests who may not arrive

By JESS COX

BACK IN 1912, two far-seeing ladies, Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Douglas, wives of the owners of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, had the unique opportunity of planning and supervising the building of a whole town from scratch. The result was the "ideal" mining town of Tyrone, situated in the Burro Mountains of southwestern New Mexico, which, though long considered dead, is a mighty glamourous ghost.

The enterprising ladies hired the best architect available, the man who designed the San Diego Exposition, one of the world's top show places. Today, fifty years later, the beauty and sound construction of deserted Tyrone is still a marvel.

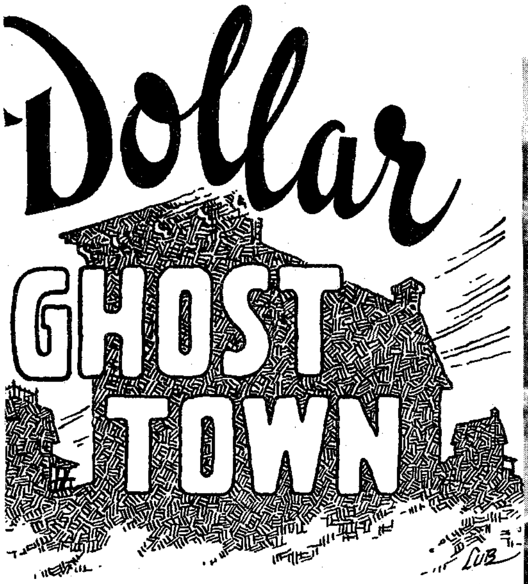
Tourists gaze in surprise at doors and windows practically intact, glass and all. Excellent design and the best of materials paid off. Most of the houses are painted, stuccoed or made of plastered cement or cement block, their original deep buff color still yellowish, though weathered. Some have lovely, graceful arches, and tall, narrow windows showing the Spanish influence.

The hospital, erected in 1915, a magnificent building set in vast grounds, is still in very good repair. Spanish arches give it breadth and beauty. This hospital was ultra-modern, equipped with private phones in every room and sunken bathtubs. Also, rare for those days, it boasted an intercom system for the convenience of the staff. The rooms were large and well furnished and the townfolk were justly proud of the elevator which wafted them up and down the three floors with quiet efficiency.

The most beautiful building in Tyrone is the railway station with its long walks to the main offices in its eastern and western wings. These walks are cemented and almost enclosed by Spanish arches which were covered with vines in the old days. The building was said to have cost $100,000; it could not be duplicated now for many times that figure. The railroad has long ago been removed, but the comfortable seats in the "waiting room" of the once busy station are still there waiting.

The Tyrone Trading Company Store is a large, two-story building with a porch running its full length. The post office is here, and also an office where

Dollar GHOST TOWN



Photos By Author

someone stays five days a week to look after things. The show windows of the store section of the building are wide and high, and the woodwork splendid. They show no ravages of age, and would grace any modern store.

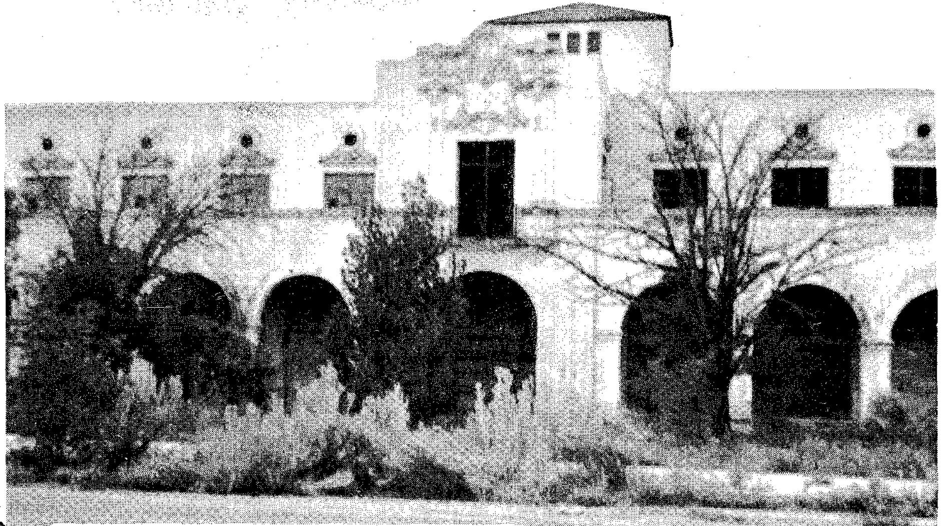
There are two "live" businesses in today's Tyrone, a garage and a rock shop. The one restaurant of the old town stands locked and silent. It was here that the citizens gathered to enjoy good food and exchange gossip. Today grass grows around the wide steps, and the once hospitable double doors are nailed shut.

Tyrone's "white collar" men and their families used to live along a wide, winding road beyond a flower-filled park centering the town. There are still many fine homes up this way, a few of them occupied by retired people and artists who can find a paint-worthy scene just by looking out any window, any season. The hills around Tyrone are covered with piñon, cedar, pine and scrub oak. In the summer, spring and fall the valleys are abloom with wild flowers. In winter one has the beauty of towering, snow-covered mountains.

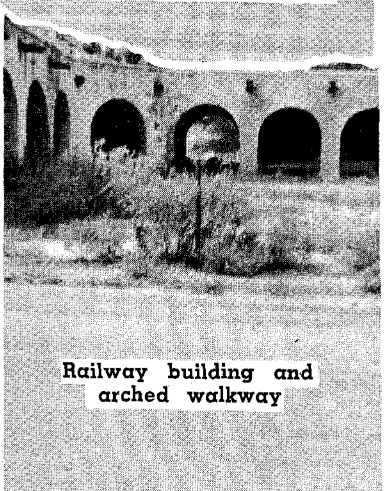
A square office building that housed the town's one bank stands aloof. This was one of the busiest spots in town, but dust now covers the floors and the shelves before the cashiers' windows.

Tyrone in the past produced about two per cent copper ore content. In 1941 Phelps-Dodge began to work the Tyrone mine again. A crew came in and began a leaching process. This is a method used for extracting copper from abandoned or water-logged mines. Water is circulated through the mine, then percolated over a mass of tin cans. The chemical reaction eats away the tin, leaving a layer of copper. It is said that the Tyrone leaching process content went to as much as 90 pounds of copper per 1,000 gallons of water used, an excellent return for the expense involved.

Tourists are discovering this glamourous ghost town well worth the few miles' drive off of Highway 260. The road is paved, and easy directions are obtainable in Silver City or other towns nearby. New Mexico's clear air, bright sunshine and peerless scenery along the way will be a pleasure to remember—as well as still-lovely Tyrone, the town the ladies built.



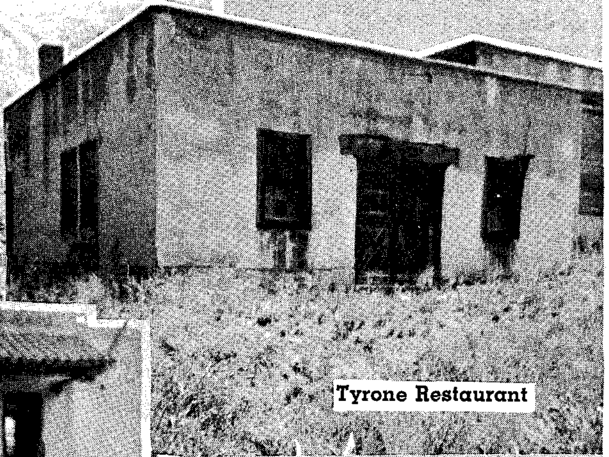
Tyrone Company Store



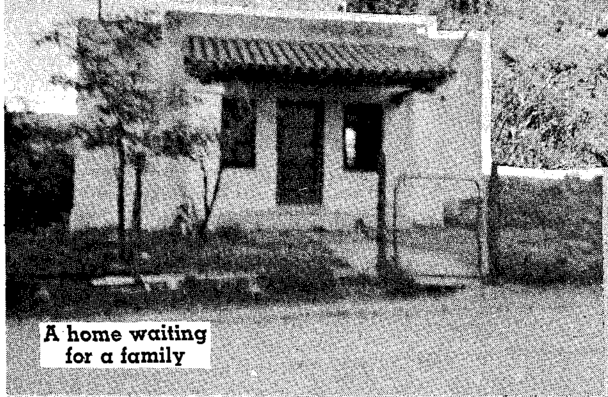
Railway building and arched walkway

CHEVRON PRODUCTS
TYRONE
GARAGE

Tyrone Garage

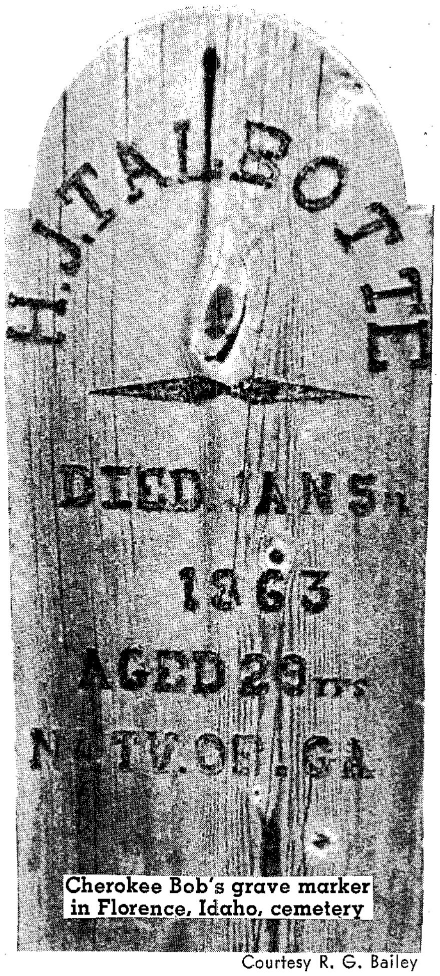


Tyrone Restaurant



A home waiting for a family

Houses on "White Collar Hill"



Cherokee Bob's grave marker in Florence, Idaho, cemetery

Courtesy R. G. Bailey

GOLD CAMP Ruffian

By JEROME PELTIER

Cherokee Bob hadn't had much experience defending a woman's honor. No wonder he bungled the job

THE gold rush to Orofino and Florence, Washington Territory (later Idaho), in the early 1860s, was much like any other. Some of the gold seekers thought of the comforts that a strike would bring themselves and their families; others planned nefarious methods for extracting wealth from the calloused hands of the more enterprising miner. In this area now known as the Inland Empire of the Pacific Northwest, some men were slated to become famous, others the opposite.

The latter category contains such dubious characters as Henry Plummer, the double-dealing, smooth-talking sheriff of Bannock and Virginia City; his able lieutenant, Bill Bunton; the cold-blooded, resourceful, cannibalistic killer, Boone Helm; Bill Mayfield, who murdered a sheriff of Virginia City, Nevada; and Cherokee Bob, whose stature in villainy was no less than his blood-letting contemporaries.

Henry J. (Cherokee Bob) Talbotte was the son of a white father and a Cherokee mother. Written accounts claim that he was a native of Georgia and his picturesque nickname was given him because of the Cherokee blood that flowed in his veins. Where the name, Bob, came from, no one can tell. Perhaps he used it as an alias.

Rumor has it that he came West to evade military service during the Civil War. His feelings about the northern soldier were unprintable. We find him first in Walla Walla, Washington Territory, where undoubtedly he had been drawn by the thought of easy money, for news of a fabulous strike in the Orofino area (of present central Idaho) had reached the outside world.

Walla Walla had become supply headquarters for the area simply because it was the nearest community to the head of navigation which at that time was Wallula on the Columbia River. Supplies had to be brought up that famous waterway to Wallula by boat, then freighted thirty miles to Walla Walla. There, merchants sold the goods to miners and suppliers, who packed them to miners already in the field.

All of the towns and villages mentioned were in Washington Territory, comprised at that time of the present states of Washington, Idaho and that third of Montana lying west of the Continental Divide.

Card sharps and their lookouts; women of easy virtue, and hard working, pioneer women; men who lived outside the law; the judges who sentenced them when caught; men who used the law of Judge Lynch when legal methods were found wanting; the honest merchants, and the dishonest ones who charged prices over and above the necessarily high prices of the frontier; honest saloon and tavern keepers and others who plied their victims with ardent spirits and "rolled" them after they had drunk too much; and soldiers on duty at nearby Fort Walla Walla were the elements that combined to make up the population of the town during the winter of 1860-1861.

FORT WALLA WALLA was situated about one-half mile away. This military post was garrisoned by California Volunteers, because the regular army troops had been ordered east for combat service in the Civil War. Having joined the Volunteers, thinking they would see active service in the East, their patriotic zeal must have cooled when they found themselves on garrison duty in Washington Territory. Many of them were from Placer County, California, and came from excellent families.

It was only natural that these soldiers would seek entertainment in nearby Walla Walla and when they did, they went to the most popular places of entertainment in town, the theatre and taverns.

Cherokee Bob, who was a violent and often foul-mouthed critic of the northern soldier, called them "hirelings of Abe Lincoln," and vowed that he would do his share as a Southern partisan to eliminate some of them. The sight of a Union uniform seemed to drive Cherokee Bob into a maniacal rage for if he met a single soldier on the street, he would revile him with the choicest epithets he could command. He could not indulge himself in this pastime very often, however, as the soldiers generally traveled in pairs or in small groups.

Another secessionist, who seconded Bob's feelings, was a deputy sheriff named Porter, among whose duties was the care of the town playhouse. Bob and Deputy Porter evolved a scheme whereby they would create an incident following the first act of one of the shows, when the audience would be clapping, shouting and whistling.

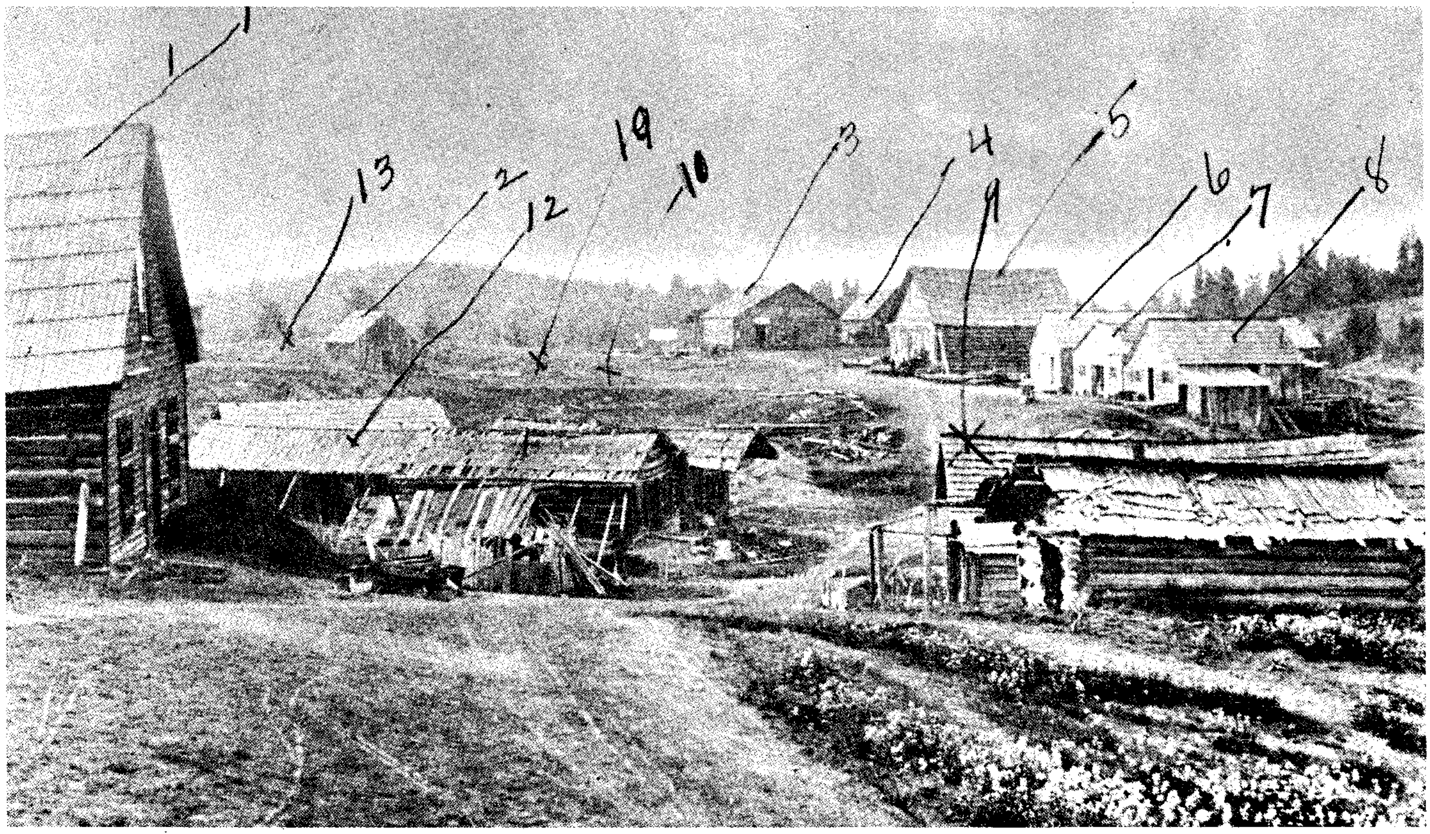
Susie Robinson, star of the Robinson troupe, had made a reputation in Corvallis, Oregon, during the winter of 1860. Her reputation preceded her and when she arrived in Walla Walla the next winter, she was at the zenith of her career.

It was a very cold January and snow had fallen to a depth of two and a half feet covered by a heavy sleet which made it impossible for cattle on the nearby ranges to get anything to eat. Many people were frozen to death that winter, too. This miserable weather made conditions ideal for indoor sport and entertainment.

Two companies of soldiers were at the fort and they, as well as the civilians, were smitten by Susie's charms. They came to the theatre to applaud loudly for their favorite. One account has it that a drunken soldier continued to cheer long after others were through. Another reports that Porter singled out a boisterous group and said, "Dry up there, or I'll snatch you bald-headed!"

One of the soldiers, somewhat nettled with this discrimination, inquired, "Why do you single us out, when there are others who are more boisterous?"

Needing no further provocation, Porter grabbed the soldier nearest him and called upon the deputy marshal and others, including Cherokee Bob, to aid him in the arrest of the remainder of the group. Porter jerked his prisoner out



The community of Florence, Idaho, in 1896: (1) Idaho County courthouse. Florence was its first county seat. (2) Benefield cabin (3) Cherokee Bob's saloon (4) Redheaded Cynthia's house (5) McKenzie's General Store (6) restaurant (7) barbershop (8) butcher shop (9) building where court was first held (10) Warren's cabin (11) Roman cabin (12) stage and livery barn (13) dance hall. Identifications by T. W. (Barney) Owsley who went to Florence in 1862. Photo courtesy Robert G. Bailey of Lewiston, Idaho, from "River of No Return."

into the aisle, where he and his companions proceeded to rough him up a bit.

When the soldiers resisted arrest, a fight began in which Cherokee Bob and his friends did some deadly work with their revolvers and bowie knives. Susie screamed and left the stage for safer parts.

Cherokee Bob stood on a seat making himself a good target but also affording him a good view of his victims. Many of the soldiers were intoxicated and this seriously impaired their marksmanship. One account states that Bob was wearing mail under his clothing in anticipation of trouble.

The firing continued and non-combatants stamped out of the theatre. More than fifty shots were fired and the room was filled with smoke. It was difficult to tell an ally from a foe. Three men were killed and many were wounded.

George A. Waggoner helped carry a man to the doctor who claimed to be dying. Actually, the bullet had struck his coin purse, which deflected the shot. He was wounded only slightly.

No one was arrested, perhaps because Porter and his deputy both were shot through the legs. Although they subsequently recovered, the deputy was permanently crippled from wounds received during the melee.

Susie was never the same after this episode, Waggoner informs us, because the slightest noise in the audience would disconcert her. She seemed to be afraid that another riot would break out and shooting would start.

CHEROKEE BOB, realizing that he might be a marked man, wisely decided to leave Walla Walla before some soldier got him. He stole a horse and headed east, finally reaching the new community of Lewiston, which at that time was the jumping-off place for the Orofino mine fields. He soon became the proud owner of a saloon and the confidant of a band of outlaws.

Meanwhile, prospectors from Pierce, Idaho's first gold camp, moved south and came upon rich ground in August, 1861. Although an attempt was made to keep the discovery a secret, the news leaked out and an eager rush to the Florence diggings began. Although a famine occurred during the winter of 1861-62, thousands continued to pour into the region the next spring, and Florence came to be regarded as the richest gold camp in Washington Territory. Bob moved there.

His first friend was a desperado named Bill Mayfield, who was wanted for murder in Virginia City, Nevada. Bill had been convicted and sentenced for killing a man but had escaped from prison and cheated the gallows.

Bob Talbotte was seen in the company of a beautiful, red-headed woman known only as Cynthia. It is claimed that he won her in a card game from Bill Mayfield and that formerly she had been the wife of one of the more reputable citizens of Lewiston. She was later to be the cause of Bob's death.

Cherokee Bob set himself up in the saloon business in Florence by the simple expedient of taking over a business when one of its owners died of unknown causes, claiming that he had lent the deceased the money to commence operations. The surviving partner's loud clamor for justice was silenced by a few hundred dollars and a threat that if he didn't leave town at once, his life would be in peril. The partner showed rare good judgment in accepting the inevitable, and left.

Bob had surrounded himself with a group of men nearly as vicious as he was. His saloon became a hangout for many of Florence's shady characters. Violence, robbery and murder continued as long as the mines disgorged their golden wealth.

Then the discovery of a new gold strike in the Placerville and Idaho City areas, approximately 300 miles south of Florence, caused a sudden exodus to the new diggings. Many men left good claims to answer the siren call of the new find.

Business was paralyzed. Merchants were unable to get as much for their products as the freight alone had cost them. Not a few of the store owners went broke. Others hung on and were able to unload their goods by hauling them to Warren's Camp, which had been settled late in 1862 and was short of provisions the following spring. Some of the more enterprising businessmen transplanted themselves, as well as their merchandise, to the new camp.

Cherokee Bob decided to remain in Florence at least until spring, perhaps because his saloon tied him down, or because of his close association with the criminal element. But fate intervened and Cherokee Bob was not to live long enough to see Florence's population dwindle to a mere 575 by the latter part of 1863.

SOME of the more reputable citizens of Florence had decided to have a ball to bring in the new year of 1863 properly. When Cynthia heard that a dance was in the offing, she was delighted. She insisted that she be allowed to attend. Knowing that he would be about as popular as a skunk at a picnic, Bob decided to substitute a new-found buddy, Bill Willoughby, as her escort and insisted

(Continued on page 61)

After years of horseback travel over three Apache reservations, Miss Hospers bought a new Model T.

MISSIONARY to

IN HIS autobiography, *Geronimo's Story of His Life,* published in 1905, the famous old Apache renegade declared that late in life he adopted the Christian religion. In a footnote, S. M. Barrett, to whom Geronimo dictated his story, added that the chief was baptized in the summer of 1903 at the only mission on the Fort Sill, Oklahoma, reservation.

Miss Hendrina Hospers, a sprightly little lady of eighty-three who spent half of her life as a missionary to the Apaches and who was at the fort during the last years of Geronimo's life, confirms the story.

"I was sent in 1905 to head that mission, which was established by the Reformed Church of America (Dutch), and I knew Geronimo well. I visited him and his wife frequently, during my rounds of the villages on the reservation. In fact, I was one of the last persons to see him before his death."

Smiling a little, she added, "He wasn't a very regular attendant at church, I'm afraid."

The former missionary, who now makes her home in Albuquerque, was in her early twenties when she left her home in Iowa to go to the fort.

"It was my first job," she said, "and my relatives were greatly disturbed at my assignment to a mission among the fierce Chiricahua Apaches. However, I never felt any fear of them and I never carried a weapon of any kind during my nine years at the fort, although I traveled by horseback over that huge territory by myself hundreds of times."

Miss Hospers had as her assistants at the mission two teachers, two matrons and a laundress. There was a small orphanage close to the mission which had its own staff. The nearest clergyman headed a mission for the Comanches some miles away. It was impossible for him to visit the Apache mission very often.

"As a consequence," Miss Hospers said, "I did everything from teaching to preaching. I even preached funeral services. I did not, however, perform wedding ceremonies or baptize."

It was during a trip back to the mission after a visit to one of the Indian villages in 1909 that Miss Hospers had her last encounter with Geronimo.

"Dusk was descending that February evening," she recalled, "and it was cold and rainy. A few miles from the mission I saw a rickety old buggy, pulled by a skinny horse, approaching. I recognized Geronimo's outfit and drew my pony to a halt. The old chief stopped too. After a few words of greeting, he asked me to buy the stock of bows and arrows he had in the buggy. I told him that I did not have a penny with me, but that if he would return to the mission with me, I'd buy what he had.

"Geronimo told me not to bother, that he would go on to Lawton, a town several miles outside the reservation. At this time," she explained, "he was no longer confined to the reservation, although he had spent much time previously in the post jail."

She paused, thoughtfully. "I often wonder what might have happened had I been able to persuade him to go back to the mission that night. As it was, he went into Lawton, sold his stock and bought 'firewater' with the proceeds. On his way home he fell from his buggy and lay on the wet ground until morning. He died a few days later of pneumonia. He was about eighty at the time of his death."

ONE OF Geronimo's greatest desires, she said, was to see his people at the fort freed. That came about some four years later and Miss Hospers expressed regret that he was not alive to see it. A photograph of him which hangs on her living room wall shows him to be a proud, narrow-eyed, firm-lipped man, dressed in buckskin.

According to the former missionary, Geronimo was just as rebellious and difficult as he was reported to be. Miss Hospers believes, however, that his name might never have been written in blood on the pages of Southwestern history if it hadn't been for an incident in 1858 when he was a young man.

Geronimo, his wife, Alope, their three children and the chief's mother had gone with a band of Apaches to a town he called Kaskiyeh, in the State of Sonora, Mexico. While he and the other men were in town, doing a bit of trading, Mexican troops burned the Apaches' camp and killed the guards, women and children. Discovering the massacre upon their return to the spot, Geronimo and the others fled from the area, vowing vengeance—a vow that on the part of

the APACHES

Some of the Indians believed whole-heartedly that God wanted them to die—that all their people were doomed to vanish from the earth

By AMY PASSMORE HURT

Photos Courtesy Author

Geronimo, at least, was to be carried out.

Half a century later, when he was an old man, the chief often told the other captives at Fort Sill the story of his own tragedy. "My heart would ache with revenge whenever I saw anything that reminded me of those happy days with Alope and our children before the massacre."

Afterward, he incited the associated Apache tribes—the Bedonkohe, the Chiricahuas and the Nedis—to retaliate. In 1859, when he was thirty years old, Geronimo was assigned to lead the attack on two companies of Mexican cavalry and two companies of infantry which they had discovered. When the Indians emerged victorious, Geronimo was made chief of the united Apache tribes.

Although he was known as a Chiricahua Apache, Geronimo said that he was really a Bedonkohe Apache, a tribe which lived in the rugged country west of Arizona's eastern border and south of the headwaters of the Gila River. He was born in Nodoyohn Canyon, in June, 1829.

Long after the rest of the Apache nation laid down its arms, Geronimo and his band plundered and stole and committed other crimes against the whites. The wily chief maneuvered his band until he was ready to surrender, for he well knew that the time would come when it would be inevitable.

He surrendered to General Nelson Miles, U. S. Army, in September, 1886. While the government was making up its mind what to do with the chief and his 250 followers—men, women and children—they were sent to Florida. The strange climate, plus homesickness and poor rations, took their toll and fifty-five Apaches died the first year. In 1894, the remainder were moved to Fort Sill.

"I was told that they were a ragged, fierce-looking group of people with long, scraggly hair. The first thing the officers at the fort did was to issue an order for the men to have their hair cut," said Miss Hospers. "Some of them were still pretty wild looking when I arrived, eleven years later."

Among those Apaches were some very interesting people, one a woman named Nah-Thle-Tla, and a cousin of Geronimo. She had been through all his campaigns with him. "Nah-Thle-Tla," said Miss Hospers, "also became one of the most devoted members—and the president—of the Ladies Aid Society I organized at the fort. She could always be counted on to support our various projects, one of which was making quilts. The quilts were sold to white visitors and the proceeds went to the church's charity and other funds.

"We met regularly," she continued, "just like any other Aid society and always served cookies and coffee."

Nah-Thle-Tla was the mother of another outstanding Apache, Jason Betzinez, an intelligent and progressive blacksmith at the fort. He received national publicity a few years ago at the age of ninety-nine by writing and publishing a book entitled, *I Fought With Geronimo*. He died a year or so later.

Jason chose to remain in Oklahoma after the Apaches were freed. Married to a white woman, Anna Herrsema, one of the matrons at the mission, he lived a full and happy life until his wife's death.

Still another Apache, Miss Hospers recalls with admiration, was a "wonderful old man named Chatto." Well-known as an army scout, Chatto knew Geronimo's hideout and was instrumental in the old renegade's capture.

Chatto died many years ago, but his widow and Miss Hospers had a reunion in June, 1961, at Fort Sill. The old lady was almost a hundred years old and nearly blind, but her mind was clear and she greeted Miss Hospers with delight.

IT WAS not uncommon for non-Christian Apaches to have more than one wife. One of the most amusing incidents connected with her work at the fort concerned an Apache who wanted badly to become an elder in the church. When informed that he'd have to give up one of his two wives, he shook his head sadly. Both had borne him children and he loved both. He could not make a choice. Miss Hospers' eyes sparkled. "You really had to admire him!"

Children, with the exception of twins, were welcomed. Like many other primitive peoples, the Apaches believed that twins were conceived by different fathers, hence were a reproach to their mother. It would sometimes happen that the father would do away with one of them, secretly, of course.

The Indians at the fort lived in individual villages, about fifteen in all. Miss Hospers recalled the names of three of them: Chief Loco's Village, Noche's Village and Geronimo's Village. Government-built, the houses were two- and three-room structures, of frame construction.

The Apaches raised fine cattle. "If they had had the knowledge that they were free, they might have been content," Miss Hospers said. "But when word came in 1913 that their new home was to be in New Mexico on the Mescalero Apache Reservation in the southern part of the state, they were wildly happy. Talk about stoic Indians!"

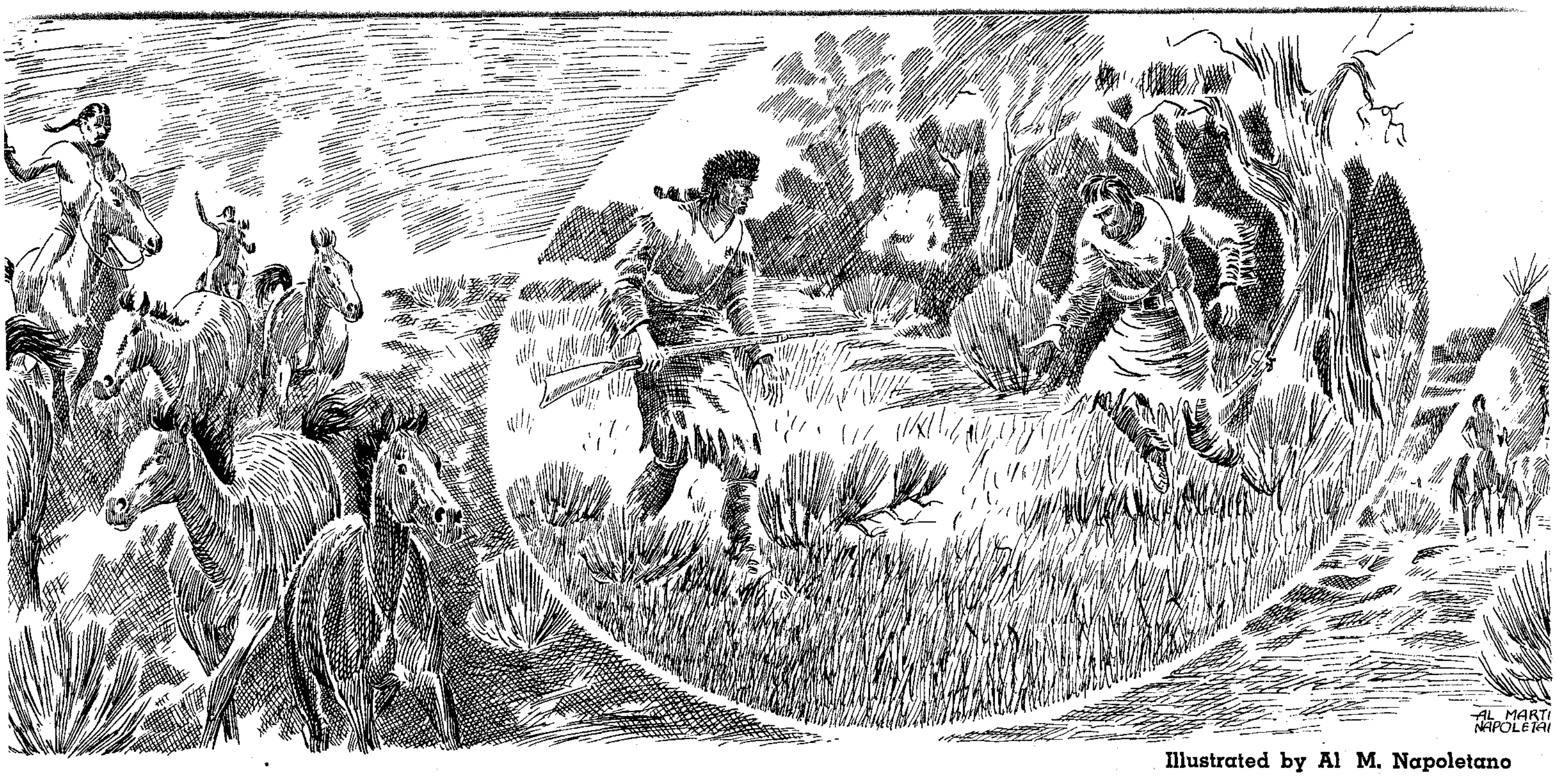
The Indians were told also that if any wished to remain in Oklahoma, they could do so. Those that chose to go would have their livestock and household goods moved with them.

"About 200 men and their families left for New Mexico," Miss Hospers said. "The train was composed of box cars, cattle cars and sleeping cars. I was among the white people chosen to accompany them to the richly forested reservation. There was another missionary also, a Miss Prince; a government nurse; the Rev. Mr. Sluyter—I have forgotten his first name; a detachment of military men and an officer whose job it was to see that the Apaches obtained no liquor en route.

"The military men went along to protect the train from attack. It seems that some of the Apaches' old enemies and some of the white residents of the area were unhappy about the Apaches being freed. Nothing exciting happened, though, except an altercation between two porters!"

(Continued on page 60)

Sammy Jolsanny, an Apache child who was in one of Miss Hospers' Sunday School classes about 1905. He was typical of the children at Fort Sill.



Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

IN THE spring of 1824, Ceran St. Vrain, the young St. Louis trader who would later be famous as a partner of Charles and William Bent in Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, was trying to line up a crew to take a full-size caravan of twenty Dearborns, two wagons, two carts, and a small cannon across the Plains to Santa Fe. He enlisted eighty-one men in the grog-shops of St. Louis, and among them was a brawling, whooping, black-eyed, red-faced, bull-shouldered youth by the name of Tom Smith who was destined to go down in the history of the West as one of its most colorful figures—Peg-leg Smith, *"El Cojo Smit'"* to the Mexicans—the Lame Smith.

Thomas L. Smith was his baptismal name back in Kentucky in the year of his birth, 1797, and that was the name they put on his death certificate at the San Francisco City Hospital in October 1866, but between those events he was never anything but plain Tom Smith or, after amputating his own leg and whittling out a wooden one in winter camp on the Upper Platte in 1827, Peg-leg.

At the age of sixteen Tom ran away from home after a series of beatings by his father, and worked as a flat-boat man, trapped beaver, got into saloon brawls, and wooed Indian maidens in the the vast, sprawling, empty wilderness west of St. Louis for several years. But the story of the legendary Peg-leg Smith does not really begin until he signed up in a St. Louis saloon to go to Santa Fe for Ceran St. Vrain in the spring of 1824.

The caravan returned to St. Louis in the fall, but Tom Smith was not with it. He had gone to Taos (then called San Fernandez), where many trappers and mountain men wintered, to bask in the warm sun, gamble, drink the fiery local *aguardiente*, swap yarns, eat *frijoles*, and enjoy the easily-obtained favors of the dark-eyed, shapely *senoritas*.

Tom met Old Bill Williams in Taos that winter, the same ornery, red-whiskered, pockmarked old trapper who had come west as a preacher to convert the Indians and instead had himself been converted by the Indians into a cussing, cantankerous, hard-drinking wilderness-lover no longer able to live in civilized society. Tom, sometimes with Old Bill's assistance and sometimes alone, distinguished himself that winter by cleaning out several *fandangos*, those entertainments that were half fiesta and half orgy, to which the whole town was summoned by church bells. The dancing was uninhibited, the girls were flirtatious and dressed in their gayest finery, and the *aguardiente* was in good supply. These *fandangos* had a way of coming to a sudden end with the flash of a Mexican knife, Tom's ham-like fist thudding against a Mexican jaw, the excited screaming of *senoritas*, and the buckskin-clad Americans standing shoulder to shoulder in a circle in the middle of the *sala*, holding off three times as many enraged Mexicans, who were understandably jealous of the mountain men's attractiveness to their women.

AFTER a monumental drunk in the spring of 1825, Tom left Taos with three American trappers and three Mexicans to hunt beaver in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado. The group penetrated as far as Utah's Sevier Valley, breaking up at the point where the Green and the Grand Rivers come together to thunder down a cavernous red gorge.

Tom and a man named Maurice LeDuc left the others and began a slow trek across the desolate red buttes of southeastern Utah—even today almost impenetrable country. The Utes stole five of their horses and sent them fleeing across the San Juan to refuge with the Navajos. From there they went deep into Arizona, along the Little Colorado River, visited the Moqui Indians for awhile, and finally circled back to Taos.

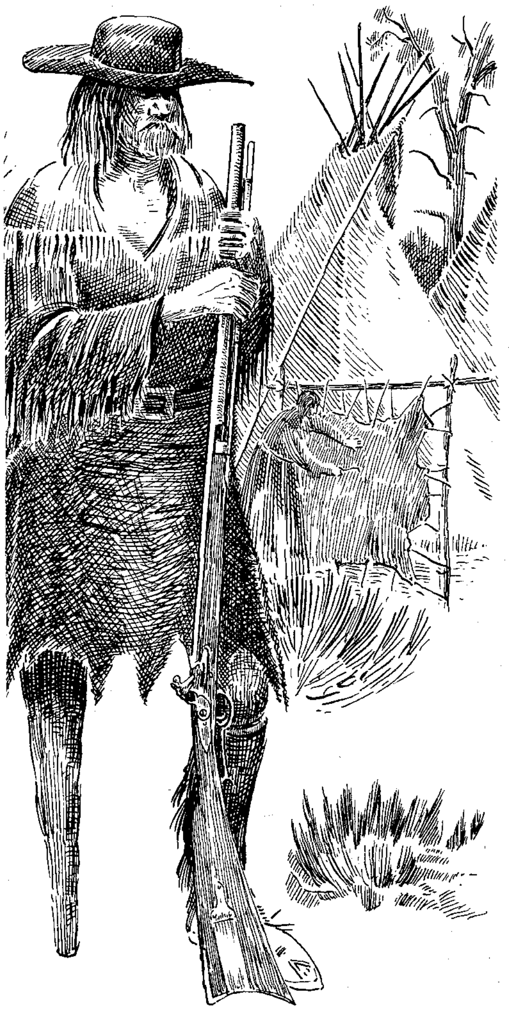
The hunt had been successful in spite of the loss of the horses to the Utes, and after another winter of gambling, fighting and drinking in Taos, Tom gathered a party of seven to make a spring hunt along the Dolores, San Miguel, and San Juan Rivers. He asked Ceran St. Vrain for a stake and St. Vrain agreed, writing to his mother that if the venture succeeded "it will be most proffitable (sic) to me." It did succeed, and the fall of 1826 saw Tom back in Taos, to be greeted by Old Bill Williams with a cry of "Hello, old hoss! Let's roll out a barrel! I'll kill it or it'll kill me!"

In the spring of 1827, Tom Smith and big Milton Sublette, the brother of Wiliam Sublette, one of the partners in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, were members of a band of twenty-nine trappers led by Ewing Young. They were camped on the desert near the site of the present Phoenix, Arizona, when three exhausted, blood-stained men stumbled into the firelight. They were young James O. Pattie, an unnamed *voyageur*, and Michel Robidoux. They were the only survivors of a large group of French trappers under the leadership of Robidoux, who had been lulled into complacency by the apparent hospitality of a Papagos Indian village, only to be massacred and mutilated.

The hard-bitten mountain men listened grimly to Robidoux's story. They all knew and heartily subscribed to the stern frontier code that Joshua Pilcher of the Missouri Fur Company had tried unsuccessfully to explain to Colonel Henry Leavenworth at the Arikara villages back in '23—let no Indian attack go unpunished!

Tom Smith, Ewing Young, and Milton Sublette held a brief conference. The next day, with Robidoux as guide, the Americans headed quietly for the Papagos village, and found the Indians still celebrating their coup. As stealthy as Indians themselves, they surrounded the village and then opened a murderous fire. One hundred and ten Indians—men, women, and children—were killed. Then the trappers looted and burned the village, and collected and buried the remains of the Frenchmen.

THE EARLY winter of 1827-28 found Tom on the North Platte, trapping with a party that was captained by Ceran St. Vrain. Tom, like his irascible friend, Old Bill Williams, liked to trap alone. St. Vrain remonstrated that this was dangerous in Indian country, but Tom, stubborn as a Mexican *macho*, refused to pair up and displayed his lack of fear by setting his traps boldly and openly. This worried St. Vrain, because the party had already had two brushes with Indians, and Tom's ignoring all safety precautions was an open invitation to some skulking savage to ambush him. St. Vrain was a firm believer in an-



THE *Incorrigible* PEG-LEG SMITH

By ALSON J. SMITH

He should have been dead of wounds at thirty; hanged as a horse thief at forty; or pickled by rum at fifty. Instead, he had almost twenty more years to fight and cuss and start a legend about a lost mine that persists to this day . . .

other frontier maxim that the best Indian fighter was the one who avoided the most battles.

One day St. Vrain saw Tom, all alone, setting his traps as nonchalantly as if there were not an Indian within a thousand miles. St. Vrain went over to him and argued that he was taking unnecessary risks. Tom laughed. There was the report of a rifle from the nearby brush, and down went Tom, both bones in one leg shattered just below the knee. St. Vrain flung himself to the ground and prepared to resist a charge, but there was none. Tom had tried to get to his own rifle, leaning against a nearby tree, but he hadn't made it and lay writhing on the ground.

Others of the party, alerted by the shot, hurried up. They made a litter and carried Tom back to camp. There they dosed him with Taos Lightning and cut away his legging. The splintered ends of both leg bones protruded through the bloody flesh. Tom had seen enough broken beaver limbs to know that the leg was gone.

"Cut her off," he said, downing another bolt of Taos Lightning.

Cutting off a beaver's leg and a man's are two different things, and nobody had the stomach for the job. Tom cursed them roundly and bawled to Basil, the cook, to bring him a sharp knife. With his own hands he began hacking at his mangled leg. The bones, although splintered, presented a problem. The cook filed some teeth in another knife and Tom began to saw. A tourniquet and buffalo sinews for ligatures were produced, but before the job was finished Tom passed out. Milton Sublette finished up.

They were about to sear the stump with a red-hot iron when Tom regained consciousness. At sight of the glowing bar he bellowed a protest, so Sublette tied up the arteries as best he could, wrapped the stump in a dirty shirt, and threw a buffalo robe over the cursing patient. They promised not to abandon him before making absolutely sure he was dead (as young Jim Bridger and Tom Fitzpatrick, thinking him dying, had once abandoned old Hugh Glass) and went back to work. "Poor old Tom," one writer says of him. "He was as strident as a bull elk, as obstreperous a drunk as ever had cleaned out a Taos *fandango*. But he was a gone beaver now."

That night the weather turned icy. They didn't see how Tom could survive it, but the next morning, when Ceran St. Vrain and Milton Sublette came in to view the corpse, they found him very much alive and cussing his head off. They stayed in camp an extra day to let him die in comfort but, when he seemed to grow stronger instead, they made a little tandem between two horses for him and broke camp. St. Vrain appointed two men to take care of him, and the hunt was continued.

They traveled west from the North Platte across the Park Mountains, and the going was rough in the soft snow. It got even rougher and colder as they dropped down through dense scrub oak into the valley of the Little Snake along the Colorado-Wyoming border. The hillsides were rocky and slippery; the litter horses lost their footing and rolled down a steep bank. Tom landed in an icy puddle. They were sure he was dead now, but there he sat in red flannel hat and wrapper, howling his opinion of the situation and cursing out everybody in sight. After seeing that he had not been injured, the men began to laugh, and finally Tom laughed at himself.

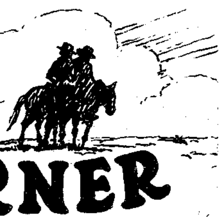
When the Little Snake curved south toward the canyon of the Yampa, the party left it, strking across southern Wyoming into the valley of the Green, where they wintered. St. Vrain wrote later that the winter was the worst he had ever experienced. Tom discovered that the bone ends left exposed by his shrinking flesh were loose. Milton Sublette pulled them out with a bullet mold used as pincers. Antisepsis was applied by a band of Ute Indians who moved in to share the winter camp. At the suggestion of their medicine man, they chewed a certain root and then—men, women, and children—came up and spat on Tom's stump. It worked fine; the stump healed quickly, and Tom, snug in a warm lodge, spent the winter whittling out a wooden leg. From then on he was one of the legends of America's youth—Peg-leg Smith, *El Cojo Smit'*, the epitome of the untameable, indomitable rascal who won the West.

IN THE late 1830s, when beaver hats began to go out of style and the price for beaver plews plummeted, many a mountain man was forced to find other sources of revenue. Some of them were not pretty, but they should be judged by the standards of that day, not of our own. Peg-leg for instance, still based at Taos, turned to stealing Indian children—some still babies—and selling them into slavery in Mexico, where they were much in demand to be raised as domestics and ranch hands. Whether his conscience finally forced him to quit this or the baby-stealing business either fell off or became too dangerous we cannot say, but anyway Peg-leg left it to become a horse thief, raiding in northern Mexico and California, and selling his pilfered herds at Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, where he became a familiar figure. The Mexicans never could catch him, and *El Cojo Smit'*, as they dubbed him, became a much-feared man from California to Chihuahua.

He made highly successful raids on California *rancherías* in 1840 and 1841; he was at Bent's Fort in the summer of 1840, disposing of some stolen horses, when the Kiowas, led by their great chiefs Satanta and Little Mountain, rode in to make peace with their old enemies the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches and Prairie Apaches. For days the Indians smoked the peace pipe, danced, engaged in horse races, played interminable games of "hand" on which they wagered everything they possessed, feasted, and exchanged gifts. Only one thing was lacking—alcohol. A delegation of a thousand Comanche warriors begged Tom and Kit Carson to intercede with the firm of Bent and St. Vrain and get them some potables, but in vain. The white men knew that alcohol might be the detonator that would turn the peace palaver

(Continued on page 53)

Josh was trying to outride
both the posse and the Grim Reaper!



A LONG RIDE WITH MATT WARNER

By HARVEY HARDY

IT WAS just about sunrise on Labor Day morning of 1930 when I drove into Mountain Springs in southern Nevada to take Josh Sweat (sometimes spelled Swett) to Las Vegas to see the parade and the driving of the Silver Spike on the railroad that was to be built from Las Vegas to Boulder City and the Hoover Dam site on the Colorado River.

I found Josh still in bed. When he saw me he said, "This ain't Monday is it? I thought it was Sunday. But I'll get right up and be ready to go."

Josh wore heavy wool underwear the year round and, as many old-timers did, slept in them. His first move toward getting ready was to pull his undershirt off over his head. When his back was toward me I noticed a scar and a hole alongside his spine below the shoulder. Being curious I asked, "Josh, that hole in your back—what went in there?"

"Nothing went in there. That's where it come out."

Turning his left shoulder toward me, he pointed to a scar just above the biceps and said, "That's where it went in."

I began asking questions about the wound but Josh didn't give me much satisfaction. Only after repeated quizzing did he finally give in and say, "Well, young feller, you know there's several years of my life that I don't like to talk about, because I'm not proud of what I was doing. But you been a pretty good friend to me so I don't mind telling you about it. You won't use it against me."

I had known Josh for several years since he had built a cabin over at Mountain Springs about eight or ten miles from the Potosi Mine (the old Mormon lead mine) where I was located. His cabin was a one-room affair with a stone fireplace and Josh lived there under rather primitive conditions. His cooking was done in the fireplace and his furniture consisted of a double bed, a table and some boxes.

At that time Josh was about seventy years old but he was bright and active. He was tall, broad-shouldered, erect and with the slim build that is more or less typical of the Western horseman who has done a lot of outdoor living and is quite at home sitting on his heels around a campfire. His face was tanned and, with his white hair and moustache, steady blue eyes, flat-brim Stetson and ever-present Winchester, he looked as if he might have stepped out of a Frederic Remington illustration.

In the spring of 1930 the Depression caught up with us at the Potosi Mine and, having no market for our ores, we were compelled to shut down. Hoping that the situation would be of short duration, I stayed on at the mine as watchman.

I had lots of time for visiting that summer and as Josh, over at Mountain Springs, was my closest neighbor, I saw a good deal of him. On my trips to Las Vegas I would often take him along. We went on hunting trips in the mountains and Josh was always good company. He had a great fund of stories and, since he did not read or write, I felt quite sure that the stories he told were his own personal experiences. When Josh spit out his chewing tobacco and started a story with, "Back in them days —," I knew that I was in for a treat.

Las Vegas, Nevada, up to this time had been a rather sleepy little desert town depending for its prosperity on the fact that it was the County Seat of Clark County, a division point on the Union Pacific Railroad, and had some mining and agricultural activity in the area. Tourist travel was just beginning to develop with the promise of paved roads to Los Angeles, California, and Salt Lake City, Utah.

But to get back to Labor Day, 1930, Las Vegas was just beginning to feel the effects of increased business from the construction of Hoover Dam on the Colorado River, and it was arranged that the driving of the Silver Spike, which would initiate work on the railroad to the dam, would be part of the Labor Day celebration.

As I knew that Josh had been in Las Vegas when it consisted of the Stewart Ranch, the Kyle Ranch, and nothing more, I had made arrangements to pick him up on the following Monday morning and take him to see the show.

After Josh had dressed, fed his dog, Jack, and watered and fed his burro (his only method of transportation), we finally got started. On the dusty, thirty-five mile ride this is the tale Josh told me of how things used to be "back in them days."

"BACK IN THE Eighties, when I was young and full of vinegar, I got in trouble up in Utah and had to pull out in a hurry. On horseback I headed down through Arizona, crossed the Colorado River at Lees Ferry and kept on going until I wound up at a little town down in New Mexico close to the Mexican Border. There I ran into Tom McCarty and another boy that I used to know up in Utah. Like me they was both broke and on the dodge, so we figured we had to do something pretty quick if we wanted to keep on eating.

"Scouting around, we found that there was a market for 'Wet Mexican Cattle' at $3.00 a head so we decided to go in the cattle business. We went over the line into Mexico where we rounded up 200 head of Mexican cattle, drove them over the line into the United States and sold them for $600. Then we had a high old time as long as our money lasted. After getting all that money for just a few days' work, punching cows at $20 a month didn't look very good, so we decided to go after more cattle and the easy money.

"That second trip to Mexico didn't go so good right from the start. We was late getting started, it took us too long to round up the cattle we wanted, and by the time we got them over the line into the U. S., it was dark and we had to camp too close to the Border.

"In the night something woke me up and I got up to see what it was. One of the boys asked me what was going on and I said, 'Oh, I guess old Whitey (one of the horses) has got loose.'

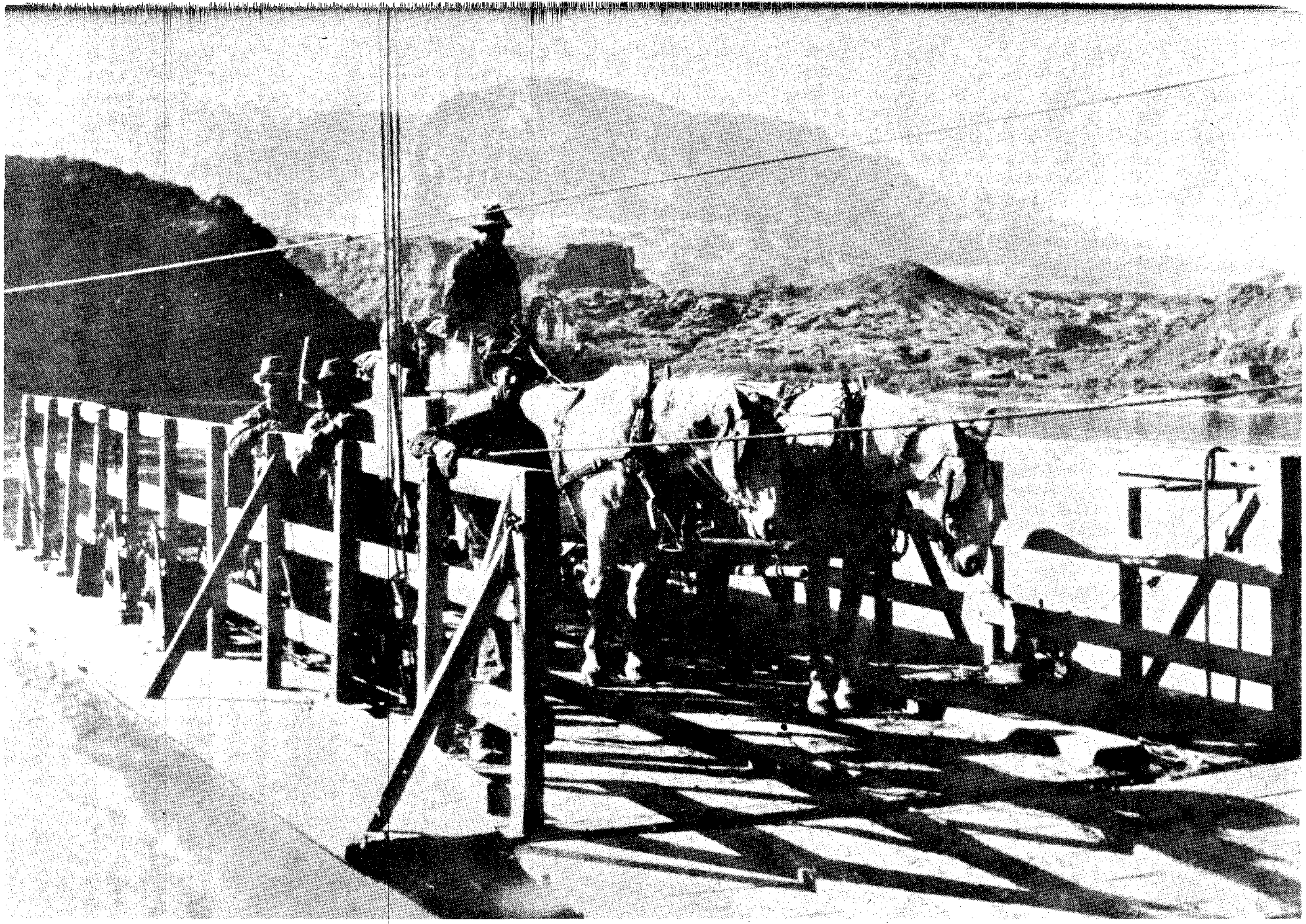
"With that, the shooting started and a bullet hit me in the shoulder and knocked me down. The boys thought I was dead so they jumped up and started after the killers. They run them off and after the shooting was over, the boys went out to see how many Mexicans they had killed. They come back all shook up for they found that it was U. S. Marshals they had been fighting and then we knew that we was in big trouble.

"As it was forty miles to the ranch where we thought we might find safety, the boys wanted to leave me behind when they rode off. But I wouldn't stand for that. I said, "You just get me up on my horse and I will stick with you. I ain't going to stay here and let them Marshals grab me." So they got me up on my horse and we started out on the toughest ride I ever made. But I stuck it out and we finally got to the ranch.

"When we got to the ranch I was in pretty bad shape, all swelled up and smelled bad. But I was lucky that Tom McCarty's father had been a doctor in the Army and so Tom knew about gunshot wounds. All the medical supplies they had at the ranch was a bar of Castile Soap, a bottle of Three H linament (horse linament) and a silk handkerchief. With these supplies Tom went to work on me.

"First he cut and peeled a willow switch and, with soapsuds worked up on the silk handkerchief, he used the switch to force the handkerchief through the wound. Everytime he pulled it through I thought I was going to die. Didn't even have whiskey to ease the pain. It hurt awful bad but it must have been good for me for the next day the swelling began to go down and it looked like I might make a live of it.

"But I didn't have much of a chance to get better, for on the third day, a boy came riding in to tell us that a posse was on our trail. Again the boys wanted to leave me behind but I knew that it was better for me to die on the trail than to stay behind and let the Marshals catch me. The boys loaded me onto my horse and we started out on the long old road back to Utah.



Arizona Department of Library & Archives

Lees Ferry on the Colorado River, where Josh Sweat, Matt Warner and Tom McCarty eluded the posse trailing them.

"I don't know how far it was from where we was down in New Mexico up to Lees Ferry but it was a long trail and most of it was in Apache country. We kept on going because we knew that nothing ahead of us could be any worse than what was behind us.

"WE WAS lucky when we got to Lees Ferry for we found the boat in the middle of the river headed for our side. I hollered to the boatman that I would bet him $5.00 that he couldn't get to our side in five minutes. He got on the oars, rowed hard, and got in in time to win the bet.

"As soon as the boat landed we rushed our horses on board and said, 'Come on. Let's go!'

"But the boatman said, 'No. Let's wait awhile. I see a dust up the road. It might be someone that wants to go over and I can take you all at once.'

"With that, the boys pulled their guns on the boatman and said, 'Come on. Get going. We don't wait for nobody.'

"We got the boat started and was about half way across when the Marshals' posse showed up on the bank and hollered for the boatman to come back. But, of course, with our guns on him the boatman couldn't oblige and the Marshals didn't want to shoot for fear of hitting the boatman.

"With the boatman in our possession we pulled over to the other side and camped. Having plenty of time and no fear of pursuit, we all took a bath, ate the first hot meal we had had in several days, and had a good night's sleep.

"The next morning when we pulled out, we took the boatman along with us for about five miles. When we left him we tied his hands behind him and close-hobbled his feet so he could only take short steps.

"Years afterwards I met that boatman again and he said, 'That was an awful mean trick that you fellows played on me that time down at the Ferry. I was two days getting back to the river and a lot of the time I didn't think I was going to make it. When I would fall down the only way I could get up was to roll along until I came to the right kind of a hill that I could roll up on and get my feet under me again.'

"With two days start on the law, we kept on going and had no more trouble. In Utah we split up. The boys went on over to Nevada and I went up to Beaver County where I would have a chance to hide out until I got over my wound."

WELL, that was the story Josh told me that morning as we drove to Las Vegas to see the Labor Day Parade and the driving of the Silver Spike. At the parade Josh had more fun than anyone. On our way home that night Josh said that he had never seen a Labor Day Parade before and had enjoyed it more than any day he could remember.

The story, as Josh told it that morning, was a little hard to swallow, especially that part about killing three or four Deputy Marshals with no pursuit beyond Lees Ferry. But I had a pretty good opinion of Josh's veracity. I had been able to check up on several of his stories and found that they stood up very well. But still: three or four dead Deputy Marshals and the Federal Government's letting it go at that! In my mind I returned a "Scotch verdict": Not Proven.

The next year I went to Wyoming and when I returned I found that Josh had passed away so I had no chance to check with him and get more details on his story. But two or three years later I found a description of the fight just about as Josh had described it.

In the History section of the Los Angeles Public Library I picked up a book entitled, *The Last of the Bandit Riders* by Matt Warner as told to Murray King. (Portions of this book were published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* back in the Twenties. Then it was published in book form—the copy I saw in the library in Los Angeles in the Thirties. The copy of the book in the Yuma Library is the 1940 Edition published by Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.) Glancing through it, the name, Josh Sweat, caught my eye and my attention and I sat down to read it carefully.

Reading developed the fact that Matt Warner and Tom McCarty met Josh Sweat in a little New Mexican town down near the Mexican Border. All three were from Southern Utah and had left

(continued on page 61)

NUGGETS

THE CHRISTAL BROTHERS

By Alex Williams

ON A HOT and dusty day in July, 1862, a caravan of white-capped wagons moved slowly westward across Denton County, accompanied by outriders who kept the herd of cattle and horses moving. This was the trip that Silas Christal had dreamed of making since his exploration of the Texas county two years earlier. The new home grounds were located about thirteen miles west of the town of Denton, and on the east bank of Denton Creek. This creek was an important factor in Mr. Christal's planning since its waters would power the mill he was to build. The lush green grasses that covered the rolling hills and valleys would provide for the growing horse and cattle herds he had in mind.

The site that he had previously selected was reached, and work was promptly started on building a home large enough to accommodate his fast growing family. Aided by a work crew of four husky sons to cut and haul logs from the Elm bottoms, then square the logs, Christal completed his new house before the first blue norther came howling in. Everything was going well and peace prevailed. It was generally believed that this section was free of Indians and had been for several years.

Photos Courtesy Author

Having the summer's work done, it was decided that the four grown brothers should follow the custom of their neighbors and lay in a supply of meat for the winter ahead. This was a custom widely followed by many settlers who preferred buffalo and antelope meat to killing their own beef. The brothers who were to make the hunt were Isom, John, Richard and James.

The first three mentioned were married; James was single. Carefree days prevailed, much as they do today on the eve of modern-day hunters' trek to the deer country. It was October, 1862, and the merry party made an early start, early enough, in fact, that their sister was invited to ride with them to her school about a mile and a half from home. She was only ten years of age at the time but even after she had reached old age she still carried a vivid mental image of the parting and of the last time she was ever to see her brothers, John and Richard.

AS THE TRIP progressed, they were favored with ideal weather, and nights around the campfire were marked with great merriment including songs and the playing of a beat-up guitar by John. Their proposed hunting grounds were to be north of the south fork of the Wichita River, and their camp was to be on Holiday's Creek. The campsite was reached late in the afternoon and, after the usual chores of setting up camp, cooking of supper began. While this endeavor was underway, James happened to look north and was the first to observe a mighty herd of buffaloes drifting toward them. Having no one of experience along, the boys accepted this as a natural movement. Older hunters could have advised them that it was at least an hour after buffaloes generally bedded down for the night, and that only an unusual scare would cause this late movement from their selected bedding ground.

John and Richard became very excited and were determined to make a kill on their first day. They examined their rifles, urged their brothers to have supper ready when they returned, and eased into the fringe of timber bordering the creek. Those in camp soon heard a shot and minutes later heard a second shot. They were naturally elated in the belief that their party had bagged at least one buffalo, possibly two. But soon it was dark, and the two brothers had not returned to camp. The boys in camp worried and waited, finally deciding that the hunters had become lost. They built a big fire and fired rifles to guide their brothers to camp. Their vigil continued all through the night but without results.

At daybreak, James and Isom saddled horses and rode in the direction from which they had heard the two shots on the evening before.

Since this was the first buffalo hunt for the brothers, experienced hunters had drilled them in ways and means. Most important was to drop a buffalo in his tracks and thus save a long hunt for the wounded animal. The vital spot was directly behind the horns. When the partially skinned body of a buffalo was

Silas Christal's squared-log cabin (left) on Denton Creek. Below, the Young Ranch, formerly Christal's range.

found next day, the wound showed just where the boys would have aimed, and proved that one of the brothers had followed instructions.

Nearer the creek they found a handkerchief which both knew had been carried by John. Later they found a torn pillow slip which was instantly recognized as part of one given them by their mother. Tracks in the creek bed showed that the brothers had been there, but these tracks were intermingled with three moccasin tracks.

This odd set was never explained, but there has been much speculation that such tracks need not have been made by Indians. Hunters of that day often wore moccasins, meaning to some that these tracks could have been tracks left by white men. Several Indian agents were questioned about the movements of their charges, and it seemed that no Indians were absent at this particular time.

The following four days were devoted to a thorough search of the immediate area, but no other leads were found. Weary and sick at heart, Isom and James emptied their wagon of every item not absolutely necessary and took the trail for home. Their sad report created great excitement and a short while later, sixty heavily armed settlers set out for the scene with James and Isom acting as guides.

On arrival, it was agreed that small groups would fan out in various directions. Almost every square foot for many miles around was covered without a single sign being found. The worn and dispirited searchers finally turned toward home, all hope abandoned.

Many years passed and then Jack Christal, County Clerk and nephew of the missing men, received a phone call from Lawton, Oklahoma. The caller identified himself as W. H. Clift, a former Texan and collector of material on early day Texas. He stated that he was in touch with Quanah Parker, Jr. and was certain that in just a few days he would have complete details on the fate of John and Richard. No further word ever came from this man. After more than one hundred years, the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the Christal brothers remains just as baffling as it was on that October day in 1862.

THE DAY THE STORK HAD SMALLPOX

By Diane Ekins

Photos Courtesy Author

John Franklin Oviatt and Mary Jane Whitlock Oviatt

THIS STORY was related to me by my grandmother, Mary Jane Lyons. It is the story of her grandparents, John Franklin Oviatt and his wife, Mary Jane Whitlock Oviatt.

John had been living at Council Bluffs, Iowa, for five years. He had left the East at the age of fifteen with his parents and a band of Morman pioneers. They were on their way to the Salt Lake Valley. John's father, Ira, was very proficient as a blacksmith and when they reached Council Bluffs, Brigham Young requested that John's father stay and outfit the wagons on their way west. They stayed until June 10, 1851, and then Ira and his family joined a company of over 100 wagons that were heading for Utah. They were being led by Captain Eli B. Kelsey.

John, aged twenty, and Mary Jane, his wife, were also accompanying the train. Mary Jane was expecting a baby at the time, but not until they reached Utah. Ten days after the train left they came to the Missouri River. They camped on its banks intending to cross in the morning. During the night the rain came down in torrents, causing the river to rise and water to run under the wagons, washing away many of their supplies such as frying pans and buckets. The storm continued for many days and the thunder and lightning was terrible. At one time two men standing next to a stove were knocked down by lightning but survived.

As the days went by, the pioneers encountered many hardships. Shallow rivers, quicksand, and hostile Indians kept the pioneers on their toes. The days were very tiring on Mary Jane, because her baby was due in ten weeks. John was beginning to worry about her.

Indians would come to their camp begging for food. The white people had little to spare but always gave them a meal or two. Not a day went by without excitement. On one evening a small dog knocked over a tub of dishes causing the restless cattle to stampede. It was quite a job for the men to recover their stock. Many families had cows whose loss would be a big one. These cows furnished the only milk and butter available on the long trip. Cream would be carefully saved in a bottle and then the bottle would be fastened on the back of the wagon to jolt and churn all day. By night camp the family would be sure to have butter.

AT LAST the wagontrain was a half-day's travel from Fort Laramie. The Fort was situated on a sandy spit of land between the Platte and Laramie Rivers. The Fort was the busiest point on the trail because it was right in the heart of the Indian hunting grounds. Paths worn down by generations of Crows, Cheyennes and Arapahoes radiated over the plains and mountains.

In this same summer of 1851, Indians by the score began to put up their tepees in the area around Horse Creek, near Fort Laramie. From the Arkansas River all the way north to the Canadian border, the tribes sent their representatives, many of them coming from great distances with their wives and children in tow. Shoshone, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Assiniboine, Crow, Mandan, and Aricara tribes gathered to find out what the white men would say about the boundaries of their hunting grounds. This peace treaty meeting was to begin on September 8, 1851.

As the train drew near Fort Laramie, a band of young braves, tired of being cooped up in their camp waiting for the meeting to take place, stampeded a herd of buffaloes near the wagontrain causing many of the oxen teams to bolt. An elderly lady known as Grandma Albridge was in one of the runaway wagons and as the team charged past the Oviatts, Mary Jane jumped from her wagon and threw her apron up in the faces of the oxen bringing them to a halt. She saved the old lady from a certain fall and possible death. But by the time the animals were under control and ready to continue, Mary Jane was in great pain.

Because of the great number of Indians in the area it was not safe to make camp, so the train had no other choice but to continue to the Fort. The danger to Mary Jane and their unborn child was too great if he stayed with the train, so John pulled their wagon out of line. He refused to have any of his family risk their lives too, so he and Mary Jane were soon alone. John knew their chances would be slim if any of the Indians discovered them.

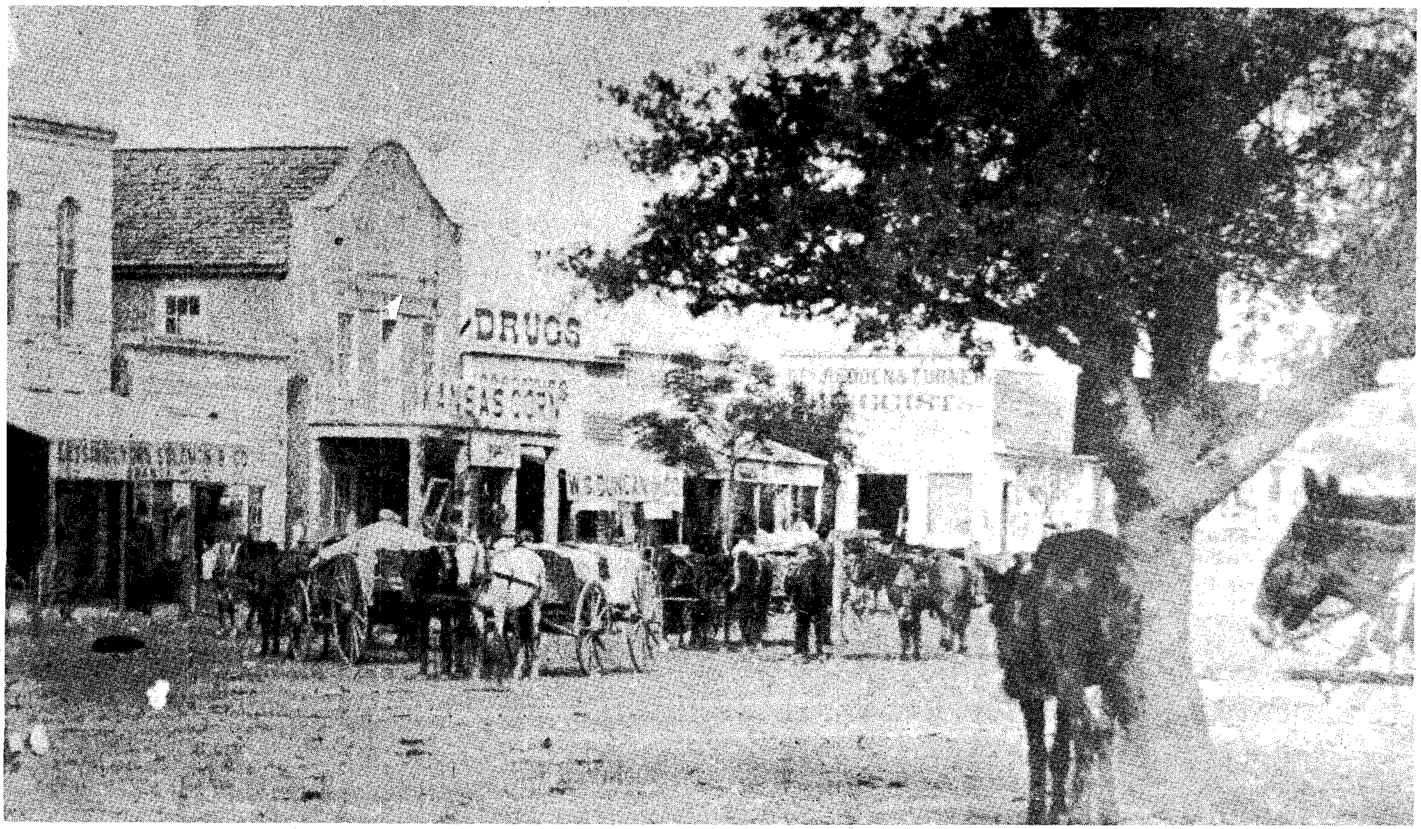
Mary Jane was soon well advanced in labor, and as John was handing some tea into the wagon to her, a band of young braves rode into sight. John noticed that some were wearing war paint. The Indians seeing the wagon alone, rode up near and came to a stop.

When one brave grunted a question at John, "Squaw sick?" An inspiration came to him and he answered, "Yes, squaw heap sick, maybe so die, got smallpox!"

After the Indian translated John's answer to the others, they all wheeled their ponies around and hurriedly rode away. Many Indians had been dying of the dread white man's disease and all feared it in a terrible way.

As John turned back to his wagon with a sigh of relief, a baby's cry rent the air. His first child and my great grandmother had been born. John and Mary Jane and their new daughter, Francis, continued on their journey unmolested and joined their families two months later in the Salt Lake Valley in Utah.

(Continued on page 54)



Courtesy C. E. Straley, Sr.

Comanche, Texas and Fleming's Oak, in foreground at right, photographed almost 100 years ago.

THE TREE THAT DEFIED A COURT ORDER

By W. F. CURRY, JR.

Uncle Mart had nothing against "progress" as long as it didn't get in the way of friendship

ON THE very edge of north-central Texas, in the rolling hills just inside the Cross Timbers Belt, is located the small town of Comanche. In the early days, the very name of Comanche was enough to strike fear into the hearts of the most bold and venturesome. This part of Texas was included in the winter range of the dread, nomadic Comanche and Kiowa Indians, a range that extended from the broad plains of Kansas southward into Northern Mexico. It was a small hunting party of Comanches who initiated the incident that leads us into our story.

Early in the summer of 1854 Martin Fleming's father proudly took his son past the established frontier into Indian territory. The purpose of the excursion was to examine a newly issued land grant in what was then known as the North Leon River country. On arriving and riding over the tract, father and son found it to be a very fertile area well covered by lush grass. It lay just to the north of a small creek which provided excellent drainage for the area, as well as a good water supply.

With the prospect of a long return ride facing them the next day, they washed up and watered their mounts at the small creek. Camp was made in a nearby liveoak grove. They had a light, cold supper, loosed their hobbled horses to graze, and settled down for a good night's rest. Martin was asleep almost instantly.

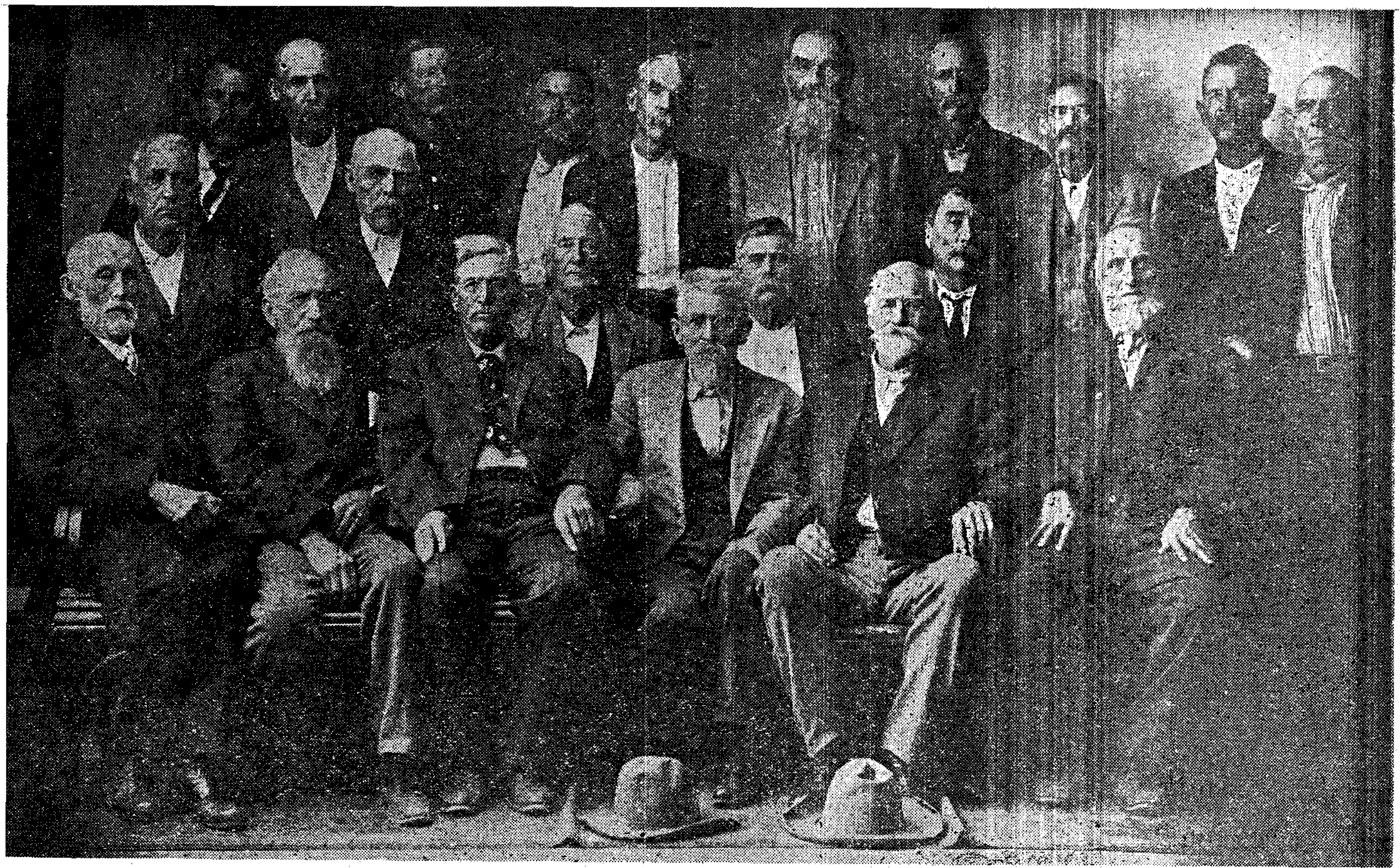
Some time later, the pale, moonlit night was filled by harsh voices, the thunder of hoofs, and a host of shadowy forms galloping down on the camp! As if by instinct, the boy threw himself behind the bole of the nearest large tree. The Comanches made only one wild ride through the camp and then, as they had come, melted away into the night. Only an occasional rustle of leaves, the croaking of frogs and the chirping of crickets remained to break the deathly silence.

With the coming of first light, Martin and his father began to break camp. The tree whose trunk had provided the boy with shelter, was found to be bristling with arrows! Martin had never had the usual fear of Indians, for he had played and swum with Indian children many times near his home. At that time the family was living just south of Austin.

After extracting a few arrows as mementoes of the incident, they began to search for their mounts. The horses were soon located, still hobbled and grazing complacently in the tall grass of the creek bed where the Comanches had overlooked them. The boy and his father saddled up and began the long homeward journey.

AS YOUNG Mart Fleming grew toward manhood, the family moved, first to Georgetown and then farther northeast into Bell County. With the worsening of the Indian and outlaw situation to the west, Mart, a gangling, restless youth, joined the Texas Rangers. After a period of notable service with this rough and ready outfit, he took a leave of absence and went on a buffalo hunt across the sprawling Staked Plains. On his return, Mart learned that the North and South had come to an open break with the secession of the South and the organization of the Confederacy. Like many other Rangers, Mart's thoughts were caught up in the fervor of war and for the moment, at least, all thought of settling on the land grant near Comanche was driven from his mind.

When the war ended, young Fleming, dissatisfied with the outcome, drifted down into Mexico where he remained until the feeling of restlessness within him



Courtesy Burks Museum, Comanche, Texas

A group of pioneer citizens of Comanche: Front row: (left to right) Clayton W. Carnes, Tom Holcomb, J. A. Wright, Aaron Cunningham, M. V. FLEMING, James Bancroft. Middle row: D. H. Cunningham, R. T. Cunningham, George James, Dock Pendergrass, John Watson. Back row: Kenneth McKinzie, J. W. Cunningham, Tom Edwards, Lee Campbell, Frank Watson, A. J. Isham, J. P. Hester, W. J. Nabers, Charles McKinzie and W. H. Cunningham.

began to die away. He returned then to Texas, married and took his bride to Comanche County.

In spite of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, the town had begun to flourish as the county seat. But much had changed since Martin and his father had first made camp in the liveoak grove. Most of the trees had been cut down, except a few gracing the town square. To Martin's great satisfaction the old oak to which he owed his life was still standing.

As years went by, Martin Fleming became one of the town's most loved and respected citizens. "Uncle Mart," as he had come to be called, and his beloved oak grew old together.

Finally the inevitable happened! Comanche was growing at such a rapid pace that every square foot of usable space in the square was needed. With the consent of the businessmen, the County Court decreed that the trees should be cut down and the space put to the best use possible.

When Uncle Mart learned of the plans to destroy the last remnants of the grove, including his beloved old oak, his fiery temper sent him to arms! He argued hotly with the court, and making no progress there, took his plea to the businessmen themselves. He found no sympathy there, either. No one took him seriously. After all, what possible difference could the destruction of one old tree make to anyone? This attitude proved to be a grave mistake, as Uncle Mart later demonstrated.

AT LAST the day came for clearing the square. Workmen began their task in earnest; yet each seemed to keep his eyes from Uncle Mart's tree as much as possible. It seemed almost as if the cutters had deliberately left the old oak until last in deference to Uncle Mart.

As the men approached that last sentinel of the past, a lone figure stepped from behind the tree. The gray at his temples showed slightly below the sweatband of an old and battered black hat. Uncle Mart's voice bespoke quick, utter defiance, and cradled in the bend of his arm was a buffalo gun at full cock.

"Going somewhere, boys?" he asked.

For the moment, no one had any idea of moving! The men halted in their tracks, too stunned to speak.

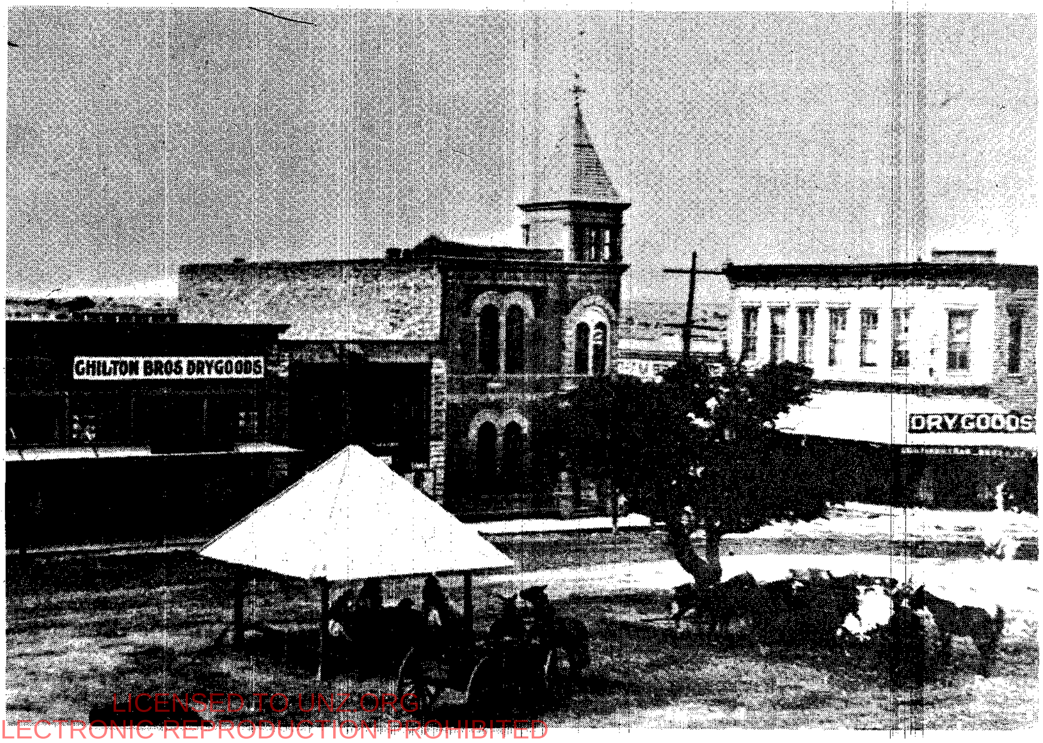
One of the group, regaining his composure somewhat, moved slightly forward. The barrel of the old rifle swung almost imperceptibly in his general direction!

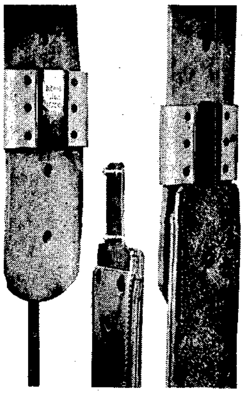
"Now, Uncle Mart," the voice was almost pleading, "you know that we have to cut every tree off of the square, and this 'un is all that's left!"

"Don't care!" came the curt reply and a thin stream of tobacco juice simultaneously. "You ain't fixing to touch this tree—less'n maybe you want to try and move me first!"

(Continued on page 64)

Fleming's Oak and the southwest corner of the square at about the time of the incident.
Courtesy C. E. Straley, Sr.





Blevins Stirrup Buckles

NEW, IMPROVED

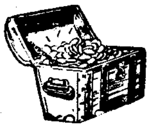
$4.95 per pair

Sleeves same as older style, the tongue has no hinge or strap. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick. Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Available in 2½" and 3" widths. Order either new, improved or the old style buckle. Satisfaction guaranteed.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

BLEVINS MFG. CO.

WHEATLAND, WYOMING



BURIED TREASURE

Find buried gold, silver, coins, Indian Burial Grounds, nuggets, underwater treasure, ancient ruins with improved DYNATECTOR. New low price. Unconditional moneyback guarantee if not satisfied. Free copy of "Where and How to Find Buried Treasure" with order. Complete, ready to operate and postpaid. $3.00. Free information. Dee Co., Box 7263-N13, Houston 18, Texas.

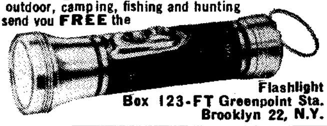
POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.

Phonograph Records Made

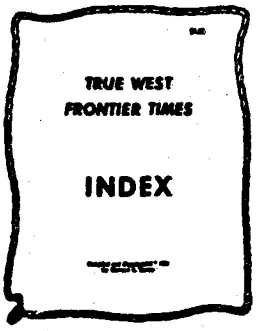
CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 299, N.Y. 1



FREE FLASHLIGHT

This fantastic offer is being made to acquaint you with our below-wholesale line of outdoor, camping, fishing and hunting equipment. We'll send you **FREE** the flashlight pictured here, with our free illustrated catalog. Just send 35c for handling and mailing to:

Flashlight
Box 123-FT Greenpoint Sta.
Brooklyn 22, N.Y.



COMPLETE INDEX

This index lists every place and everybody ever mentioned in TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES from the first issues right through 1960. Printed same size as your magazines and fits right into your binder—so order yours today, only one dollar (cash, check, or money order), and order direct from Western Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 5008, Austin, Texas. 78703

Cow By The Tail

(Continued from page 11)

me. The big herds begun running north again, and at night I could hear the lonesome cowboy songs, far away and plaintive, and they sent little chills up and down my back. But the chills somehow made me less lonesome than when it was all quiet, or when a coyote howled.

In early spring of 1877, my dad left home, looking for another woman, like all men do after their wife dies. I said to myself there wouldn't be any stepmother for me, and I begun to keep my eyes open for the chance.

Henry and I was out hunting calves in the wake of the herds northbound. Then little calves, dropped by the cows, had to be left behind, as they was too weak to travel. So every time a herd went by, we boys taken the wagon and went out to pick up the little orphans, and we brung them to the barn to try to raise. We had plenty of cows, and usually had three calves suckling each one, but there was left to die a lot more calves than we could raise. Later on, I always'd rather go with a steer herd than a stock herd because I didn't like to see the little critters die.

We run into the cowboys with the herd, and one of them, not much different from the others, was the boss of the herd and the owner. He was a big feller with scattered beard, dressed in rawhide britches sewed with rawhide. His name was Tobe Odem from southern Texas. Mr. Odem was a kind feller, talked kind to me, asked me my name and asked me where my parents was from.

"You boys picking up calves?" he asks.

"Yes, sir."

"No calves with this bunch," he says, looking around and grinning.

I like his looks, so I said to him, "I hear from them fellers you want another cowboy."

"So I do," he says, looking me over, and his eyebrows raised up. "Where is he?"

"Me," I said. "I want to make a hand."

He didn't look as surprised as you might think. In them days the boys went mighty young on the trail, run away from home to do it, same as they used to run to the steamboats along the Mississippi awhile back. Many a lad like me took to the cattle trails when only twelve, before the little red schoolhouse entered the picture.

"Well, now, son, you had any experience?"

"At home," I said. "I can rope pretty good."

"I'll let you have a try. When can you start?"

"Right now," I says. "I mean tomorrow morning. I got a good Kentucky thoroughbred mare. She's a race horse. And a Kentucky bridle and McClellan saddle, which is a lot better than these old apple-horn saddles your boys got. How much you pay?"

"Thirty dollars per month and horses and chuck. You have to furnish saddle and bed. But you bring along that Kentucky race horse," he added, and his eyes looked bright when he said it, and I could tell right off he was a betting man and had in mind to race me on the horse if he liked the looks of her and me.

I asked him which way he were going. "Straight up the old trail," he said.

NEXT MORNING bright and early I saddled up my mare, Gray Eagle, tied two quilts on behind my saddle, and put on two shirts and two pair of pants. It was the best way to carry the extra clothes. I said good-bye to my brother Henry. He didn't want me to go.

"I can't live around here with no stepmother," I said.

He inclined to agree with me on that score, and tried no more to talk me out of it. But he wouldn't get interested when I asked him to run away with me. "Somebody's got to stay on the place," he said. "And anyhow, I wouldn't make much of a hand." It was true, so I didn't argue with him.

I pulled out to catch up with the herd. I passed several herds of three or four thousand head. Each time they would tell me, "Odem's herd is up yonder. But you'll catch him pretty soon. I think that is his herd we can see up there about ten mile further." It was flat, hot country, and you could see the clouds of dust the different herds kicked up.

I overtook Odem's bunch just as they stopped for dinner. A yoke of steers and a Negro cook, the pots and pans, kettles and bedding, was all jumbled together where the wagon was stopped.

Mr. Odem greeted me and said, "Get your dinner and turn that mare loose. That horse looks like she could run."

"She can," I says, "only I don't like to turn her loose here. She might hit it out for home."

"No fear of that, lad. I have two horse herders, one pair for day and one pair for night, on account of the Injuns. They might kill one, but not likely both all at once. After dinner you catch that little brown horse. I want to see how you rope."

I ate my dinner, and while I ate I sized up the other cowboys and the horses, and the Negro cook, and I figured I looked about as well as any of the rest. Most of them fellers was just young kids, two or three or four years older'n me. After dinner Mr. Odem said, "Now let's see you catch that little brown horse."

I only had a short rope, my Dad's plow line, and a cotton rope at that. Mr. Odem said to take his, which were not much better'n mine, but longer. I stepped out with that rope to the remuda, all the other boys looking on and laughing. The remuda begun to churn around, and when that little brown pony passed close enough, I laid the loop around his neck first throw.

"Now look at that!" said Mr. Odem. "This boy is a Kentuckian and has not been here long, but he catched his horse first throw, and some of you boys have to throw two or three times. I'll bet he makes as good a hand as any of you."

I explained to Odem: "I come out to Texas to be a cowboy and fight Injuns and to learn to rope and ride. All I have done since I seen my first cowboy is to practice with a rope and with my old cap-and-ball pistol."

"Well, Jesse," Mr. Odem said kind of fatherly, "you will see all kinds of roping, riding, and plenty of Injuns before you get back home. Maybe more than you bargain for. Saddle up, come on, let's get to the herd and let the other boys come to dinner."

I saddled up little Brownie, and we went to the big herd across the flat country. I asked, "How many steers in this herd,"

"Three thousand, five hundred when we left Beeville. We have lost some and picked up some. Probably we are about even."

I did not know what they meant by picking up cattle, but I soon enough found out. All the cattle they picked up

(Continued on page 42)

William Z. Cozens

Historical Society of Colorado

The lynching party had to decide if the "law" had guts enough to back it up when the sheriff said,

"DON'T CROSS THAT LINE!"

By ROBIN TIBBETS

BY 1863, William Z. Cozens had made his mark in Colorado. He had been sheriff and general keeper of the peace in Central City for a number of years. Even the most desperate of criminals feared him, for by sheer force of will he had conquered every outlaw within his jurisdiction, many of whom would have resisted another officer. An athlete with a splendid physique, Cozens was described by Frank Hall of the Rocky Mountain Historical Company, as a man "who could draw quicker or shoot more unerringly" with either pistol or rifle than any other officer on the frontier. Hall said that Cozens' very bearing, coupled with his flashing black eyes, commanded the attention and respect of every criminal the sheriff had to arrest.

The lynch-hungry mob filled Eureka Street. Some of its more hardy members demanded the keys from Sheriff Cozens, who immediately drew his two pistols, cocked them, and refused.

"Then we'll take him!" cried the mob leaders.

Cozens showed no fear. He calmly drew a line across the street with the toe of his boot, and pointing to it said, "I'll kill the first man who crosses it."

BUT FOR THE courage of a frontier sheriff, the first legal execution under the statutes of Colorado Territory might be missing from the records, to be replaced by a highly illegal mob lynching.

It was a cold, bleak day in January, 1864, when a man remembered only as Van Horn mounted the steps of a scaffold, placed his feet firmly upon the trap and, seconds later, died of strangulation and a broken neck. Van Horn had been convicted by a jury of his peers of the murder of a Central City hotel clerk, Josiah Copeland.

The scene of the hanging was Gregory's Gulch, a mining camp located just below the main road between Central City and another mining town, Blackhawk. The camp had sprung up as the result of gold having been found in the gulch in May, 1859, by John H. Gregory. He was one of thousands who had joined the stampede to the Pikes Peak region only to find that the reported gold strike at Cherry Creek, where Denver now stands, was greatly exaggerated. Unlike many who crossed out their motto, "Pikes Peak or Bust," and replaced it with "Busted, by G—," Gregory moved on into the vastness of the Rocky Mountains and made a real strike. Less than four years later, when Van Horn was hanged, Central City was the largest town in the territory, having absorbed all the mining camps which sprang up on its outskirts, including Gregory Gulch.

Sometime in 1863, Van Horn, accompanied by a common law wife, whose name remains unrecorded after all of these years, arrived in Gregory Gulch and took a job managing a liquor store. Copeland, a young and handsome man who worked as chief clerk in the Massasoit House, a Central City hotel, struck up an acquaintance with Van Horn's woman, and soon the two began going around together without consulting Van Horn. Often, at night, the pair would stroll down the local lover's lane, a fairly level thoroughfare known as Casey Road. Van Horn, in the meantime, had discovered that his wife was being unfaithful, and as his jealousy grew, plotted to put an end to the whole affair.

Thus it was that on a crisp fall evening near the last of October, 1863, Van Horn hid himself in the bushes bordering the road, and waited there for the lovers. They did not disappoint him. As they walked along, Van Horn leaped to his feet, gun in hand, and took a shot at his rival.

Copeland, who was an excellent physical specimen, wasted no time; he took to his heels with Van Horn right behind him, still shooting. When the echo of the last shot had died away, Copeland lay upon the ground, dead, and Van Horn had disappeared. His freedom was short-lived, however, for he was captured and jailed on suspicion of murder, and a preliminary hearing was set, to be held in the old Montana Theatre in Central City.

Copeland had been well thought of, and citizens of the area, fearing that Van Horn might be freed, decided to take the law into their own hands. Businessmen and miners formulated a plan to take the prisoner from the sheriff when he was brought from the jail to the Montana Theatre for preliminary examination.

That plot was discarded, however, in favor of what the lynching party leaders considered to be a better one. Van Horn would be seized as he was being conducted from the courtroom following the hearing. This plan was based on the assumption that Sheriff William Z. Cozens would bring the prisoner out by the front stairway where both could be easily overpowered.

WHEN the big day arrived, hundreds came to witness the proceedings. Every seat and every inch of standing room was occupied by miners and businessmen, most of whom were determined to hold a necktie party before the sun had set. When the hearing was over, the lynch mob gathered at the front of the building to wait for the sheriff and his prisoner. But Sheriff Cozens was no fool.

Whether he got wind of the plot, or whether he was just naturally cautious isn't known, but instead of taking Van Horn down the front stairs, he rushed him out the back door and headed for the jail. Although the lockup was only a short distance from the theatre, Cozens feared he might not make it in time to keep his prisoner from being taken. His fears were emphasized by the fact that Van Horn's progress was hampered by leg irons. However, despite the ruse having been discovered before the two reached the jail, Sheriff Cozens was able to get his man safely behind bars before the mob arrived.

The sheriff's fate hung in balance, for despite his reputation as a dead shot, and his proven courage and faithful devotion to duty, the mob was pretty well liquored up, and a number of the men were tempted to take up his challenge. While the leaders of the lynch crowd argued with Cozens, certain of its members fortified their courage at a nearby saloon which was doing a land-rush business, obtained a rope and fashioned a noose, and even selected an appropriate tree. Mob leaders had decided by that time that the prisoner would have to be taken by force, but cautioned all concerned to do no harm to the sheriff. Their courage bolstered, the men surged forward to take the prisoner. Up went Cozens' two revolvers, and once more his challenge rang out, "There's the line. I'll kill the first man who crosses it!"

(Continued on page 64)

HANDMADE
HANDLASTED
LEATHERLINED
GUARANTEED

GENUINE
JOE HALL BOOTS

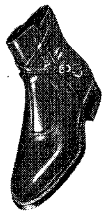
Satisfaction Guaranteed!
FREE CATALOG
Your choice
$22.50
Pair

Style TC500
"Gentlemen's Jodhpur Shoe"
Round toe—Shoe heel trim—Snug ankle fit.

Style TC611A
"Western Jodhpur Shoe"
Narrow western toe.
1⅝ in. slightly tapered heel.

ELASTIC SIDEGORE VENTS. Fine Calfskin. Handsome enough for dress—tough enough for work.

FLIGHT BOOTS
Full Top Grain Calf
Your Choice
$24.95
Pair



Style TCV10
10 inch Wellington
Round toe. Shoe heel.

Style TC5006
7 inch, Round toe, wrap around ankle strap.

All boots shown available in Black or Brown
$5.00 deposit on C.O.D.—you pay postage
Prepaid orders postpaid

HALL BOOT CO.
Box 17246T
El Paso, Texas

ALASKA

Would you like to "stay home" and actually go on a real Alaskan safari? Who wouldn't!

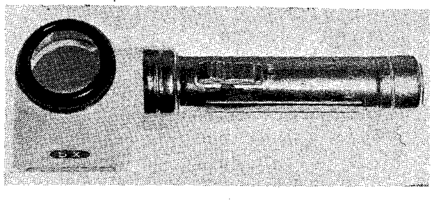
Your "home" is a 40-ft. diesel cruiser with all the comforts of most homes! Shot at a Kodiak bear guaranteed. We have been 100% successful in a bear for each hunter thus far.

Seal, sea lion, and fox hunting is an interesting side hunt. The fishing is fabulous! My hunters tell me that the scenery alone is worth the trip.

If you want something truly different and "out of this world" write:

H. N. LANE

Box 1125 **Kodiak, Alaska**



See What Natural Gold Really Looks Like
with this new beautiful 5 power pocket battery powered flashlight magnifying glass. A host of uses. Comes with small natural gold nugget, ready to operate. Weight 4½ oz. Price only $3.95, prepaid and insured to you. May be shipped C.O.D.

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS
1218 Main St. Dept. FT Sweet Home, Oregon

Cow By The Tail

(Continued from page 40)

were lost from some other herd after a stampede. They were a profit provided the owner did not catch them in your herd. That is the way all the trail herders tried to play even.

You could tell these pick-up steers that had been lost in the stampede easy enough: horns off, horns loose, and just dangling down by the sides of their heads, two and three foot long. Quite a few crippled in the legs. And the cowmen didn't always leave the brands as they were. Many a time you could see five or six boys in a camp, a-setting in a group, figuring how to mark out someone's brand in the dirt or sand.

Somebody would say, "Boys, look here, I'll show how to change that brand and it will be discovered by nobody." Believe me, they could take a red-hot running iron and change any old brand on a cow or a steer. Plenty of them were experts with a branding iron. And not many men were above such practices either.

SOME OF THE largest cattle owners of today learned their business on the long trails, driving from southern states to northern markets. Our orders from our owners was, "Boys, you will have to swipe your beef, if you want any to eat." Some of the boys was out scouting every day for a fat yearling for dinner. It don't take ten or fifteen men long to eat up a beef.

My job were driving the drags. All you had to do were to just ride after them, see that they all kept walking along and not straggling back. This bunch was all steers from three to ten years old, with horns from two to six foot across. Some of the happiest days of my life was behind a big bunch of steers on our way to Dodge City.

We traveled and traveled, a little northwest. Went by Wichita Falls and Vernon, Texas, crossed the Red River at Doan's Store in Greer County, from there pulled out in a northerly direction.

Three or four men at a time rode night-hawk. The boss took me with him on the first shift. To ride around them big steers at night, all lying down full as a tick, chewing their cud and blowing, with the moon shining on their big horns, were a sight to make a grown man's eyes pop. You can figure what it did to me, after all the time I'd wanted to be a cowboy.

I'll never forget my first try at night-herding. Everything went fine until the moon were down to set. It happened after we had crossed the Cimarron River. All of a sudden, for no reason I could see, the herd was up and in full gallop in a stampede and us cowboys after them. I rode behind them, the Negro at one point and the boss on the other point. You could hear those big horns popping and rattling and the roar of their hoofs is a sound you can't describe. Three other boys saddled and caught up. The steers run theirselves out, and the six of us brought them back. Seven mile they had run.

These stampedes were common. There was about ten or fifteen herds ahead of us, and they was stampeding and running nearly every night, and we got a good many pick-ups from them stampedes. Some we had to return when the owners come around.

You could hear the big herds roaring, cattle bawling, and the lonesome voice of some cowboy miles away on that flat country. Some cowboy far away from his mama and dad. If one happened to get a bad hurt there were no show for a doctor, none closer than two or three hundred miles.

But luck were with us all. Seldom a horse ever fell down the darkest nights. We had rain, thunder and lightning kicking up, and the plains a flood of water, and the big longhorns set off by the storm just a-flying, two three, four thousand in a herd.

"Ride to 'em, cowboys. They are gone. Circle 'em if you can." And you would hear the boss cry out, "Drop back from that left-hand point." He told every man what to do when thousands of dollars was running wild loose over the plains.

No time for drinking or smoking cigarettes. Soaking wet from top to bottom, your boots plumb full of water and your toes squishing in it, and why us boys liked to be cowboys and could stand it, I can't say. I reckon it were the excitement.

We got along fine with almost no outfit, just as well as the boys today with all their up-to-date paraphernalia. No coal oil even. Just a hard-twisted string in a cup of taller were all the light we had to read by. Or the moonlight. We depended on the moon and stars mostly.

Every bright star in the sky were named by the early cowboys on the cattle trails, and every one of them could tell you the time within ten minutes of their rising or disappearing down the horizon. Some of them names were never found in any book, but we knew which ones was meant when the boys spoke of The Diamond, The Ellenrods, Job's Coffin, the Seven Stars, Midnight Triangle, the Big Dipper. The Big Dipper were really our clock, as we could tell by the position of the stars in it just what time it were, within ten-fifteen minutes maybe.

We seen wonderful things on those long nights. Sometimes there would be a falling star that looked as large as a barrel and the light from it would be so bright that the cattle would jump up. They'd move around restless, and then in a couple of minutes lay down again. Once I seen two falling stars hit one another and throw out sparks just like modern fireworks.

One day we was riding along easy, we heard a roaring that grew louder and louder, and a meteor came whizzing toward us, making a great white light and a noise like a dozen passenger trains going past. It left a trail of black smoke yards and yards long that gradually faded away as the meteor burned up. I reckon it were miles high, but it looked like it were going to hit us and I ducked.

We boys, and the older men, too, used to be afeared one of the meteors would hit the prairie and set fire to the three-foot grass and burn it up. Lightning sometimes set fire to it. When we seen it start we would put the fire out. When the lightning crackled and started the fire, it looked like the flames came right out of the earth instead of from up in the sky.

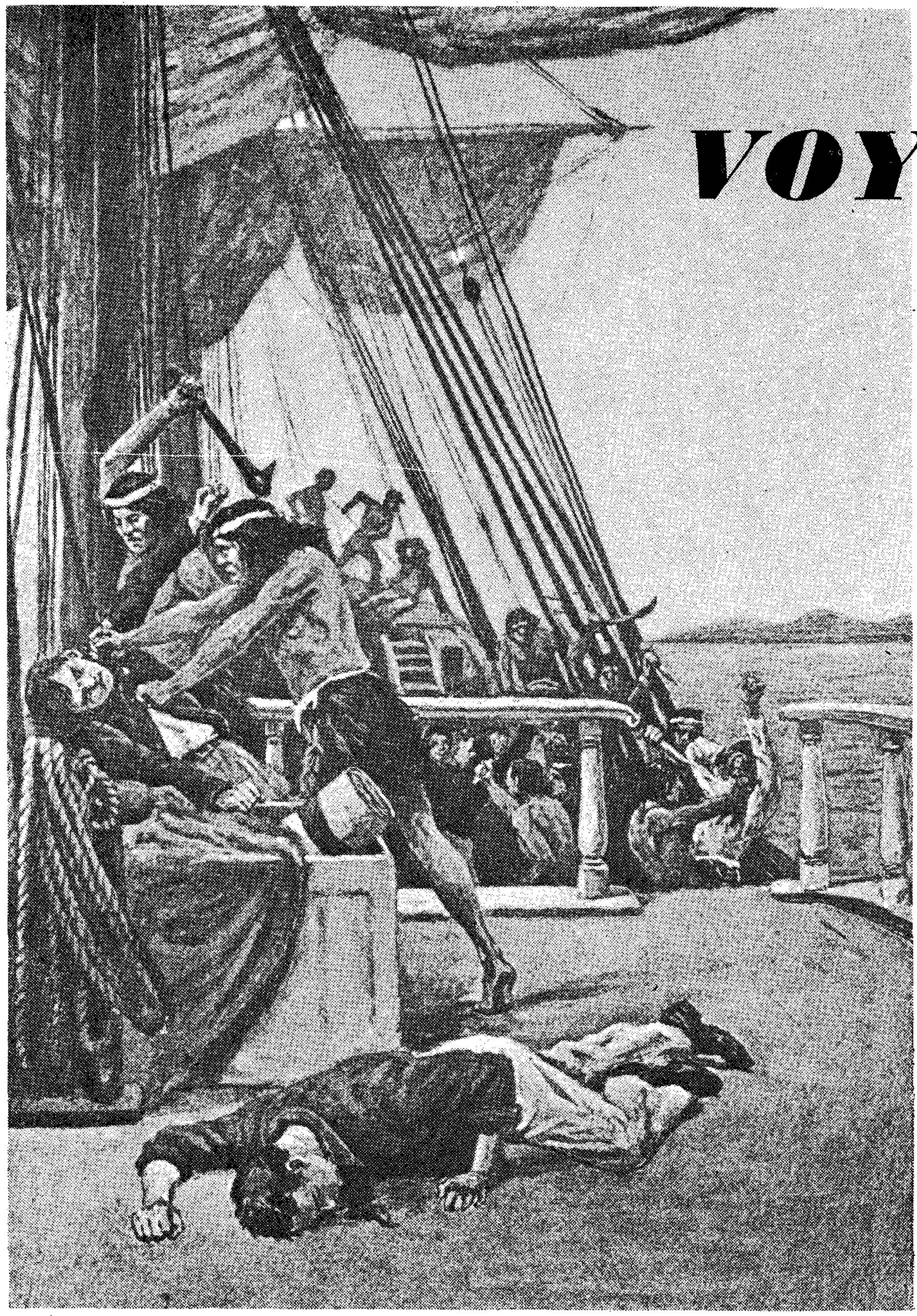
Later on when I were at Odem's Ranch in Wheeler County, Texas, in '79 and '80, the Injuns would sometimes set fire to the tall grass. They wanted to keep the whites out of their country, and it was one way, they thought, of doing it. They would ride along on their horses, carrying a torch, and every once in a while sweep down and set the grass on fire for a distance of ten or fifteen mile. That way it got a good start. Ahead of the prairie fire stampeded thousands of animals: buffalo, antelope, wild mustangs and cattle.

(Continued on page 44)

VOYAGE TO DEATH

By LESTER A. HALPIN

The "Tonquin" was loaded with trinkets to be traded for furs—but the cost proved much higher; twenty-five men plus the ship . . .



The Massacre of the "Tonquin's" Crew, by R. F. Zogbaum from the Tacoma Edition of Irving's "Astoria," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897

WHEN Governor Mark Hatfield of Oregon snipped a ribbon at ceremonies opening a new extension of the R. H. Baldock Freeway into downtown Portland, press reports said he used a pair of scissors which once had been in the stores of the ill-fated sailing ship *Tonquin*.

The story of the *Tonquin* began at Astoria in 1811, the year of that city's founding. The international boundary was not to be drawn until 1846 and the United States and Great Britain were struggling for ownership of the Oregon Country.

The *Tonquin*, flying the Stars and Stripes, had been sent by John Jacob Astor to sail around the Horn and forestall an overland British expedition under David Thompson. Thompson, for whom a river is named in British Columbia, was in the employ of the Northwest Fur Company. Had he reached the mouth of the Columbia first, Britain's claim to the Oregon territory would have been strengthened. Fortunately the *Tonquin* arrived first. On March 24, 1811, she sailed into the Columbia and a few weeks later there were stockades and warehouses at Fort Astoria. Included among the stores unloaded at that time must have been the scissors used by Governor Hatfield.

The ship remained at anchor until June 5 when she set sail under command of Captain Jonathan Thorne, bound for Russian America, now Alaska. The vessel was carrying twenty-five white men and an Indian interpreter. The purpose of the voyage was to trade with the Indians—actually to barter almost worthless trinkets for furs.

Thorne was a brutal, tyrannical skipper who was heartily disliked by both the crew and his officers. They feared to give him advice, no matter what the emergency.

The Indian interpreter did not have the same qualms. He protested loudly when Captain Thorne veered off course and started to enter Clayoquot Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island. The natives here were dangerous, the interpreter warned, but Thorne pointed toward the *Tonquin's* cannons and laughed scornfully.

The next morning the ship was swarming with coast Indians, apparently friendly and unarmed. Barter, however, was not very successful. The Indians in most cases refused to give the exorbitant numbers of furs which Thorne demanded for his trinkets. Finally, in disgust, he ordered the natives ashore.

All obeyed except an old chief who followed the angry captain around the deck, swinging an otter skin and arguing about the white man's prices. His anger flaring beyond control, Thorne seized the old man, snatched up the hide and rubbed it in the Indian's face. Hurling insults, the captain pushed the chief to the ship's side.

The fearful interpreter pleaded with Thorne to set sail immediately, but the captain shoved him away and vowed that next day he would force the Indians to accept his prices.

The following day the Indians did make overtures to trade and Captain Thorne permitted them once again to board his ship. The natives quitted their canoes in larger numbers than the day before and scrambled up to the decks. While they appeared to be unarmed, many were wearing loose fur mantles. Trading for awhile seemed to be going very profitably for the white men. Then it happened!

A pre-arranged signal yell brought out concealed weapons and the natives fell savagely upon the crew. The sailors, taken by surprise, fought bravely, but most of them were hacked to death without mercy. Thorne was among those killed. In his last moments it is said he showed considerable courage but he was hopelessly outnumbered.

Of the surviving members of the crew, some historians say five, others say only four, escaped to a cabin where they procured firearms and held the Indians at

(Continued on page 62)

A FORTUNE IN
TREASURE!

BUILD YOUR OWN transistorized Treasure Detector! Save $100 or more! Easy construction! Complete Schematics and Design—$5.00. Brochure on Request.

FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE
DU-AL ENTPR. P. O. Box 149-W Marysville, Calif.

HORSE PICTURES
Six unusual horse pictures, reproduced from rare engravings. Size 8 x 10 inches, printed in brilliant black on white. Set of six, all different. Only $1.00 postpaid.
WEINMAN ART PRINTS • P.O. Box 275 • Elkhart, Ind.

TREASURE!
FREE . . . listing of your name with publisher to receive mail on Treasure, Ghost Towns, Lost Mines, Antique Guns, Prospecting, Coins, etc. . . ACT NOW . . . Write to . . . JAMES LORD, 2656 Newhall, Santa Clara 5, California.

AUTHORS OF BOOKS!
I specialize in low-cost publication of books. Quality printing, best editing, good professional promotion and selling. A Western publisher for Westerners! If you have a book you want in print, write today for full details.
JACK FELTS: The Pan Press, Tahlequah, Oklahoma
"In the old Cherokee Nation."

FRONTIER TIMES BINDER

- Now you may obtain a sturdy binder like the TRUE WEST binder shown above with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of FRONTIER TIMES at just $3.00 each, postpaid!
- FRONTIER TIMES is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone. There are beautiful, four-color photographs on inside front and inside back covers.
- Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 10-12 issues. (Many back issues available.) No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary.

FRONTIER TIMES
P. O. Box 5008, Austin, Texas 78703

I am enclosing $..........Send....... binders at $3.00 each to the following:

Name..................................

Address...............................

City..................State..........

Cow By The Tail

(Continued from page 42)

All the cowboys came from miles around to help put it out. There weren't a tree or anything on that plain. Only way to stop it were to shoot down some of the running cattle or buffalo or horses, cut them open so they would lie flat, tie a rope to their hind feet, and use the carcasses as a drag, riding in front of the fire to smother it. Nothing else to do; not a drop of water anywhere. I've seen hundreds of men dragging as many as two hundred carcasses in front of a grass fire to try to stop it.

Lightning and grass fires, storms and soaking wet, work all day and then nighthawk and listen to the lonesome songs way off in the distance, and the big sky overhead with stars shining like candles. That was the Texas trails in the old days.

WE CAMPED near Dodge City two weeks to rest up, as boys and cattle and ponies was all plenty wore out. Herd after herd in sight of us on the plains as far as you could see, and cattle buyers in scores riding from herd to herd to look the stock over. We had to stay with the herd till it was sold, and was mighty restless for the sights of the town while waiting. At last Mr. Odem drove up to our camp in a buggy and said, "All hands get ready. I have sold them to the Gov'ment. In the morning we will tally them, but of course leave out Old Tom." Old Tom was our lead steer.

Next day all hands were ready and the steers counted out, something over 3,500 head. We had picked up quite a bunch, more than enough to make up for our losses in stampedes and the cripples we had to leave behind.

Old Tom were cut out and put in with our saddle horses. He didn't like leaving his herd and his old pals. He kept looking at them and acting stubborn, and feeling mighty strange among the horses.

Every cowboy that wanted to could go with the herd to the Black Hills, where the steers would be sold or given to the Injuns, but we'd had enough. We wanted to stop right here and raise Old Ned.

When we had finished, Odem called us together and said to us, "Your pay will still go on until you get back to Goliad. By the time you reach there with the horses, I'll have another herd ready to hit the trail."

"All right, Boss," the boys agreed.

"Now," Odem said, "let's all go to town and have some fun and a few drinks and I'll send out enough supplies to last you for your trip back."

Dodge City were a sight to see: saloons, gambling houses, dance halls on every corner. There was probably 500 or more cowboys and buffalo hunters in town, bull teams hauling wagons, and soldiers, everybody there to have a good time and blow off from the long trail. I've read some of the most exaggerated things about Dodge City. But they are wrong. Most of these boys was fine, honorable fellows, jolly good sports, with plenty of money in their jeans (or if they didn't have any, the boss would furnish it), only there for a good time and relaxation they had to have. Most of them just kids, young and strong, the picture of health and good spirits. And Dodge City knew how to treat them right.

I walked up to the dance halls and looked in. What a sight to anyone, the prettiest gals from all over the world, dressed like a million dollars, was all there. If you did not come into dance, they would grab you and pull you in, whether you wanted to dance or not.

All the girls acted glad to see you. Round after round of drinks, then all hands would dance.

All men right and all get straight,
Swing on the corners if you ain't too late,
And swing your partner like swinging
on a gate,
Hands in your pockets, backs to the wall,
Take a chew 'bacco and balance all.

MR. ODEM spent his money like water. Ten in our bunch including the Negro cook, and he would not let one of us spend a dime. Many a time that night and afterward, I watched Mr. Odem call up the crowded house to take a drink with him, and six or seven barmen filling the glasses. The boys kept cutting up most of the night, Mr. Odem trying to get them back to camp, telling them they had to leave the next day.

About four o'clock they decided they'd had a night of it. Five of the boys set out with girls behind them on their horses, aiming to go to camp, parading along the street. But every now and then someone in the crowd would say, "Come on, boys, let's have one more drink."

"Yippee!" they'd shout and pile down to have one more. It would be three or four instead of one. As a rule I'd hold their horses and look on, this particular trip, because I was too young. Believe me, I were a good looker-on. Everything were new to me, brand-new.

Mr. Odem finally got them rounded up and started for camp. Then one of the boys fired a shot, and I do believe in five minutes there was over two thousand shots fired into the air, everybody laughing and giving Injun whoops and cowboy yells. No one hurt.

When we landed in camp, the sun was breaking yellow and daylight coming. The Negro Jeff had breakfast and good cowboy coffee ready. He had gone with us to town, but seeing no other coloreds there, he had taken only two or three drinks, bought hisself a quart to drink alone, and come back with the supplies.

None of the outfit were able to start after breakfast, not after that kind of night. They unsaddled their horses and without a word rolled up in their blankets, dead to the world. You could look around at every bed and see from one to two quarts of whiskey. It were a long way to any saloon after leaving Dodge City and they knew it.

Next morning you'd of thought they'd rather die than leave, all the groaning and the cussing, and their heads about ready to bust open. Already they had consumed some of the whiskey they had bought for the return trip. But they saddled up and begun to feel better.

THREE outfits of us started together south with the horses, as the Injuns was bad and on the warpath. About ten boys in each outfit: Tobe Odem's outfit, Lee Scott Cattle Company boys, and Conkle and Little's boys. Plenty to eat and plenty of whiskey to drink and plenty to talk about all the way to Fort Mobeetie. We talked about all the girls we'd left behind and how it would seem to be home again.

Every boy in the crowd had boughten hisself a new gun and pistol and our boss furnished us all the ammunition we needed. Now was our time to try the new guns out. Everywhere in that open country were antelope, deer, buffalo, and turkey. The mustang horses were a detriment to the range and cattlemen. If

Oklahoma Historical Society

Ladies have always been interested in the latest fashions. At the time this picture was made, it appears that the beruffled bonnet was just beginning to give way to the hat.

your horse ever mixed with the wild ones, you could never get him back. So we were after them mustangs, shot at them every time they come near enough. It made good practice and was a help to the range. I have seen as many as ten downed at one time by three boys, and the same with antelope.

All the long trip we had a fine time roping and hunting and target practice and some fishing. The prairie chicken flocks were thick and fine shooting, setting or flying. We never hit very many flying, as they went like a bullet. On some of the streams we found wild muss-hogs and tried our luck on them. Sometimes we would run into flocks of turkeys. Up they would go a-gobbling, us boys running our horses under them so as to shoot them on the wing. Their meat was about the best, especially the young ones, which were very tender fried. We didn't bother with the older ones because we liked duck and goose better.

A turkey will fly quite a distance the first try, not so far the second time, and the third time you could almost walk up to them and pick 'em up. Turkeys homesteaded in the river bottoms mostly. In those old days I have seen hundreds of them together, on the ground or up in the trees. Now mostly they are gone.

We used to stop at the rivers, of course, to make camp and let the horses fill up on water. The valley would be black with turkeys for a mile or two, all coming in off the prairie for water or to roost in the trees. We liked the eggs as well as the young turkeys and when we would come to a place where they was thick, every boy would set off hunting nests and come back loaded with eggs.

Ducks and geese went over our heads by the thousands. It made good pistol practice for the cowboys. That's why they was such fine shots. For years they practiced on the ducks and geese, riding full speed on horseback. When a man can bring down one of them, riding high lope, or bag a deer or antelope with a pistol twenty-five to fifty yards away, I call him a pretty good shot. I seen many others do it, and after while I could do the same myself.

We had to be pretty careful hunting the wild muss-hogs, which was very dangerous. They run in bunches, ten to thirty in a bunch, and if we happened to wound some of them shooting we had to look out, for they would slash right and left, charge at anything from a horse to a house. I've seen several horses ruined that way by their bite or their tusks. If you shot straight at them, the bullets would seem to glance right off their heads. Of course our old pistols didn't have the power of the modern six-shooter.

THE CREEKS and rivers was full of fish. They would go wild when herds of cattle or horses plowed in, and would go jumping and flopping in all directions to get out of the way of steers or horses. I have seen them jump plumb out of the water onto sand bars and into shallow places, where you would see them from three inches up to two feet long, all swimming about together, and all you had to do was reach in and have your choice of a mess of fried fish for supper. The boys would each bring back several, then all hands fly in and clean them, and the fish feeds would be regular until they spoilt, and then no fish till we come to another stream. The Arkansas and Republican Rivers in Kansas beat them all for fish of every kind. Rolled in corn meal and fried—say, boys, they were sure fine eating.

One day one of the boys caught an eel in the Republican River. It were as large as your wrist and three foot long. He brung it to camp squirming like an acrobat and dropped it right under old Jeff's nose. He let out a yell fit to wake the dead. "Dis nigger never knowed de Lord had snakes in His den!" Jeff yelled. He wouldn't touch it or cook it.

One day it rained hard, and we boys liked to a-drowned in our saddles, riding along. After it stopped pouring we seen that every hole, every buffalo waller, which were awful thick in that region, were full of water and fish, fish six and seven inches long. We boys picked out a number and put them in the cook's wagon for supper.

Old Jeff didn't know what to think and kept saying, "Dem is de Lord's fish. Dey's good caze day come from above, out ob de sky. I know day ain't flipped outen any river caze de Ribber Jordan is a long way from heah." He cooked them for supper like he was preparing a burnt offering.

We traveled along to the west of the old trails so as to miss the big herds going north. In the distance we could see the tops of tall mountains. The older ones in our bunch knew the names of all of them and would tell us what state we was in. To the east the sky was brown with the dust the big herds kicked up.

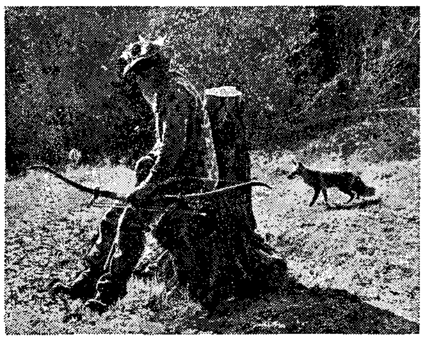
About three o'clock one afternoon we heard a lot of gunfire roaring off to the right and ahead of us. "Some outfit is having an Injun fight," the cowboy who was boss in place of Odem told us. "All hands catch your best horses and let's push on fast and help them out."

Every man roped his top horse. I saddled my thoroughbred mare, Gray Eagle. My hands was shaking I was so excited because now I'd have a chance to see Injuns on the warpath. Poor old Jeff was left behind. We could hear him a-praying as we rode off.

We pushed on fast. We couldn't see anything, but the guns roared louder. Finally we tipped a small rise and there saw the greatest sight I ever seen in my

HUNTERS WON'T BELIEVE ME . .

'til they try my new calling sounds!



CALL FOX WITHIN 10 FEET

Use my NEW CALLS and deer will almost run over you!
Crows will circle within a few feet of your head!
Coyotes, Bobcats, Wolves, Coons all kinds of game will come running to you day or night—year round.

PAY NOTHING!

I'll Show You How It's Done, FREE! I'll mail you a folder filled with game calling photographs — thrilling stories about game calling! Send me your name NOW! A letter or card will do.

JOHNNY STEWART

P. O. BOX 7765 FT 10-4 LAKEWOOD DRIVE WACO, TEXAS

TREASURE

METAL-MINERAL DETECTORS.

Most complete line in U.S.A. Sales and Service. Free literature.

BILL'S SERVICE CENTER

15502 South Paramount Blvd.
Paramount, Calif.

Authors!

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, religious and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. Free Editorial Report. For Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. FT 120 W. 31 St., New York 1.

A GIFT FROM THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA
CARE
U.S.A.

Your gift speaks for America when you feed hungry people with $1 Food Crusade packages through CARE, New York 10016.

life, or expect to see. Three buffalo hunters had a stand on 500 buffalo, and had already downed 300 of them.

THEY WERE mighty glad to see us, as they feared the noise of their guns might flush out Injuns on the warpath. We pitched camp, and all hands rode up close to see them down the buffalo. The animals would mill around in small circles, while the hunters blasted away. Time they got through they had downed every last one, great big brutes all piled up in huge dead carcasses over the plain.

We stayed all the next day to watch them skin off the hides. First they would skin the legs out, cut around the feet and hocks, split the skin down the center over the belly, then around their necks. When they got the hide all cut, a horse was hitched onto it on the neck and the skin pulled off, horse power. The hides sold in Dodge City and other Kansas cities for $4.00 each.

We boys cut the long curly hair off the big heads and filled sacks with it for old Jeff. He'd often told us if we ever come on buffalo, "You all git me some dar hair to sit on. Dis ol' wagon sho do bump powerful hard, an' ol' Jeff's bones kinda rusty now."

When we had the time we would twist and spin this hair into strings and make saddle cinches and bridle reins out of it. It were best you could get for that purpose. Later on, as buffalo became scarce, this hair were worth a dollar a pound. Even then it seemed to me a shame to kill them critters for their hides that sold for so little. I am sure that some of those bulls weighed more'n a ton.

We loaded up with a hundred pounds of fine fat buffalo humps, which is the best part to eat, about one hundred pounds of tallow, and several sets of ribs to broil. We thanked the hunters, who were ready to go back to Dodge City and sell their wagonloads of hides. We took off toward camp and old Jeff.

Plenty of time to rope and target practice and to eat. And even to lay around some. Believe me, the trip back was almost worth all the work of herding stock northward. And did we eat well: buffalo humps and ribs, young turkey meat and eggs, ducks, fish, deer and antelope and muss-hogs. Nobody ever sick.

We landed at the Odem Ranch sometime in October. The three boys there was mighty glad to see us pull into camp. They had not seen a paper, nor even read a letter, in over six months, and they was aching for the news. This was Odem's ranch in the Panhandle.

We lay over here five or six days, gambling and singing songs and playing guitar and fiddle. Billie Wolfe was here to fiddle for us, and he was one of the most noted fiddlers of the Southwest. He was a boyhood playmate of mine in Denton County. I remember he made his first fiddle out of corn husks and stalks. He got so's he could play pretty well, and then the Injuns stole him from his home near mine.

That were a story. The Injuns used to sneak up near his house and listen to him play the fiddle and they wanted that boy. One day they caught him away from the house. The old Injun told him they would not kill him, nor harm him or his father and mother or any of the family, because they just wanted him to play the fiddle for them.

They started right off to the reservation. The old chief was mighty proud of him, figured he was the best prize they had ever captured. In the Injun camp they had a good fiddle all ready and waiting for him, a dandy. Next day, after they had a meal of buffalo meat, the violin were brung around and handed to him and in less'n twenty minutes there was 200 warriors around him.

After that they made him play every day and evenings. That was all he had to do, and they give him the best of everything and dressed him up like a real Injun in soft buckskins and moccasins that the women made. They set two young squaws to watch him all the time, to do whatever he wanted, but also to keep an eye on him. They give him a brand-new tepee, a fine silver-mounted saddle, and a paint horse. And all they wanted of him was to play the violin. Those Injuns liked their music.

Young Billie were a wonder at the violin. He stayed with them for three years and got to be quite an Injun hisself. He told me he liked the life of the Injuns so well he didn't want to come home nohow when he was discovered by an Indian agent at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. But the agent took him away from the Comanche tribe and sent him back home. Later on, in '82, a showman heard him play and persuaded him to go back East and put on shows as a cowboy fiddler. Billie went and became famous.

He played everything by ear. He could play any tune after hearing it just once. And he could play all the Injun songs and war dances and courting music.

WE LEFT Odem's Panhandle ranch one bright morning, headed for home, 800 miles to the south. We rode along the edge of the plains toward Fort Griffin and on south. There were no roads at all and no fences, nothing except wild animals and empty plains and very few mountains.

Near the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos River we camped at McClellan Creek beside an open place where lay hundreds of human skeletons, big and little. The older men said it were what were left of the Comanches, killed by General Mackenzie in 1872. The Comanches roamed all over Texas, killing any white people they saw. It got so bad that Mackenzie was sent out with a large body of soldiers to end the raids. The soldiers knew what he meant, so when they had cornered the Comanches here, the soldiers mowed down women and children along with the men, 1,500 in all, it is said.

Here where we camped was a bunch of ten or fifteen buffalo, with five calves in the bunch, and pretty good-sized they was. My boss said to me and one other cowboy, "You fellers rope that buffalo calf and we will have a fine stew for supper." We thought that would be sport, so we rid up pretty close to the running animals, and I roped the big calf. When my rope tightened, I jerked the critter down, but he were up like a flash and charged me. In no time he was under my horse, around my horse, in fact all over my horse and me. No one come to help me. The boss and all the boys were a-dying of laughter. They had knowed what would happen.

My pardner was s'posed to help me out, but he had roped a two-year-old heifer. She had done wrapped his horse up in the rope, and his horse had bucked him off. Now horse and cow was having a free-for-all, first one down and then t'other. The rest was laughing so hard they couldn't do a thing.

Finally the boss shot both the calf and the heifer, and they made fine meat.

(Continued on page 67)

Author Raymond Thorp holds the gun with which Jonathan Wiggins killed an Arapaho chief.

Guns and Ghosts of Dead Men

(Continued from page 19)

Tom wrote later, "I had two soldiers and a Mexican boy with me when I tracked down the murderers along La Veta Creek. I stepped on a stick and broke it and the noise caused one of the Espinosas to reach for his gun. I fired and hit him in the side; he bellowed like a bull and cried out, 'Jesus favor me,' and called to the other, 'Escape. I am killed.'

"Just then his accomplice came out of a ravine and ran to a clump of quaking asp, and I sung out, 'Shoot, boys.' The two soldiers and the boy fired and missed him, but I fired and broke his back above the hips and he went down. A soldier went to lay hands on him and the outlaw fired at him and missed. I went up to him and asked him if he knew me, and told him who I was, and he called out a word in Mexican that means *base brutes*.

"I caught him by the hair, pulled his head over a fallen log, and cut it off. I then sent the Mexican boy to cut off the head of the other outlaw; he cut it off and brought it to me. I had told Colonel Tappan that I would bring him the heads and he said, 'Tom, don't get the wrong ones,' so I gathered up all the letters and papers I could find, along with the rifles, pistols and butcher knives to show that they were the real murderers. . . .

"I camped on the Sangre de Cristo that night and the next day, the fifth day out, brought everything to Fort Garland. I had the heads in a sack, and dumped them out at Colonel Tappan's feet, saying, 'Here, Colonel, are the heads; no mistake has been made.' The letters and papers proved everything, and the diary had the tally of all those the outlaws had murdered."

OLD Lady Samuels knew all about guns and ghosts. She had handled many of the former, and manufactured a few of the latter. She had two ways of killing men, with guns and with looks. After Jesse had been killed by the Ford boys, she met Charlie Ford on the street in Kansas City one day. She didn't say anything, but gave him a look that caused him to turn away. Charlie went to his room, took a pistol and blew out his brains.

She told my mother, "I killed a man once just as he was drawing a bead on Jesse through the window. It was a dark and cloudy night, and when the boys came running out with their pistols in hand, I told them the gun had fired accidentally. Later, when they went up to the attic, I went out and dragged the body behind a rosebush, and the next morning after they rode off I got it to the field and buried it—right over there."

My mother, who was always careful by night, chided her for allowing the window shade to be up after dark, and said, "Many a man has been killed even with the shades down when he walked between the lamp and the window. Is the man still buried there?"

"I guess he is," replied the old lady, "I've never seen anyone digging around here." She later said that she had left the shade up deliberately, and then secreted herself in the yard. "I had seen him spying on the house that afternoon, and knew he was still around. I said nothing about it, because I didn't want the boys searching in the dark. They had enough to do to watch out while away from home."

The old lady had never trusted anyone after her arm was blown away. She hated detectives and Government men worse than she did the Ford boys, and made one of the understatements of all time.

She said, "There are worse men in Jefferson City and Washington than Frank and Jesse James." When she died on a Santa Fe train in 1911 she took her ghosts along with her, but left the rain-barrels behind.

The Old Square Dance

(Continued from page 23)

my heels. But what did I care for a little hide? Had I not beaten my rival dancing? Didn't I hear them openly prophesying that I would someday be a dancer in a circus?

Dud was hacked and had a mean hangdog look about him and soon left the dance. But the hour was growing late and after dancing some more "sets," the dance came to a close. Now the mean trick that was played on me and the one I spoke of when I started this was: When I got on my horse to go home he acted queer and humped himself and refused to move. I struck my spurs in his sides and gave him a lift in his flanks with my quirt simultaneously and he moved all at once about fifteen feet right straight up in the air and came down with all four feet bunched and stiff-legged.

I landed on my head in the hard road about twenty feet ahead of him. The horse proceeded to buck and pitch around until he had pitched himself down. When the crowd collected around him after he was through pitching to see what ailed him, somebody discovered something white sticking out from under the saddle blanket. It proved to be the jaw bone of a cow that Dud had put there just because I had "laid it on him" dancing. He swore he was not guilty, but it took the entire crowd to hold me off him, guilty or not guilty.

RUGGED
is the WORD for
Jo-o-Kay

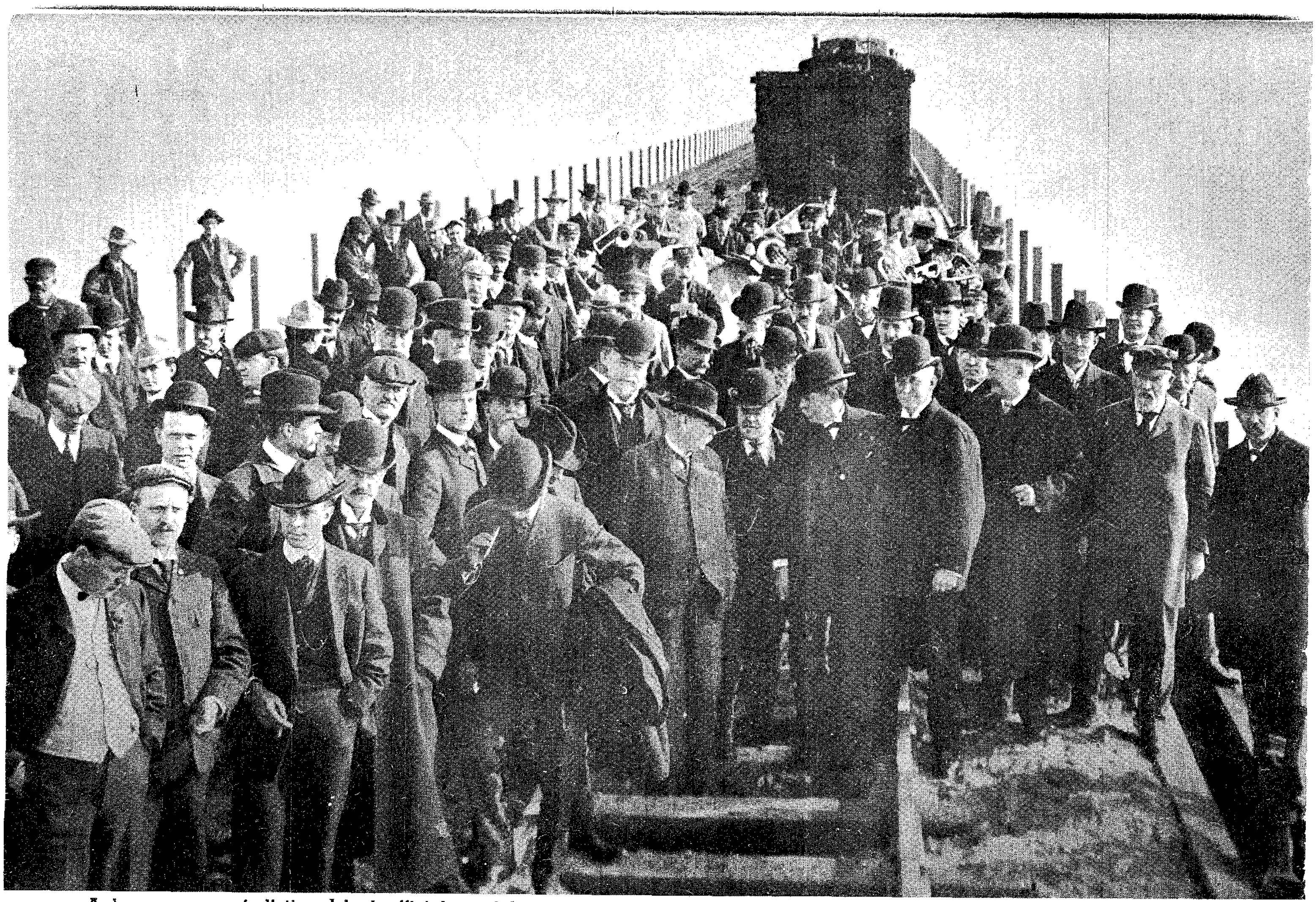
FLEECE-LINED COWHIDE
LEATHER COATS

#384—Ever-popular brush jacket with slash pockets.
Approx. $28.00

#379—Coat length. Built in protection for weather of all kinds. Popular slash pockets.
Approx. $35.00

LOOK FOR THESE AND MANY OTHER POPULAR LEATHER STYLES AT BETTER WESTERN STORES EVERYWHERE.

CORRAL
SPORTSWEAR CO.
Box 938
ARDMORE, OKLAHOMA



A large group of distinguished officials and businessmen gathered to celebrate the completion of the Lucin Cut-off, November 26, 1903. E. H. Harriman, then President of Southern Pacific, is at the extreme right with hand resting on upright.

Going To Sea By Rail

(Continued from page 14)

By January 1, the fill area ran four miles out into Great Salt Lake at Promontory. A construction boss, identified only as "McCarthy," established a floating headquarters three miles beyond the point. Grading of a six-mile strip from the east shore ended where the monumental task of erecting the eleven-mile trestle began.

It seemed an impossible roadbed. Piles were slammed down, four in a row. Two were placed upright in the center with another pair being driven at angles on either side for supports. Rock fill was spilled and tamped between the walls of piling.

While work progressed, fatalities and injuries increased. The number of deaths isn't known. On January 9, a Martin Nicholas, foreman of the east shore crew—work was tackled from both ends of the project—was knifed in an argument. Also, two laborers, arguing over the speed of a man with a sledge hammer, solved the question of how hard the hammerer could hit, when the sledge was slammed on the skull of the loser!

With all this, the rows of pilings slowly closed the water gap. Timbers and stringers were attached and the crossing "inched" on, according to the job bosses, engineers Marsh, Austin and Harney.

Headquarters was a labor camp, built on the east shore of Great Salt Lake. Here forty railroad cars housed kitchens, sleeping quarters and offices. A materials yard of twenty acres was set up to handle the rails, ties and piles. Four spur lines had been constructed in the yard to speed movement of material. Some of it came from as far away as Texas and Louisiana.

Floating pile drivers were brought in, first ten, later another fourteen, until they were working about a mile apart across the deep water. Gaps between piles were painstakingly filled until, five months after the start of construction, the east shore linked with Promontory Peninsula.

The last pile was driven into the lake bottom in September, 1903, completing the first link. In October, came the dedication ceremony at mid-trestle on the lake at which E. H. Harriman, President of the Southern Pacific, drove a golden spike with a silver hammer. The driving of this spike officially opened the cutoff, although settling fill delayed regular train service another two years.

Going to sea by rail had become a reality, thanks to the Lucin Cutoff! Trains bid goodbye to the mountainous, long-way around route and rolled over the briny deep, right across Great Salt Lake!

Natchez's Pass

(Continued from page 17)

came around the corner, followed by the head of an Indian.

The eyes of the crawling assassin could not contract from the moonlight to meet the gloom of the interior of the house of boughs. It is doubtless true that he never had a sense of what happened, but the silence was shattered by a crash, and the soldiers sprang outside.

"Then I broake both ye un me goon."

"WHAT in hell is the matter?" came from the awakened Captain, as he made his way out of the blankets.

A little group formed around the body, while Peaches rolled it over on its back, face upward. "Sanchez," he said, quietly. "Say, Nan-tan, maybeso you sabe Peaches. You go vamoose now?"

The Captain scratched his bare head, he gave his breeches a hitch, he regarded the moon carefully, as though he had never seen it before, then he looked at the dead Indian.

"Yes, Peaches, I think I sabe. Say, sergeant, it's 'boots and saddles' on the jump. Don't say a word to the men, but bring a pack-mule up here and we'll load this carrion on it. Peaches, you blind this man's trail. I reckon you are Injun enough to do that. O'Brien, don't leave the stock of that rifle lying there."

The camp was soon bustling. The horses were led out, blankets smoothed, and saddles swung across. A pack-mule was led up to the Captain's ramada by McCollough, O'Brien and Peaches. All four men helped to wrap up their game in a canvas. Though the mule protested vigorously, he was soon under his gruesome burden, circled tight with the diamond hitch. Having finished, the Captain spoke: "Promise me, men, that you won't talk about this. I want time to *think* about it. I don't know the proper course to take until I consult with the military authorities. If the Indians found this out now, there would be a fight right here. If they don't, one may be averted."

" 'Twas a foine bit av woork to me credit, which will be a dead loss to me, boot I promise," replied Long Jack, and so did the others.

"Have you blinded his trail, Peaches?"

"Si, Nan-tan; Injun no see a ting," said that imp of the night.

The little command took their thudding, clanking way over the ghostly hills, trotting steadily until the sun was high, when they made an eating halt. A few days brought them into McDowell, where the Captain reported the affair. Officially his comrades did not know what to do; personally they thought he did right. They expected nothing from the Indian Ring but opposition, and they were not as strong in Washington as the politicians. But shortly time served them, as it does many who wait.

A great drought had raged in the Southwest, and many sheepmen from San Diego were driving their flocks into the Tonto Basin. One day a Mexican Indian came into Fort McDowell, stark naked and nearly exhausted. He reported that the small sheep outfit to which he belonged had been attacked by Apaches, and all murdered but himself.

Captain Summers was again ordered out with his troop to the scene of the outrage. He made forty-five miles the first day, yet with such traveling it was ten days before he came in sight of the camp. There were three tents, wind-blown and flapping. In front of the middle one lay three dead Indian bucks. The canvas walls were literally shot full of holes. As the Captain pulled back the flap of the center tent he saw a big, blond-bearded white man sitting bolt-upright on a bed made of poles, with one arm raised in the act of ramming down a charge in a muzzleloading rifle. He was dead, having been shot through the head. He was the owner, and a fine-looking man. His herders lay dead in the other tents, and his flocks were scattered and gone. The story of that desert combat will never be known. It was a drawn battle, because the Indians had not dared to occupy the field. The man who escaped was out in the hills, and fled at the firing.

On burying the dead the troopers found passes signed, "Marshall East, Agt.," under the belts of the dead Apaches. At last here was something tangible. Identifying each head with its attendant pass, the Indian scouts decapitated them, stowing them in grain-bags. Back to McDowell wound the command, where a council of war was held. This resulted in the Captain's being sent to the agency, accompanied by four troops as safe escort.

ARRIVING, Summers again passed the unwelcome portals of the agent's office, followed by his staff, consisting of a Lieutenant, McCollough, Long Jack, and Peaches bearing a grain-bag.

"Good-day, Mr. Marshall East. I come to reassure you that you are a great scoundrel," vouchsafed the sombreroed officer, as he lined up his picturesque company. "I see Sanchez is not here today. Away on a pass, I presume."

"I don't know how that concerns you. I have other men here, and I will not be bulldozed by you; I want you to understand that. I intend to see if there are not influences in the world which will effectually prevent such a ruffian as you invading my office and insulting both myself and the branch of the Government to which I belong."

"My dear sir," quoth the Captain, "you sign passes which permit these Indians of yours to go into white men's territory, where they every day murder women and men, and run off stock. When we run them back to your agency, you shield and protect them, because you know that if we were allowed to arrest them for their crimes, it might excite the tribe, send them on the warpath, resulting in a transfer of the responsibility to the War Department. That would interfere with your arrangements. A few dead settlers or soldiers count for little against that."

"Captain Summers, I am running this agency. I am responsible for this agency. Indians do go off this reservation at times without doubt, but seldom without a pass from me, and then with a specific object. When Indians are found outside without passes, it then becomes the duty of the army to return them to me."

In reply: "I suppose it is our duty to bring you tarantulas and Gila monsters also; it is our duty to wear our horses' shoes off in these mountains chasing your passes with their 'specific objects.' Would you give up an Indian who we could prove had murdered, or who had tried to murder, a white man?"

"Yes—I might—under certain circumstances, with exceptional proofs," answered Mr. East.

Quickly asked the officer, "Where is Sanchez now?"

With a searching query in his eyes, the agent continued his defensive of not seeing how that concerned the Captain.

The warrior's voice rose. "Yes, sir. I will tell you how it interests me. He tried to murder me, to stab me at night—right here on this agency. Will you send your Indian police to arrest him for me?"

"Humph!—rather startling. Pray where and when did he try to murder you?"

"I have three men standing here before you who saw him crawl to my ramada in the night with a drawn knife."

"What became of him?" drawled the agent, betraying an increasing interest.

"Will you arrest him?" insisted Summers, with his index finger elevated against the chairman.

"Not so fast, my dear Captain. He might prove an alibi. Your evidence might not be conclusive."

The Captain permitted his rather severe countenance to rest itself. McCollough and O'Brien guarded their "four aces" with a "deuce-high" lack of interest. Peaches might have been a splendid mummy from an aged tomb standing there with the sack at his feet.

Again becoming sober of mien, the Captain continued, in a voice which might have been the slow beginning of a religious service: "You are a scoundrel—you are to blame for dozens of murders in this country! Men and even women are being butchered every day because you fear to lose the opportunity to steal the property which belongs to these poor savages. I have soldier comrades lying in desert graves who would be alive if you were not a coward and a thief. Only the other day Indians bearing your 'specific object' passes killed five sheepmen in the Tonto Basin."

"I have issued no passes lately."

Here the Captain pulled out all the stops in his organ. "You are a liar, and I am going to prove it."

The agent, who had been sitting lazily behind his desk, leaned forward and made the ink-bottles, pens, and erasers dance fast as he smote the table with his fist. "Leave the room—leave the room, or I will call my police!"

"Where is Sanchez?"

"I don't know," and the fist ceased to beat as he looked up sharply. "Do you?"

The Captain turned rigidly. "Peaches, show the gentleman where Sanchez is."

(Continued on next page)

MADE ON AMERICAN LASTS
from Italy

FOR MEN WHO KNOW STYLE

Smart wrap-around SEMI-BOOT with big buckle closing. Glove soft leathers for feather-light and flexible barefoot comfort. Black, sizes 5 to 13; Brown, 5½ to 12, both medium width. $14.95 postpaid, or $2.00 deposit on C.O.D. — you pay postage. Other styles imported from Italy and Spain from $9.95 to $19.95, A to EEE.

#2023 **$14.95**

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG TODAY!

Eleganza IMPORTS

1504 Monument St., Brockton, Mass.

Play Right Away!

Piano, Guitar, ANY Instrument

PLAY *real tunes* on ANY instrument right from the start — even if you don't know a single note now! Amazing course lets you teach yourself at home, in spare time. No boring exercises. You play real notes. Make rapid progress. Easy as A-B-C. Low cost. Over 1,250,000 students.

FREE BOOK describes this famous course. See how easy learning music can be. Write TODAY: **U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC**, Studio 17511, Port Washington, L.I., N.Y. *(Est. 1898)* Licensed by N.Y. State Educa. Dept. Tear out as reminder.

UNDISCOVERED WEALTH!

FUN & PROFIT finding buried treasure, mineral deposits, metal with transistor Explorer M-SCOPE. Known worldwide since 1932 for supersensitivity and dependability. Guaranteed. Easy terms.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG AND USER RESULTS

Fisher RESEARCH LAB., INC.

Dept. 4F, Palo Alto, Calif.

Send for Your New FREE WESTERN CATALOG!

- 84-page fully illustrated catalog with many styles in full natural color!
- Widest selection of all types of Western clothing and saddlery. Lowest prices.
- Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!

JACK WOLFE RANCHWEAR

Dept. FL, 62 East Second South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

Send for your free copy of "Western Americana"

Latest catalog of much-wanted out-of-print books at reasonable prices. Also: send your lists of books wanted. Free search service!

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS

Box 3003-TW, Beverly Hills, Calif.

TEXAS CATTLE BRAND

From Austin, Texas, the Capitol of the Lone Star State—The Western Cattle Brands Registry will register a cattle brand in your name.

Be the first in your group to have your own brand registered in Texas.

All you do is send us a sketch and description of your brand, and state if you plan to use it on cows or horses or both and whether it is to be placed on the right or left side of the animal. We will search the courthouse records and if your brand has not been registered, we will register it in your name and send you the official registration certificate properly signed and sealed. The certificate is suitable for framing. Our charge for registration is ten dollars per brand. If you wish us to design you a brand, send us your ideas and initials and we will have a design made and submit it to you for approval before registration. This design fee is fifteen dollars and is in addition to the registration fee of ten dollars. Use your brand on your personal possessions as your mark of ownership, as a monogram on your shirt pocket and handkerchief, on your letterhead, on your tools and guns, as your heraldic Symbol and Coat of Arms. **Send Check or M.O. (no C.O.D.) to:** WESTERN CATTLE BRANDS REGISTRY, Dept. F, Box 4681, Austin, Texas 78751.

- Double Glass Bottom
- With or Without Dice
- Beautiful Aluminum
- Satisfaction Guaranteed

"OLD WESTERN—TAVERN TANKARD"

Now you can have fun like in the old western days! Dice are sandwiched between its double glass bottom. Give em' a shake . . . See who treats! In the olden days, those tankards were designed so men could keep their eye on strangers as they drank their beer and ale! A charming decor anywhere in the house, boat, cabin and etc. 5¼" tall, 4½" base. Holds 20 ounces. Order by mail with confidence. Add 50c postage. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

Dice Tankard $7.95
Same w/out dice $5.95
12-oz. size w/out dice ..$4.95

CARTER'S GIFTS
313 North Lacy
Dr., Dept. TW-10
Waco, Texas

TANNING

Will Tan Anything from a Mouse to a Moose.

Hair on or garment leather.
Taxidermy.

MANUFACTURERS

Rugs, robes, leather jackets, gloves.

IN STOCK

Rugs, robes, tanned furs, pelts, skins, leathers, buckskin.

Write for PRICE LIST "E"

VALCAUDA FUR CO.

1517-12th Ave. Seattle, Wash.

FREE Western Wear CATALOGUE

"Western Hat Center of the World"

Boots—Coats—Riding Accessories

LUSKEY'S WESTERN STORE

DEPT. T 113 HOUSTON ST.
FORT WORTH 2. TEXAS

NOW FIND TREASURE! With the original super-sensitive "COIN-FINDER" Locators. Quality transistor models make amazing finds of coins, battle relics, gold and silver. Complete and ready to use as illustrated with 6 inch search head for single coins. Larger heads and loudspeaker models available. *Write for FREE catalog.* ART HOWE & COMPANY, DEPT. T, 811 Kansas Ave., Atchison, Kansas.

PLAGIARISM

The copyright laws of the United States (condensed) are free to you upon your request. A "must" for authors and writers, playwrights, publishers, lecturers, songwriters, etc. Published in the interests of an informed America by this agency. No obligation! Write today! Entirely free! **Literary Agent Mead**, Dept. WPG, 915 **Broadway, N.Y. 10, N.Y.**

Watch for the

January FRONTIER TIMES

. . . on sale November 20

WITH a suggestion of that interest which a mender of cane-bottomed chairs might display in business, Peaches pawed in his grain-sack—peered into its dark folds—until suddenly, having assured himself, he straightened up, holding in his right hand, by its long locks, a dead head depending therefrom. Taking it gingerly, the Captain set it on the table directly before Mr. Marshall East, and arranged it squarely. With dropping jaw, the agent pushed himself back in his chair before the horrible sight.

"Yes—I know where Sanchez is. He is looking at you. Were you an accessory before the fact of his intentions? Does he seem to reproach you?" spoke the Captain.

"God!" burst from the lips of the man as he eyeballed his attendant.

"Oh—well—you recognize him, then. Here also is one of your passes. It calls for Chief Natchez, a one-eyed man, who 'specifically murdered sheepherders with an object.' Peaches, produce Natchez!"

Again fumbling, the keeper of the bag got the desired head by the hair and handed it over. It was more recent, and not so well preserved. The eyes were more human, and his grin not so sweet. This, too, was arranged to gaze on the author of passes.

"You see he has one eye—he answers the pass. I suppose his 'specific object' was sheep."

The agent breathed heavily—not from moral shock, but at the startling exhibit. His chickens had come home to roost. His imagination had never taken him so far afield. The smooth amenities of the business world could not assert themselves before such unusual things. The perspiration rolled down his forehead. He held on to the table with both hands.

Again producing a dirty paper, the Captain read, "Pass Guacalotes: (with some description). Signed, "Marshall East, Agt., etc." Peaches dug up the deceased from the sack, handing it solemnly to the Nan-tan.

"Now, you murderer, you see your work. I wish you could see the faces of the dead sheepherders too," and with hot impulse he rolled the head across the table. It fell into the agent's lap, and then to the floor. With a loud exclamation of "Oh - o - o!" the affrighted man bolted for the door.

Turning with the quickness of a fish, the soldier said, "Peaches, numero tres," and the third head came out of the bag like a shot.

"Murderer! Stop! Here is another 'specific object!' " but the agent was rapidly making for the door. With a savage turn the Captain hurled the dead head after him. It struck him on the back of the neck, and fell to the floor.

With a cry of fear, which cannot be interpreted on paper, the agent got through the door, followed by a chorus of "Murderer!" It was a violent scene—such as belonged to remote times, seemingly. No one knows what became of the agent. What I wonder at is why highly cultivated people in America seem to side with savages as against their own soldiers.—February, 1901, *Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

Terror of Trinity County

(Continued from page 25)

their arrest on ridiculous charges, and badgered the police because they failed to accede to her demands.

Belle's brother-in-law, Henry, had married in the meantime and purchased a beautiful home in San Francisco.

Courtesy author

Belle, as she appeared during the time of the trial.

Belle's crafty mind saw new opportunities. She moved across the bay to San Francisco and became a member of the best social circles. Here her conduct was above reproach. She entertained lavishly. Her guest list frequently included Henry and his bride as well as the Princess de Chimay and her gypsy violinist husband. (The Princess was heiress to the Ward millions.) Another frequent visitor was the superintendent of the Brown Bear Mine, which was the major source of John's and Henry's fortunes.

Then tragedy struck. On February 27, 1893, Henry suddenly died. His death was a shock, since he had apparently been in excellent health. Shortly after his death, the superintendent of the mine also passed away from an undiagnosed illness. When Henry's estate was probated, Belle produced a will dated February 23, 1893, only four days before Henry's death, which bequeathed one-third of his estate to Baby John.

The will was contested and in July, 1894, one of the most famous court battles in San Francisco records began. During the trial, which lasted almost three months, Belle's attorneys first offered the theory that Henry had made the bequest to repay the many favors he had received from John and Belle and to express the love he felt for the golden-haired baby. The opposing attorneys quickly exploded this assumption, proving that Henry had little regard for either Belle or the baby.

Belle's attorneys, under her coaching, then proposed a startling idea. They set about to prove that a secret love existed between Henry and Belle and that Baby John was in fact the result of that love. During the trial Belle's displays of temper added to the sensationalism, and the case was widely covered by newspapers throughout the nation. The evidence conclusively established that Baby John was not the son of Belle Martin, which lost the case for Belle but did not establish his actual parentage.

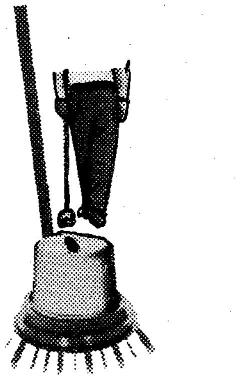
After the trial Belle returned to Trinity County, where she took up a mining claim near Weaverville. In a town already unfriendly to her, she set about revenging herself against all who had testified against her or those whom she believed to be her enemies. Mining ditches were blown up; "giants" used in placer mining were dynamited; neighbors who complained about her actions found their houses and barns burned. Although everyone felt that Belle was the culprit, no one was able to produce evidence to bring legal charges against her. Anyone approaching her cabin found himself the target for well-placed rifle bullets.

She had retained her mansion in the city, and divided her time between the two residences. While residing in San Francisco, Baby John appeared with long curls, Lord Fauntleroy suits, and a girlish appearance. In Trinity County, he acquired an extensive knowledge of explosives and assisted Belle in driving tunnels on her mining claim. He accompanied Belle on her trips to Weaverville for supplies but was kept under strict control, not being allowed to associate with other children or to talk to anyone unless Belle was present. Belle, too, acquired a dual personality. In the city she dressed and acted the part of the society queen, but Trinity County knew her as a rough-talking, mannish-appearing person, dressed in men's clothes with a revolver strapped to her hip, and usually carrying a rifle or shotgun.

IN 1907 Belle decided to seek revenge against Judge Ogden, the presiding official who had decided against her in her earlier suit against the insurance company. Returning to Oakland, she carefully conceived a plot designed to provide a fool-proof alibi. She prepared dynamite and attached a long fuse to the charge. She then invited an acquaintance from Weaverville for supper and insisted on his spending the evening to discuss business affairs. Baby John was instructed in front of the guest to do the dishes and then join them in the living room. While supposedly engaged in doing kitchen chores, he slipped out the door, rode his bike to Ogden's home, and placed the dynamite charge against the rear of the structure. The ensuing blast did extensive damage to the building but failed to injure the judge or his family. It was later determined that Belle had instructed Baby John to place the charge at the front of the home, which would have cost the lives of the entire family, but the presence of a police patrolman in the area had forced him to change the plan. After the blast, Belle visited the judge, ostensibly to offer her sympathy. He had no idea who could have wanted to kill him, and no suspicion was attached to Belle.

Again Belle's mind turned to money, with Baby John as the focal point. She traveled to New York, where the former husband of the Princess de Chimay was playing his violin at various establishments. She contacted him and his new wife and another fantastic plot unfolded. Her claim was that the present wife was actually his former wife, the Princess de Chimay, posing as another woman to escape the wrath of her wealthy family. Baby John was introduced not as Belle's son, but as the legitimate heir of the Princess. Belle asserted that the Princess, in a fit of pique, had disowned her son at birth and had presented the father with a female child whom she had obtained from a foundling home. Belle further stated that she had obtained the disowned son and raised him, and was now endeavoring to secure his birthright for him. This, after the famous trial wherein she had sought to establish that Baby John was the son of herself and Henry Martin! Naturally, her efforts were doomed, but again she made national headlines.

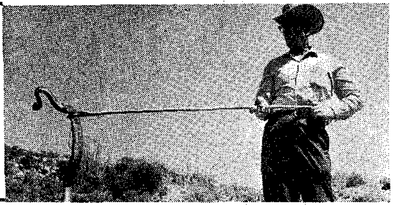
Once more Belle returned to Trinity County. Her return this time, according to an eyewitness, was spectacular. She hired a buggy and a "jenny" to pull it, dressed in western attire of fringed buck-



TREASURE FINDERS
Supersensitive new transistor models detect buried gold, silver, coins, ancient firearms. Explore beaches, ghost towns, parks. Locate Indian burial grounds, loot hidden in walls of shacks. Works through mud, water, concrete, rocks, wood. Fascinating, profitable year-round adventure. Important new features not found in other models. $19.95 up. FREE CATALOG.
RELCO
Dept. FT , BOX 10563, HOUSTON, TEXAS 77018

MILLIONS MADE OVERNIGHT!
Be a part of the exciting explorations and prospecting now going on in the still primitive Canyonlands area surrounding Moab, Utah.
All of the excitement and thrills of prospecting for pleasure and profit. Uranium, Gold, Copper, Manganese, Opalized wood, Dinosaur bone, Semi-precious gem stones and hundreds of other valuable and attractive finds are yours when you prospect the fabulous Moab Area.
Join the Rockingchair Prospectors Club. Receive valuable monthly bulletins outlining the latest information on mining and prospecting in the U.S., Canada and Mexico. Along with the bulletin, you'll receive a valuable mineral specimen each month that will help you to identify your finds.
Discounts on camping and prospecting equipment purchased through the club. Discounts too on accommodations in the exciting Moab area. Free analysis on any of your finds.
Send just $2.00 for the first month's dues and receive pamphlets, the bulletin, this month's mineral specimen and complete details by return mail. Or, send $10.00 for a full year's membership. Your money promptly refunded if not entirely satisfied.
Box 1367 ROCKINGCHAIR PROSPECTORS CLUB Moab, Utah

"Rattlesnake Hunting"
The thrilling illustrated story of the world's largest rattlesnake hunt photographed in western Oklahoma, home of the Diamondback. Book contains the hunt, 7 tons of rattlers, the rare Albino rattler, experiences, humor and educational material for students, sportsmen. All in fascinating action photos. Postpaid $2.00 from:
JOSEPH MICKEY
Box M Ottawa, Kansas (66067)



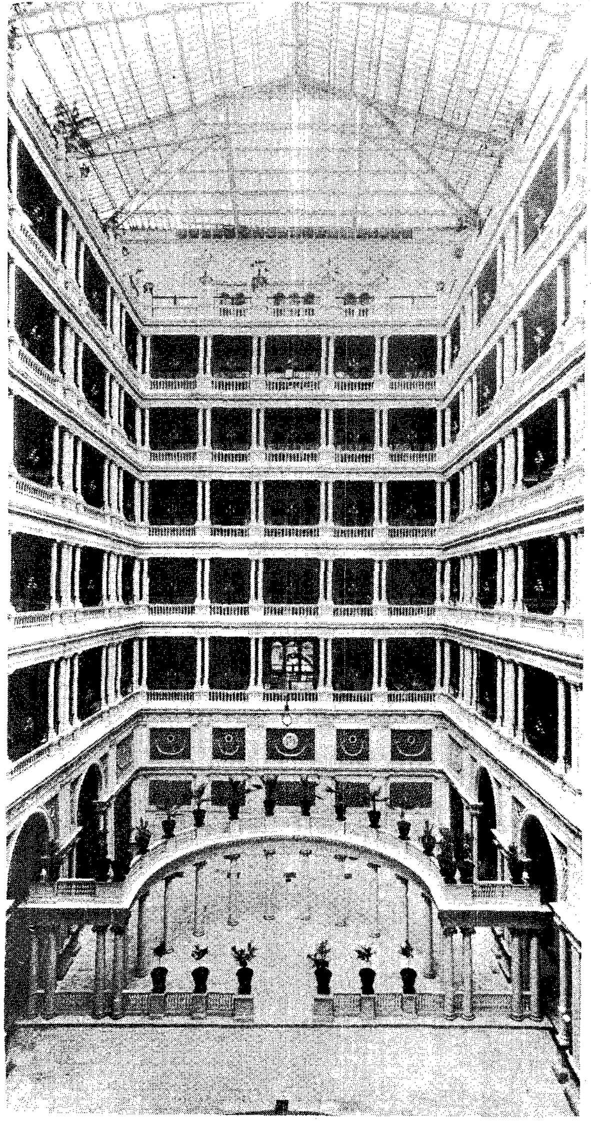
YELLOW ROSE of Texas!
TV tablelamp or ideal nite-lite. Shadow-top black frame stands 7 inches high. Handpainted bright, yellow rose. SPECIAL this month ONLY—$4.95. Shipping charges 75c. FREE details for custom work from your negatives or pictures.
CONAWAYS • Dept. FT-11 • Box 10261 • San Antonio, Texas 78210

COIN COLLECTORS
Starter Sets
INDIAN HEAD PENNIES—SETS
10—Different Good and Better. . $ 2.95
20—Different Good and Better. . 6.75
25—Different Good and Better. . 11.75
SPECIAL
1960-D Small Date, Lincoln Pennies, Extra Fine
4 Coins For $1.35
COMPTON'S
"The Working Man's Friend"
P.O. Box 147 New Iberia, La.

SELL BOOK MATCHES
MAKE EXTRA MONEY
FULL OR PART TIME
Write us today; we put you in business handling complete line of Ad Book Matches in demand by every business right in your home town. No experience needed, No investment, everything furnished FREE! Top commissions daily, even in your Spare Hours.
SUPERIOR MATCH CO.
Dept. GX I 164, 7528 S. Greenwood, Chicago 19, Ill.
WE'LL PUT YOU IN THE MATCH BUSINESS BY RETURN MAIL

RUPTURE RELIEF!
GUARANTEED!
TRY THIS TRUSS FOR 30 DAYS FREE!
OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL!
Lasting, comfortable relief for your reducible inguinal rupture. Prove it. Give WEB a trial. If not completely satisfied return it within 30 days for full refund of purchase price. Write for free booklet.
WEB TRUSS CO. Dept. FT-11 Hagerstown, Md.

GHOST TOWNS AND GOLD
LEARN ABOUT THE COLORFUL GHOST TOWNS OF THE WEST. DIRECTORY CONTAINS INFORMATION ON OVER 340 GHOST TOWNS FEATURING PICTURES, MAPS, PLUS INSTRUCTIONS ON PANNING GOLD. PRICE: $1.00. WRITE TO:
PIERCE PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEPARTMENT B
BOX 2312
CHEYENNE, WYOMING



California Historical Society

Interior of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, California, 1890.

skin, and entered the town accompanied by a giant mastiff. Baby John adorned his Lord Fauntleroy suit with a pair of loaded revolvers. Arriving at Weaverville, she engaged a room at the New York Hotel and attempted to take the huge dog to her room. Upon being informed by Mrs. Morris, wife of the hotel owner, that animals were not allowed, she became abusive and had to be removed from the premises by force.

A few days later, a barn belonging to Mr. Morris was burned. Suspicion immediately fastened upon Belle and Baby John, as she had made threats against Mrs. Morris during the hotel quarrel. Mrs. Morris had also been a witness against Belle in the case of the contested will, and Belle had openly vowed to revenge herself against all opposing witnesses in that case. Investigation disclosed tracks near the barn which led to the Martin cabin. These tracks matched those made by Baby John's boots. He immediately was taken into custody and removed to Weaverville. In accordance with instructions given by Belle at the time of his arrest, he refused to talk to police officers.

Several days after his apprehension, Belle purchased a ticket to San Francisco and left Weaverville on the stage. When she arrived in Redding, some fifty miles from Weaverville, she was arrested on a charge of arson and returned. Her luggage was searched and found to contain large amounts of poison of various types. Officers immediately searched her cabin and returned with a buggy load of poison. Belle was detained in the Weaverville jail, where she continually abused her guards, reviled the police force, and swore to get even with her oppressors.

Baby John, being only sixteen, was removed from the jail and held in custody in another official building away from his foster mother's influence. His custodian spent many long hours striving to win the confidence of this strange and reticent boy. After several days his patience began to pay off; Baby John began confiding in him, telling of his fear of his mother and intimating that he had been involved in many crimes which she planned.

On February 15, 1908, thirty-five days after the Morris barn was burned, the boy made a full confession. He admitted not only burning the Morris barn at Belle's instigation, but the dynamiting of Judge Ogden's home, of which Belle had hitherto been unsuspected. The dam had burst; confession seemed to purge his soul. He enumerated a long list of crimes which included burning of cabins, dynamiting of ditches and equipment, and poisoning of springs; and went on to relate crimes which Belle had planned but had not yet put into execution. Here the full horror of her warped mind was disclosed. Those plans included first poisoning of all watering places for horses used by the local stage line, then poisoning the reservoir which supplied water to all the residents of Weaverville. To conceal this last crime she planned to set fire to a building which would carry sparks on the wind and ignite the whole town.

BABY JOHN'S confession was an overnight sensation. Threats were made by the townspeople to take justice into their own hands. Lynching was widely discussed. Baby John was spared from their wrath as he claimed that he was forced into being an accomplice by his foster mother. His obvious fear of Belle, scars on his body, and the fact that the local citizens were well aware of how he had been reared gave credence to his story. He told a bizarre tale of vicious beatings with whips and hoses; of being struck with stones and instruments such as hammers; and of Belle's threat to kill him, put his body in a mine tunnel, and dynamite the tunnel so she could claim his death to be an accident.

His physical condition alone bore testimony to his claim. A thin solemn lad, he thrived on prison fare, put on weight, and acquired a ruddy glow which previously had been lacking. His one fear after confession was that of facing Belle. At last he was persuaded that he must face her in court. He entered the room with his head averted, shielding his face with his hand so he could not see her. She insistently demanded that he look at her, which he refused to do. During the preliminary hearing he repeated all that he had previously confessed, in spite of her frequent interruptions and protestations. These interruptions ran the gamut from honeyed coaxing to admit he was lying, to insisting that he was insane, and finally to shouts that he was a willing accomplice.

In spite of the protests of Weaverville residents, it was decided to try Belle in Oakland for the dynamiting of Judge Ogden's home, as the sentence for that crime would be more severe than for any crime she had committed in Weaverville. On March 14, 1908, the Weaverville newspaper headlined "Belle Removed to Oakland—No One Has Any Regrets!" In the meantime a petition had been filed to appoint a guardian for Baby John, who was detained in Weaverville as a ward of the court.

Belle arrived in Oakland disconsolate over the death of her mastiff, which had died en route to the city. In the jail cell which she shared with three colored women she solaced herself with incessant smoking of huge black cigars. She immediately set about to convince Oakland officials that she had been abused and maligned by Trinity County officials, and that her cellmates were physically abusing her. On first one pretext and then another her legal counsel delayed a hearing until May 2, 1908. The Weaverville paper announced that "It would take a weather prophet, a mining expert, and a Philadelphia lawyer to tell when Mrs. Isabelle Martin will be tried for dynamiting Judge Ogden's house."

On May 9 of that year Baby John was brought to Oakland and put on the stand to testify. His testimony was essentially the same as that given in Weaverville, and graphically portrayed the life of a child who was punished for being good and rewarded for evil; who was taught from infancy to steal anything of value and to lie, cheat, and destroy.

In the meantime, Belle's residences had undergone a thorough search and an alarming pile of evidence accumulated. Original drafts of manuscripts and letters in her handwriting bore out John's testimony regarding her crimes and revealed a long list of proposed victims whom she planned to destroy by poison or other means. One document was a master plan of Baby John's life. In it Belle proposed several ways of obtaining a fortune for him, then, when he reached his majority, claiming the major portion of it as a fee for raising him.

THROUGHOUT 1908, the trial of Isabelle Martin made headlines. She fought in court with her legal counsel until it became virtually impossible for her to secure the services of a lawyer. She interrupted the proceedings, insulted witnesses and judge alike, feigned illness and hysterics, and confused the court with irrelevant statements. She based her case on the theory that Baby John was insane, and tried to prove this by testimony from an alienist who had examined him previously. The alienist refused to make any statement regarding John's sanity, but after the trial did write the court stating that, in his opinion, *Belle* was hopelessly insane.

She played prisoners against each other, first courting their favor and then insisting that they were abusing her. To prove her claims, she went to the extreme of inflicting wounds upon her body and once appeared with a black eye, which promptly disappeared when treated with a damp cloth. She bribed witnesses, and tried to make a deal with the prosecuting officials, offering to plead guilty if she could serve a maximum of five years.

Prison officials soon learned to approach her only in teams, due to her habit of insisting that they molested her. She became vicious, once attacking a matron with a pair of scissors which she had acquired; at other times attacking other prisoners.

Throughout the trial Baby John proved to be an exceptional witness. He was subjected to extensive examination and cross-examination, but not once did he change his testimony. As the evidence against Belle mounted, his story was borne out in more detail.

On December 15, 1908, the case was presented to the jurors for consideration. The jury was out only fifteen minutes, and returned with a verdict of guilty. On December 22, Isabelle Martin was sentenced to spend the rest of her life in San Quentin Prison.

Legal counsel for the defense immediately requested a sanity hearing, claiming that Belle was of unsound mind. She promptly refuted this statement, yet on July 24, 1909, she appealed the decision of the court. Again there was a lengthy hearing, during which Belle feigned insanity. The decision of the court was upheld, and Belle spent several years in San Quentin. As time passed, she became more violent and was finally removed to a mental hospital. Here the restraints required to keep her subdued began taking their toll. She finally died in the institution, hopelessly insane and still vowing to "get her revenge."

Baby John was returned to Weaverville, enrolled in public school, and grew up to be a credit to the community. He subsequently married and raised a family. To the best of our knowledge, he is still living in a mid-western city, an average law-abiding citizen.

The Incorrigible Peg-Leg Smith

(Continued from page 33)

into a massacre.

By the late '40s Peg-leg had ceased stealing horses for a living, and '49ers moving westward over the Oregon Trail found him comfortably ensconced among the Shoshones in the Bear River Valley of northeastern Utah, where he, his Shoshoni wives, and numerous offspring lived in four cabins amid a profusion of Indian lodges twenty-five miles downriver from Smith's Fork (named, not after him, but after the better known Jedediah Smith). He was then fifty-two, barrel-shaped, friendly, hospitable, and lord of all he surveyed, supported in the style to which he had long yearned to become accustomed by the awed Indians who considered his wooden leg powerful medicine and whom he completely dominated.

However, he still ranged over the vast country west of the Mississippi, and when drunk was as wild as he had been back in the Taos days. Isaac Wistar, going west in April '49, ran into him in Independence, Missouri, along with Milton Sublette and other former mountain men, and witnessed an incident that added mightily to the growing legend of Peg-leg Smith. The latter, Mr. Wistar says in his autobiography, had been locked out of all the bars in Independence. "He therefore," according to Mr. Wistar, "blew off the lock of one of them with his rifle and entered upon four border-desperadoes, deep in the fascination of poker, who instantly opened fire. Peg-leg's gun being empty, he promptly jerked off his hickory leg and at one blow extinguished all the candles on the table and began feeling for the enemy. The general net result of the engagement was—two men killed by the wooden leg, another *hors de combat*, and the fourth shot with a captured weapon as he was making his way out. Having been variously wounded in the encounter, Peg-leg's blood was now up, and he was for remaining to fight the town, but his friends applied the '*similia similibus curantur*' and with the aid of more whiskey, managed to get him away among the Kaw Indians across the boundary, and no one in Independence hankered for the job of capturing this famous character on the open prairie."

IN THE '50s Peg-leg tired of soft family living among the Shoshones and headed for California where, according to the historian H. H. Bancroft, "he drank his rum in peace, and sunned himself on curbstones, and occasionally there would break from his lips one of those wild war cries to which he had so long been familiar, to the utter confounding of staid passers-by."

The old reprobate had one final item to add to his legend. Sometime in 1865 or 1866, when he was either sixty-eight or sixty-nine years old, Peg-leg found himself in Yuma, Arizona, and, with an unnamed companion, decided to walk to San Diego. Two or three days on the Old Spanish Trail across the sun-baked Mojave were enough for the companion, who turned back to Yuma. Peg-leg kept on alone and, finding himself lost one day, climbed to the top of a nearby peak to get the lay of the land. From this vantage point he saw two other peaks which, like the one on which he stood, had tips that reminded him of a maiden's breasts. (The place was later identified as being between Walker's Station and Warner's Pass, just north of Cottonwood Springs in southeastern California.)

As he descended the peak he came upon some soft rock that looked like gold except that it was black. He put as much of it as he could in his pockets and pressed doggedly on toward San Diego.

Half dead of starvation and exhaustion, he stumbled into the outskirts of town, where a policeman found him and

WEAVER SCOPES®

first choice of American Hunters

More hunters choose Weaver K Models than any other scope . . . for optical clarity, precision construction, and dependable performance. Try a K Model! See your target in clear, sharp detail . . . aim quickly and easily . . . shoot with improved accuracy. See the seven K Models, 1- to 10-power, priced from $34.50, at your dealer.

check these K Model features:

- ⊕ *Weaver-Patented Fixed-Reticle* with internal adjustments, crosshairs always centered*
- ⊕ *Large, hardcoated lenses for a bright, magnified target*
- ⊕ *Compression O-ring sealed, nitrogen filled for all weather reliability*
- ⊕ *Accurate micrometer click adjustments for windage, elevation*
- ⊕ *Sturdy, lightweight steel-tube construction, fine finish, and permanent gun-blueing*

©1964 W. R. Weaver Company

*Except on Model K1

W. R. WEAVER CO. / DEPT. 64 / EL PASO, TEXAS 79915

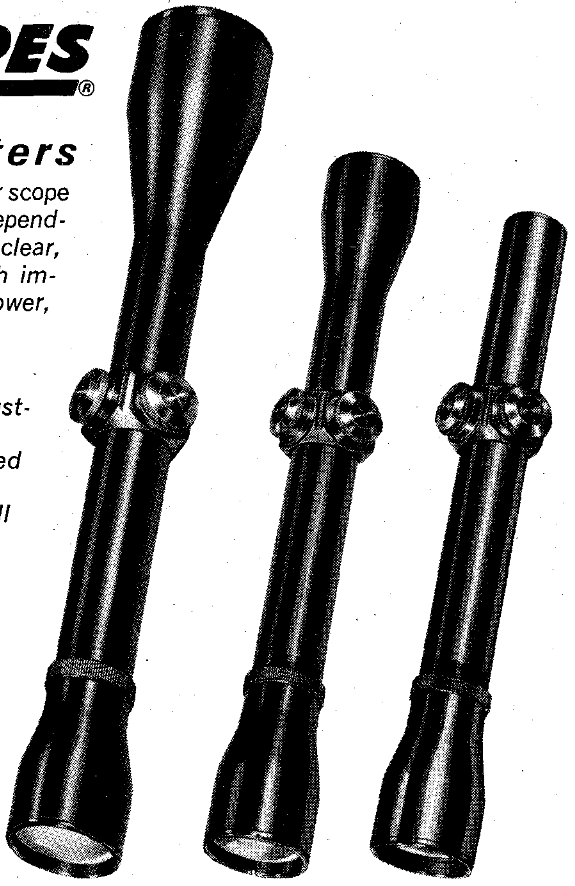
FREE! *send for 1964 full-color catalog*

Name____________________________________

Address__________________________________

City__________________State__________Zip________

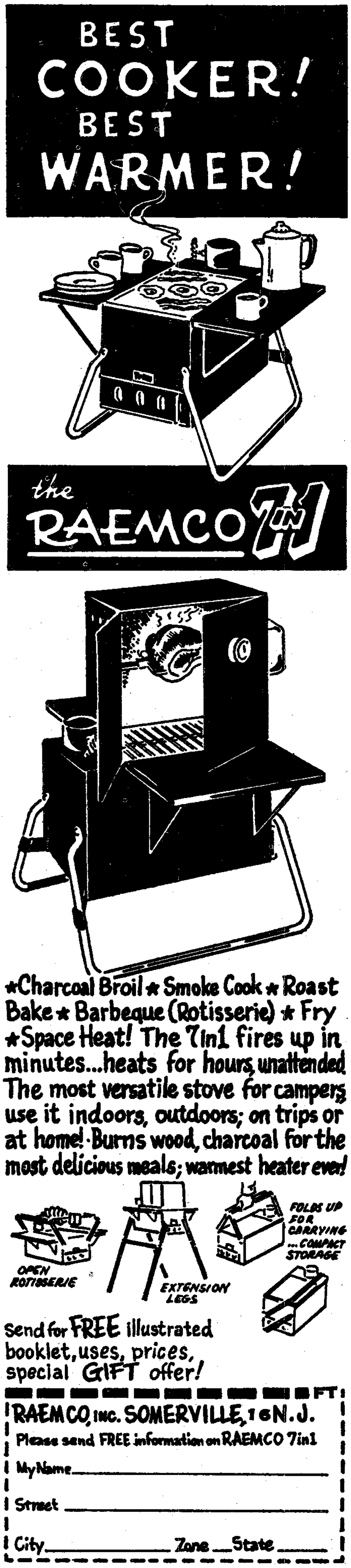
MADE BETTER BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN



K6 6-Power

K4 4-Power

K2.5 or K3 2½- or 3-Power



BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!

the RAEMCO 7 IN 1

★Charcoal Broil★ Smoke Cook★ Roast Bake★ Barbeque (Rotisserie) ★ Fry ★Space Heat! The 7in1 fires up in minutes...heats for hours unattended The most versatile stove for campers use it indoors, outdoors; on trips or at home! Burns wood, charcoal for the most delicious meals; warmest heater ever!

OPEN ROTISSERIE
EXTENSION LEGS
FOLDS UP FOR CARRYING ...COMPACT STORAGE

Send for FREE illustrated booklet, uses, prices, special GIFT offer!

FT

RAEMCO, INC. SOMERVILLE, 16 N.J.
Please send FREE information on RAEMCO 7in1
My Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________ Zone ___ State ______

had him taken to the county hospital. The nurse who undressed him took the soft black rocks out of his pocket and lined the window sill with them. The exhausted patient told her about the three peaks shaped like maidens' breasts where he had found the rocks, and then passed out.

The most popular version of this story has old Peg-leg dying of malnutrition and exhaustion a few days later, the hospital sending the rock to the San Francisco Mint for assaying, and receiving in return a check for $1,452 and the information that the ore was indeed gold discolored by volcanic activity. This is the story that launched a vast search for the "lost Peg-leg mine" that still continues today and has become a part of our national folklore.

The story may be largely true, for it is one of the few "lost mine" stories to be backed up by formal records, in this case those of the San Francisco Mint. However, in one aspect it is wrong. Peg-leg did not die in San Diego. He died sometime in October, 1866 in the San Francisco City Hospital. (See "The Story of An Old Trapper" in the San Francisco *Bulletin*, Oct. 26, 1866.) There is no record as to how he got out of the county hospital in San Diego and up to San Francisco, but he did, although his precious rocks apparently had already been sent to the Mint and a check returned to the San Diego hospital.

The life of Peg-leg Smith is a saga of a nation's youth—brawling, lusty, unstoppable in its western drive, making mistakes, turning obstacles into advantages, and dreaming always of El Dorado, the Seven Cities of Cibola, the Gran Quivira—the riches, the excitement, the wonder that were always *más allá*—a little farther on.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 37)

THE DEATH OF CHARLEY MAYES

By John Carson

"YOU'LL have yore hands full at Plum Crick, Charley. What with them Texas trail herds and the Olives up north, sheriffin' kin be a mighty shaky way to make a livin' in that part of the country." The speaker, a grizzled oldster with a star pinned on his striped vest, paused.

"Pshaw, Sheriff, I don't reckon the cowboys will give me any trouble and, as for Print Olive and his ranahans, Plum Creek ain't Olive Town, yet." The younger man spoke with an air of confidence, and there is no reason to believe he was not confident.

Charles Mayes was nobody's second fiddler when it came to fists and firearms. Born in 1840, he had seen something of the Civil War on the Union side, and it is believed that he served for a time with the Army on the frontier, fighting Indians and protecting settlements. He was rough and tough as were most frontiersmen, but withal, a man of law and a man of honor.

Obtaining his discharge from the Army, Mayes drifted for a few years—now in the Black Hills, again in Dodge or Wichita or Kit Carson. Some say he came to Nebraska with a trail herd from the Nueces country, drawing his pay at Ogallala. His past was obscure, and his star flared for but one brief moment in the history of the West.

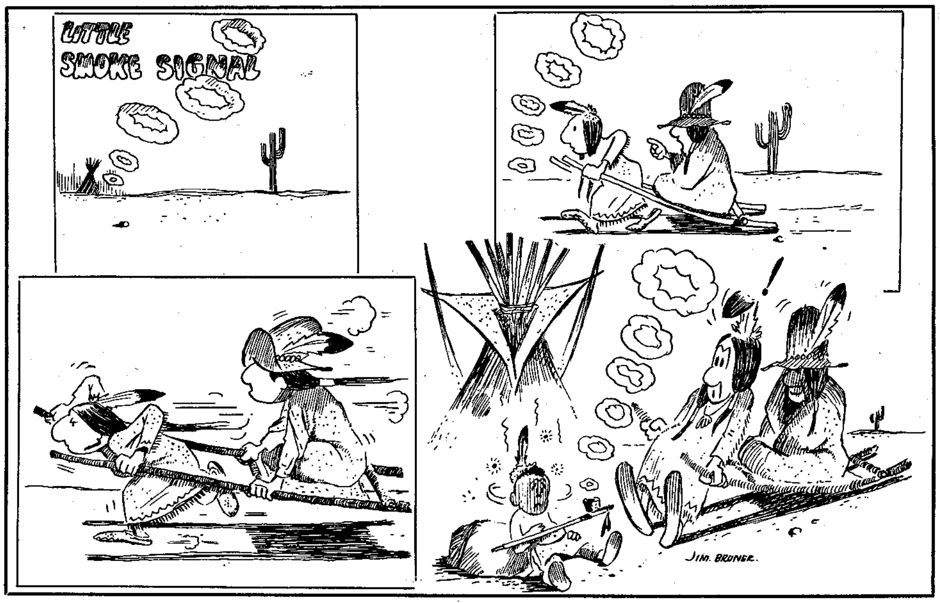
He was a popular man in Plum Creek (now Lexington), Nebraska, and was a personal friend of Judge McNamar, a Plum Creek lawyer, who a few years later would help to convict the Olives, the man-burners.

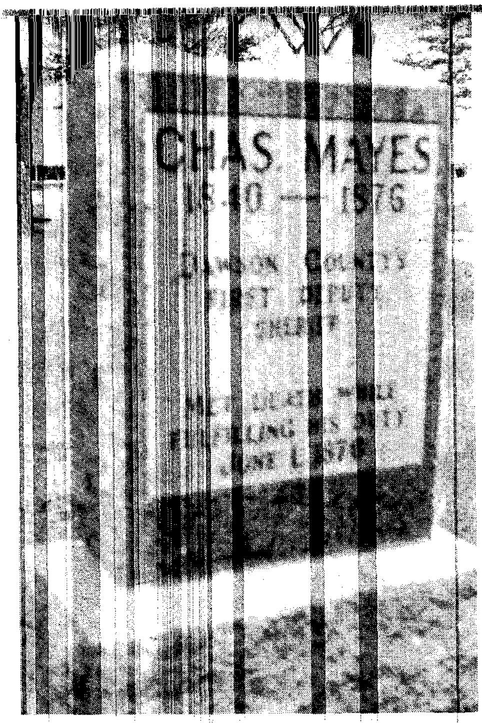
The highly respected Captain Stuckey, the Freeman's, J. H. McColl and other early residents also thought highly of the young man, and all were anxious that he succeed.

With thousands of Texas cattle just twenty miles to the north, with roving bands of Sioux and Southern Cheyennes still terrorizing the countryside, with small ranchers rustling beef from the cattle barons to the north and the barons giving them short shrift on the end of a rope, it was an unhealthy country to try to keep lawful!

FOUR or five miles from Plum Creek, on Danielson Island, Julius Trackett and Tom Hallowell were disputing a homestead claim. Hallowell had a bad reputation, was a disagreeable sort, and was known to carry a six-gun. Trackett, on the other hand, was a dirt farmer, pure and simple, a peaceable man who feared his neighbor. He took the dispute to court and after a hearing, the court issued an ejectment writ to be served on Hallowell who had possession of the land.

Deputy Sheriff Charley Mayes was given the writ to serve, and because





The grave of Charley Mayes photographed by the author.

Hallowell was known to be a mite touchy, he was accompanied by R. C. Freeman and Charles Wien. Freeman was an early-day settler in Dawson County, having made friends with the Pawnee and Sioux before the Government did. The three men rode to the Island, and Mayes proceeded to the soddy himself, not wanting his companions to be needlessly exposed.

He knocked on the door, and Hallowell, alone on the inside, asked him his business. Mayes explained that he was a deputy sheriff and had a writ to serve on him, whereupon Hallowell slid the bolt home, locking the door. The officer tried to explain the legal procedure to be followed, but Hallowell couldn't or wouldn't understand. Finally Mayes told the man inside the cabin that he was there to serve a paper, and was going to come in. Freeman and Wien approached the cabin as Mayes threw his weight against the door.

The door crashed open, tearing loose chunks of sod, and Mayes was catapulted into the dingy room, off balance. Hallowell, at the far side of the small room, held a revolver in his hand. Before the surprised deputy could draw his pistol, Hallowell fired, killing Mayes instantly. His second shot wounded Wien, but Freeman by that time was able to grab Hallowell, pinning his arms to his side. He was quickly disarmed, and Freeman and Wien took command, although Hallowell fought fiercely to get away.

The killer was taken into Plum Creek where the news of the murder quickly spread throughout the town. Hallowell was jailed in the courthouse and promptly charged with murder.

That night, however, a lynch mob entered the jail, overpowered the guard, and took Hallowell from his cell. At the back of the building an iron stairway led to the second floor. The following morning, those residents of Plum Creek who had not seen it the night before, were treated to the sight of Charley Mayes' killer, swinging gently in the morning breeze, suspended by a rope from the iron stairway.

Charles Mayes, Dawson County's first deputy sheriff "met death while fulfilling his duty."

All New — 1964 Model:

The TREASURE *Locators*

—With the astounding performance—

The BEST Treasure locators available to the serious treasure hunter at ANY PRICE. Several good finds have been reported to us in the last year by hard working treasure hunters using—

BILL MAHAN'S OWN PERSONAL DETECTORS
the
D-TEX METAL-MINERAL DETECTORS
—now better than ever!

Will you be next to "STRIKE IT RICH"?

for descriptive literature write today:

D-TEX ELECTRONICS • P.O. BOX 246 • GARLAND, TEXAS

TREASURE MAP of PADRE ISLAND by BILL MAHAN—Authentic Treasure areas on PADRE ISLAND according to history, legend and actual finds. First time ever disclosed. Be one of the first to find SPANISH TREASURES on PADRE ISLAND. Send $2.00 to:

ORDER ONE, OR BOTH FOR $5

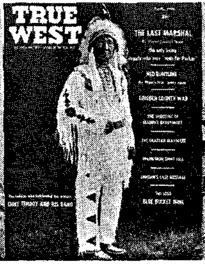
Early Spanish TREASURE Signs & Symbols by Wm. Mahan—Only complete book with Indian and Spanish signs, symbols, measurements, alphabet, values and their meanings. Plus two maps. For autographed 1st edition send $3.50 M.O. to:

LITTLE TREASURES PUB. CO., P.O. Box 726, Garland, Texas 75041

SPECIAL GIFT OFFER!

No. 31TW

No. 46TW



No. 50TW

No. 51TW

No. 2FT

Frontier Times
Cord of Death
No. 17FT

Frontier Times
ARICKAREE!
No. 19FT

NINE YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS – 1870-79
No. 22FT

Here's an easy, inexpensive Gift Package for you. It's a present that is appreciated far beyond its actual dollars-and-cents value. A bundle of magazines with hours and hours of fascinating reading with the timelessness of the Old West for ANYONE WHO LIKES THE WEST—your dad, brother, grandpa, old friend, that guide who was so helpful—by gosh, durned nigh anybody! And you can do it all for a measly buck—or two bucks if you want both magazines sent.

Shown here are our most plentiful issues. We'll send a package of 4 to any address for $1.00! Or, we'll send all 8 for $2.00! Name yer pizen!

This gift offer supersedes all previous offers.

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

Box 5008-GO **Austin, Texas 78703**

RIDING BOOTS

- Quality Goodyear Welt Construction
- Fine Leather Upper Stock
- Leather Lined Foot and Leg
- Leather Soles and Heels
- Custom Made Grade

$29.50

Important: State Calf Size Wanted

4100—Men's Black
4101—Men's Brown
Sizes: Men's 6-12, incl. half sizes, D width only (Size 13 available in style 4100—$3.00 extra)

4102—Ladies' Black
4103—Ladies' Brown
Sizes: Ladies' 4-9, C width, incl. half sizes, 4-9, A width, incl. half sizes

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Free Catalog

YSLETA BOOT COMPANY
Box 17971 El Paso, Texas

SENSATIONALLY NEW! CERAMIC HAT

COLLECTOR'S ITEM—PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON'S personalized ceramic hat ash tray, 3" x 7" in size. This replica of President Johnson's hat, manufactured with the President's approval is complete with his signature in 22-karat gold and the President's seal. Be the first to own one of these hats—order yours today, only $2.95 (check or money order) prepaid.

COOPER CENTER GIFT SHOP
203 North Lacy Drive Waco, Texas

EXPLORE UNDERGROUND

FIND TREASURE
GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • METALS
WITH POWERFUL
METROTECH Locators
Low Cost • High Performance
Money-back Guarantee
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO DEPT. 2A
UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS • Box 793 • Menlo Park, California

A HOBBY THAT PAYS

$100,000 REWARD FOR $1.00!!

Start your collection of AUTHENTIC old-time poster reproductions with this ACTUAL 2-COLOR COPY of the poster that offered $100,000 in rewards for PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MURDERER! 22 inches long. $1.00 postpaid. Fully illustrated literature about many others included free.

POSTER SHACK
P.O. BOX 613, TUSTIN 16, CALIFORNIA

STOP TOBACCO

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Redeemer. Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Business Since 1909

FREE BOOK

THE NEWELL COMPANY
Dept. 582 Chesterfield, Mo.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

FIGHTING ON THE OREGON TRAIL

In *The Battle of Platte Bridge* (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.95) Denver attorney J. W. Vaughn brings to light the little-known details of one of the decisive western U. S. military and Indian fights. As revenge for killing Indians in 1864 at Killdeer Mountain, North Dakota, and Sand Creek, Colorado, a confederation of Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho warriors attacked the poorly garrisoned U. S. outpost at Platte Bridge near present-day Casper, Wyoming.

Believing they could easily overpower the weakly defended bridgehead, Indians tried to knock out this key station on the Oregon Trail which controlled northwestern emigration. While U. S. losses were heavy, the nervy troops gave the Indians such a threshing the beaten warriors limped back to the safety of the Powder River and traffic was resumed on the Oregon Trail. One of the U. S. fatalities was Lieutenant Casper Collins, in whose honor the city of Casper, Wyoming, was named. The book comes with a good bibliography and has several clear pictures of Indians, soldiers and battlegrounds. There is one Remington illustration.

A WEE WAR!

The Last of the Indian Wars (The Crowell-Collier Press, $2.95) by Forbes Parkhill is the pro-Indian version of a half-hearted fracas between a U. S. marshal's posse and a band of old Polk's renegade Utes in San Juan County, Utah, in 1915. The posse attempted to arrest Polk's boy, Hatch, for allegedly killing a Mexican sheepherder for his money. Banner newspaper headlines alerted the nation to a possible attack by hundreds of Utes and 20,000 Navajos pledged to save Polk's son from the palefaces. Such a ridiculous claim was pure hokum as the reservation Utes hated Polk and the Navajos despised him.

Some Utes accused Hatch of killing the Mexican, but the latter denied it and refused to surrender. The paleface posse botched its job of capturing the Ute and cautiously kept out of range of Polk's guns after a futile attack on the Indians near Bluff, Utah. Finally, U. S. General Scott and an aide called the Indians from their rimrock hideout to parley. They surrendered and Hatch went to Denver where he was tried for murder and acquitted.

The young Ute returned to San Juan County, Utah, and joined Polk, Posey and other Utes in a peyote drunk where he was said to have told these Indians how he had taken the white-eyes for a pony ride in their courts. Sometime later, Mancos Jim, one of the Indian sub-chiefs, told this reviewer and his uncle that Hatch bragged about killing the Mexican and fooling the gringoes. This claim was not news in the Four Corners country where we natives had heard it many times before. While we disagree with Parkhill about the guilt or innocence of Hatch, we recommend this book because of its fine dramatic descriptions of the San Juan River country, the Indians, the cautious posse, and the clever tales about the jailing and trial of the young Indian.

TOTEM POLES

Monuments in Cedar (Superior, $12.50) by Edward L. Keithahn is the story of the Totem Poles of the Indians of Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska. If you are unfamiliar with this form of Indian art and symbolism, Mr. Keithahn is the right teacher. He is Curator of the Alaska Historical Library and Museum at Juneau and a keen student of the northwestern tribes and their beliefs and customs. However, you will not have to depend entirely on his words, for this book is profusely illustrated with fine photos. Eight of the photos are in brilliant color. There is a bibliography, but one suspects that the author leaned heavily on his many interviews with the "old ones" in preparing the informative text. Another top Superior performance in book making.

ARIZONA GHOST TOWNS

Nell Murbarger's *Ghosts of the Adobe Walls* (Westernlore, $7.50) has nothing to do with the spirits of the Indians killed at either of the well-publicized battles at Adobe Walls in the Texas Panhandle. This is a book about 400 Arizona ghost towns with over half-a-hundred fine photos by the roving reporter. Several of the recent ghost town books have left this reviewer cold but not this one. The author has laced it with frequent historical quotations from the newspapers of and books about pioneer times. The contemporary descriptions of the activities of the lively pasts of her ghosts plus her present-day words and pictures make this an entertaining history that covers just about every section of Arizona. There is a roster of the ghosts plus an index. Publisher Paul Bailey has done his part in providing a fine format.

Arizona Treasure Hunters Ghost Town Guide ($1.50), compiled by Theron Fox (1296 Yosemite Ave., San Jose, California), is a fine companion for Nell Murbarger's book. There is a glossary with over 1,200 Arizona place names and 1868 and 1881 maps of Arizona. There are a number of photos by Nell Murbarger, some of which appeared in *Ghosts of the Adobe Walls*. Fox offers some sound advice on safety in hunting treasure and in exploring ghost towns and a few "do's and don't's" for the explorers. Worth the money.

(Continued on next page)

ALASKA GOLD TRAILS OF 1898

By Willard Dobbin

We have promised you stories that could be had only at great price. Now we are giving you one that can't be had at *any* price. GOLD TRAILS has never been available to the public in its entirety before!

The first part was published by the *British Columbia Digest* and part of the last half was run as a serial-diary in the Excelsior, Minnesota, *Record,* a weekly, in the 1920s. This newspaper had a circulation of only about 400. Gold Trails has never been bound, published or read beyond that long-ago small printing.

As an accommodation to Mr. Dobbin (which was the payment given him for use of parts of his story), the weekly's press presented him with the unbound pages of the whole manuscript. Mr. Dobbin did not know how to market the book and, becoming discouraged, cached it away in a trunk where it remained for forty years. We are running the story in two parts because of its length and our reluctance to cut it, and we hope that readers of OLD WEST will accord it a permanent place on their bookshelves. The author was one of the few men who made his way safely through the "back door" route to the Alaska gold fields. This tenderfoot managed to survive and save his notes, but all of his photographs were lost when a boat overturned.

1st HALF FULL LENGTH BOOK

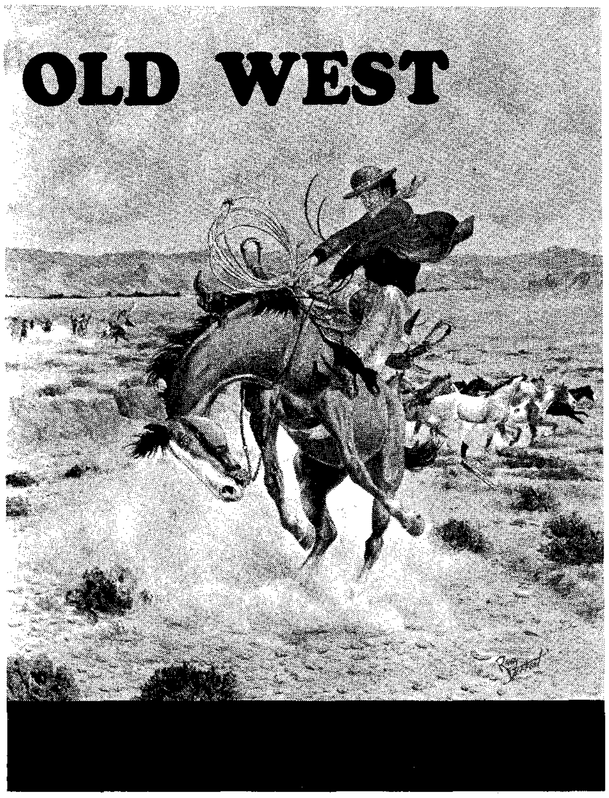
FEATURE STORY

THE OTHER WORLD OF THE SUPERSTITIONS

By Bernice McGee

Photography by Don Barnett

—relates the exciting adventures of a party of seven who were determined to explore the Superstition Mountains of Arizona and unravel some of its mystery. They ventured into Silver King, long noted as a place to avoid; they came upon the ninety-year-old home of Old Man Reavis—the Hermit of the Superstitions; they shared with others, who have wandered into the Dutchman's province, the dismaying discovery that markers they left along the trail in order to find their way back to civilization had been erased. THE OTHER WORLD OF THE SUPERSTITIONS is no tall tale—it's the type of expedition we'd all like to make, but perhaps lack the daring and courage. We guarantee that while you're reading this story, the very air you breathe will become sharper and clearer—and treasure hunter or not, you'll wish you were there!



PLUS—

the stories from Volume 1, Number 1 TRUE WEST—the 1st issue ever printed! In this issue of OLD WEST, and those following, we plan to run the stories from *only* those early issues which are now unavailable—the collector's items!

BE ONE OF THE CHARTER SUBSCRIBERS TO OLD WEST. JUST MAIL THIS COUPON

OLD WEST
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
Box 5008, Austin, Texas 78703
Publishers of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES

I enclose: $2.00 for 1 year (4 issues)________
SPECIAL! $3.50 for 2 years (8 issues)________

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

City______________________State__________Zip__________

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

TRUE WESTERN BOOKS

WYATT EARP, The Man & The Myth, 1879 to 1882
By Ed Bartholomew (Book II)

"The foremost living authority on western gunmen and law and order," has tracked the true Earp, in the hidden archives and documentary sources, from Kansas, through New Mexico and Arizona, to Colorado. His real life in Las Vegas and Tombstone, along with the lives of the men of the Earp gang, the Dodge City gang, is told in detail in this big new book. Clothbound; larger but priced at only $6.00

WYATT EARP, The Unfold Story, 1848 to 1880
By Ed Bartholomew (Book I)

The publisher wondered if the public would accept a book of cold record, pure reportese, with verbatim quotes from hundreds of old documents, letters, *court records; they did!* So if you like your Western history straight, as it happened, without the fiction, you will like this one. Hundreds of reviewers, librarians and readers did! Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Arkansas, Texas—and concerning Earp and his associates in the Kansas cowtowns of the 1870s. "Documeted beyond question"; "The myth is dead," is what reviewers said. Cloth. $6.00

SOME WESTERN TREASURE TRAILS
By Jesse E. Rascoe

A new book by America's Western treasure trove writer; more authentic accounts taken *from the ancient archives, from old newspapers* and other heretofore unknown sources. Stiff wrappers. $2.00

OLD MINES OF CALIFORNIA & NEVADA
By R. W. Raymond

These ancient accounts were originally published in 1869, giving details of the Almaden mines, the Mother Lode mines, mines of Nevada County and others in California a hundred years ago. Like accounts are given in more detail, describing locations, etc. of Nevada mines in the following counties: Ormsby, Washoe, Churchill, Lander, Nye, Lincoln, Esmeralda, Humboldt. Details, ores, output, veins, distances, operators, with drawings and sketches of stopes, tunnels, etc. Stiff wrappers, 128 pages, limited. $2.50

AMONG THE COMANCHES & APACHES
By Edwin Eastman

An autobiography, detailing his experiences as a captive nearly a hundred years ago, in New Mexico. Facsimile reprint of 1879 edition. 304 pages, cloth, well printed, limited to 1,000 copies. $4.50

SOME WESTERN GUNFIGHTERS
Compiled by Ed Bartholomew

From four old books: *Clay Allison* by Clark; *Cherokee Bill* by Harman; *Belle Starr* by Harman; *Robert McKimie, Alias Little Reddy* by Bridwell. 1870s, 1880s, 1890s in Oklahoma, New Mexico, Texas, Black Hills, and some early Ohio. 224 pages, cloth, and limited to 225 copies! $4.50

A TEXAS RANGER
By N. A. Jennings

A facsimile of the scarce 1899 edition; the life of this Texas Ranger as he rode with Capt. McNelly on the Texas-Mexican border in the 1870s, chasing Indians, outlaws, Mexican bandits, including details on the Sutton-Taylor feud, Wes Hardin, King Fisher and others. 321 pages, cloth. $4.00

BEN THOMPSON, The Famous Texan
By W. M. Walton

The biography of this early Texas and Kansas gunfighter and gambler, told by his attorney in 1884, reprinted in a fine large volume ten years ago. He details "Shotgun Ben's" violent life in Texas, and in Kansas cowtowns, telling of his run ins with "Wild Bill" Hickok and other gunmen. This fine 232 page cloth covered book, with ten rare photos, published in a limited edition is now reduced to close out. $3.50

All books postpaid by mail;
Texas residents include sales tax.

FRONTIER BOOK COMPANY
c/o Victor Hotel, 400 Ave. D
Cisco, Texas

TOPS IN WESTERN ILLUSTRATING

When an Old Bookaroo writes something other than a book review, it's news! One of the sharp western books to come out with the spring tulips is *High Spots in Western Illustrating* (The Westerners, 6708 Kenwood, Kansas City, Mo., 64131, $7.50) by Jeff C. Dykes. The Kansas City Posse invited Jeff to address its group last winter. The members liked his classic treatment of his subject so much they published a limited edition of 250 numbered and signed copies in hard covers.

Jeff's "high spots" are in books from a variety of literary fields—juvenile, fiction, poetry, biography, personal narratives, history, travel, government reports, albums and mug books. The volumes include those with above average to outstanding illustrations taken from originals that may have been an oil painting, a watercolor, a pen and ink drawing, a pencil sketch, a cartoon, or a photograph. Quality of text was not a major consideration in selecting the books but in most instances the writing is more than adequate.

Jeff has made the going easy for his readers by presenting the artist-illustrators and their books in three periods covering the last 125 years. Books illustrated with photos are considered in a separate chapter. There are two illustrations in the book, a photograph of Jeff and a photograph of artist Byron B. Wolfe, charter member of The Kansas City Posse, as the frontispiece.

Collectors and libraries had better nab their copies soon because this short supply will not last long.

NEW MEXICO ARTISTS

Taos and Santa Fe, The Artist Environment, 1882-1942 (University of New Mexico Press, $7.50) was written for the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art at Fort Worth by artist Van Deren Coke, Director of the Art Gallery and Associate Professor of Art at the University of New Mexico. The Amon Carter Museum policy of bringing out a book to commemorate each major exhibition is eminently worthwhile. Director Mitch Wilder wrote the foreword for this one. The exhibition of 109 works of Taos and Santa Fe art was later shown at La Jolla, California, and at Albuquerque. Mr. Coke provides much information about the artists and their art—the book is a gold mine of information about the New Mexico art centers. Over a hundred illustrations (eight in color) including 78 from the show are used in the book.

A LITTLE GEM!

The Angels Sing (Price Daniel, Jr., P. O. Drawer 2450, Waco, Texas, 100 copies in wraps at $3.00 and 75 numbered copies in cloth at $5.00) is a true love story by the late Lewis Nordyke. It is about a dancehall girl and a gambler at Old Tascosa in the Texas Panhandle—Frenchy and Mike. Mike died and Tascosa died too, but Frenchy refused to leave the ghost town—and her husband's grave. Nordyke tells of his visits with her in the last years. John McCarty's poem, *Angels Sing of Love Like This* from which the book gets its title, and four good drawings by Harold Bugbee enchance this expertly printed little gem from Pinkie Price's Clarendon Press. A collector's must.

DENVER LIBRARIAN

Books and People (The Old West Publishing Co., $8.50) by Malcolm Glenn Wyer is primarily the story of the development of the Denver Public Library. It is in no sense a history of the library but a series of entertaining anecdotes covering the events and incidents that make the Denver Public one of our most useful and unusual city libraries. The Western History Collection, one of the truly great libraries of Western Americana, was started in 1929. Dr. Wyer's attempts to secure the plates of William H. Jackson (unsuccessful) and of David F. Barry, The Little Shadow Catcher of the Sioux, (successful) for the Western History Collection make interesting reading. So does his chapter "Book Madness" on Thomas Jefferson Fitzpatrick of the University of Nebraska, one of the true bibliomaniacs of this century. Every book collector and librarian should own a copy of this book but alas, the supply is limited to 750 numbered and signed copies. It is attractively printed and has nineteen appropriate illustrations by Robert Cormack.

RANGE LIFE

Dakota Cowboy (University of Nebraska Press, $1.60) is a Bison Book reprint of Ike Blasingame's modern classic. Ike's informative and highly entertaining account of his years as a Matador cowboy was first issued in 1958. It met with immediate approval. For example, it was highly praised by the most erudite of all critics of range literature—J. Frank Dobie. Nothing better has been done on range life on the Northern Plains. It deserves a place on the range collector's shelf alongside Siringo's *A Texas Cowboy* (Chicago, 1885) and Andy Adams' *The Log of a Cowboy* (Boston & N. Y., 1903). The illustrations by John Mariani are adequate—while John is no Ross Santee, his drawings tell their stories. Ike's book should never be permitted to go out-of-print. Highly recommended.

The life of Samuel A. Maverick of Texas provides a stirring inspiration and courageous model of service and achievement to youth, and to grownups. Hence the youngsters, particularly those who enjoy pioneer adventure stories, will want to read *Samuel A. Maverick* (Naylor, $2.95) by Irwin Sexton, Director of Public Libraries for San Antonio and his wife, Kathryn.

An indulgent family and business man, Maverick helped Texas to freedom by fighting Indians and invading Mexicans. Captured by Mexicans, Sam spent several wearisome months in a Mexican prison before friends were able to secure his release.

Although not basically a rancher, an incident in his brief career as a cattleman caused Sam's name to become a synonym for unbranded cattle. This occurred after he took over four hundred head of cattle in payment of a debt. He placed the cattle on his Matagorda Island ranch under the care of an easygoing slave, Jack. Jack let the cattle stray and failed to keep the increase properly marked and branded. Two years later the cattle were sold and unbranded cattle brought into the roundup were called Maverick animals and were branded. In time, the term "a maverick" was universally given to unbranded cattle, and has become an accepted part of cow country jargon. Nicely illustrated with pen and ink drawings, the book comes with a bibliography but unfortunately there is no index.

Echoes of the Past, Volume II (Yavapai Cowbelles, Prescott, Arizona, $3.75) is new and honors Prescott's Centennial

Year. The Yavapai Cowbelles of Arizona did well with their Volume I of *Echoes of the Past,* tales of old Yavapai, now out of print. There are twenty-nine thrilling historical sketches about old Yavapai during the past one hundred years in Volume II. Written by twenty different authors who are either pioneers or descendants of pioneers, it provides vivid descriptions of chilling Indian fights and recalls the hardships encountered by farmers, cowmen, miners, freighters and others who founded the settlements and tamed the wilderness.

Organized in 1949, the Yavapai Cowbelles participate in many charitable and civic events and have established good public relations for their most important project—to promote the sale of beef. The Cowbelles asked some of the stove-up cowboys for writing help, including the famous Arizona author Roscoe G. Wilson and Danny Freeman, former sheriff of the Prescott Corral of Westerners. The book is amply illustrated with 71 rare photographs and sketches. There is an extremely good frontispiece of a modern cattle roundup by our cowboy artist friend, George Phippen, Skull Valley, Arizona. Also there is a cracking good index.

TRYING BIG BILL

David H. Grover's *Debaters and Dynamiters* (Oregon State University Press, $6) is the story of the Haywood trial at Boise, Idaho. The events leading up to appearance of Big Bill and his associates of the Western Federation of Miners as defendants in the case are briefed as essential background. Harry Orchard confessed that he rigged the bomb that killed the former Governor of Idaho, Frank Steunenberg. Did he kill for pay? Did Big Bill and other WFM officials hire him?

This book is about the ten weeks in the summer of 1907 when the opposing lawyers battled for the life of Haywood. William E. Borah, Senator-elect, appeared for the prosecution and Clarence Darrow, practically unknown, for the defense. There were other lawyers, too, but this pair emerged as the giants in the case. Mr. Grover is a member of the Speech Department at Oregon State and interested in the courtroom techniques of trial lawyers. He picked a great case to study and in doing so made an unusual contribution to the history of labor movement in the Western mines. There are illustrations, a bibliography and an index. Worthwhile.

THE BRITISH TAKE A LOOK

We can imagine the shock to Britishers who ventured into America's western wilds prior to 1900, especially those who had prepared themselves by reading James Fenimore Cooper and Ned Buntline. There was little of God or culture west of the Missouri and the provocative profanity and slouchy idiom of the *genus Americanus* was revolting to the British ear. However, numerous members from England's uppercrust ventured west to study pioneer Americans in their Spartan habitat and many stayed and became citizens.

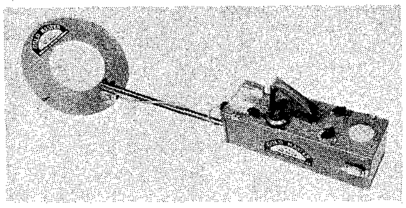
Westward the Briton (University of Nebraska Press, $1.60) is a reprint of Robert G. Athearn's review of the far West, 1600-1900, as seen by British sportsmen and capitalists, ranchers, lords and ladies. The writings of nearly 300 British travelers who visited America between 1865 and 1900 were examined for this study.

NOW! The New GOLD-MASTER on E.Z. Terms

The new GOLD-MASTER Super Sensitive Mineral, Metal, and Treasure Finder can detect small Gold and Silver Nuggets, Rings, Coins, Mineral Float, Veins and Treasures. NO EAR-PHONES. A powerful speaker is used. Comes with two special loops, one for small nuggets, and one for treasures and veins. Simple to operate. Comes with samples, instructions and fresh batteries.

COMPLETE, ONLY $169.50
Just $29.50 down and balance at $10.57 per month—Also available through your local Finance Co. with no down payment—upon approved credit. Write for free literature and details.

Detects: Gold - Silver - Copper - Coins - Rings - Treasures, etc. EZ Terms. Also: Uranium, Thorium, Rare Earth and other Mineral Deposits. Guaranteed.



White's Electronics
Dept. FT 1218 Main Street Sweet Home, Oregon

The OREMASTER "POCKET MAGNETOMETER"

This is another sensational instrument developed in our Research Laboratory and added to the famous OREMASTER line of super sensitive space age, prospecting and research instruments.

This is an exceptionally sensitive magnetic meter and will automatically react to either a detectable positive or negative magnetic field in an ore sample, vein, ore body or piece of float. Will pin point the source or sources of these fields to show the richest ore. Will react through wood, aluminum, quartz, water. ice, snow, mud and dirt. Add one of these to your modern Oremaster equipment. No batteries required—weight only 7 oz.—size 2½" x 1".

Price—$29.50. No Sales Tax $10.00 down—Balance $5.00 per month

Special Models Available For Mobile Prospecting
WHITE'S ELECTRONICS
1218 Main Street Dept. FT Sweet Home, Oregon

The Book That Tells All

HOW TO
Win
AT
CARDS
DICE
RACES
ROULETTE

NO OTHER BOOK LIKE IT.

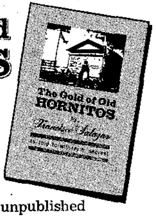
Written by an executive of a famous Las Vegas Casino. Price $5.00. Cash or money order. No C.O.D.'s.

FREE CATALOG on Perfect Dice, Magic Dice, Magic Cards, Poker Chips, Etc.

O. C. NOVELTY CO. Dept. WP-11
1311 W. MAIN ST. • OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

NEW... the exciting, complete story of...

The Gold of Old HORNITOS



Read the stirring, untold stories as revealed by the grandson of the old town's earliest settlers. Here are all the raw, glory, guts and gold tales of the men and women who built the wickedest city of California's Mother Lode! New, unpublished material. . .8 pages of rare, old photos. Send for your signed, limited, collectors edition today! Send one dollar (postage prepaid) to:

SAGA-WEST publishing co. / 752 FULTON STREET FRESNO, CALIF. 93721

Books Found . . .
Out-of-print books at lowest prices!
You name it—we find it!
Western Americana and Indian Books a specialty. Fast service. Send us your wants—no obligation.
International Bookfinders
Box 3003-TW Beverly Hills, Calif.

ARROW SLINGSHOT
POWERFUL-ACCURATE
$4.95 ppd. with 6 Arrows

BIG ARCHIE
<<<POWER
BIG

For Hunting, Target Practice Indoors or Outdoors, Excellent for small game. Powerful, pierces Masonite Board at 100 ft., it's silent. Sturdy Philippine Mahogany with High Velocity Gum Rubber. Metal Tipped Arrows. FREE! 2 extra replacement bands. Thousands of satisfied customers. Money-back Guarantee. ORDER YOURS TODAY. No C.O.D.'s please.
BIG ARCHIE, Box 201-AG, Prospect Heights, Ill.

TRUE WEST
All fact— and *All true!*
FRONTIER TIMES
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P. O. Box 5008, Austin, Texas 78703
$4.00 for 6 issues of each magazine (1 year)
$7.00 for 12 issues of each magazine (2 years)

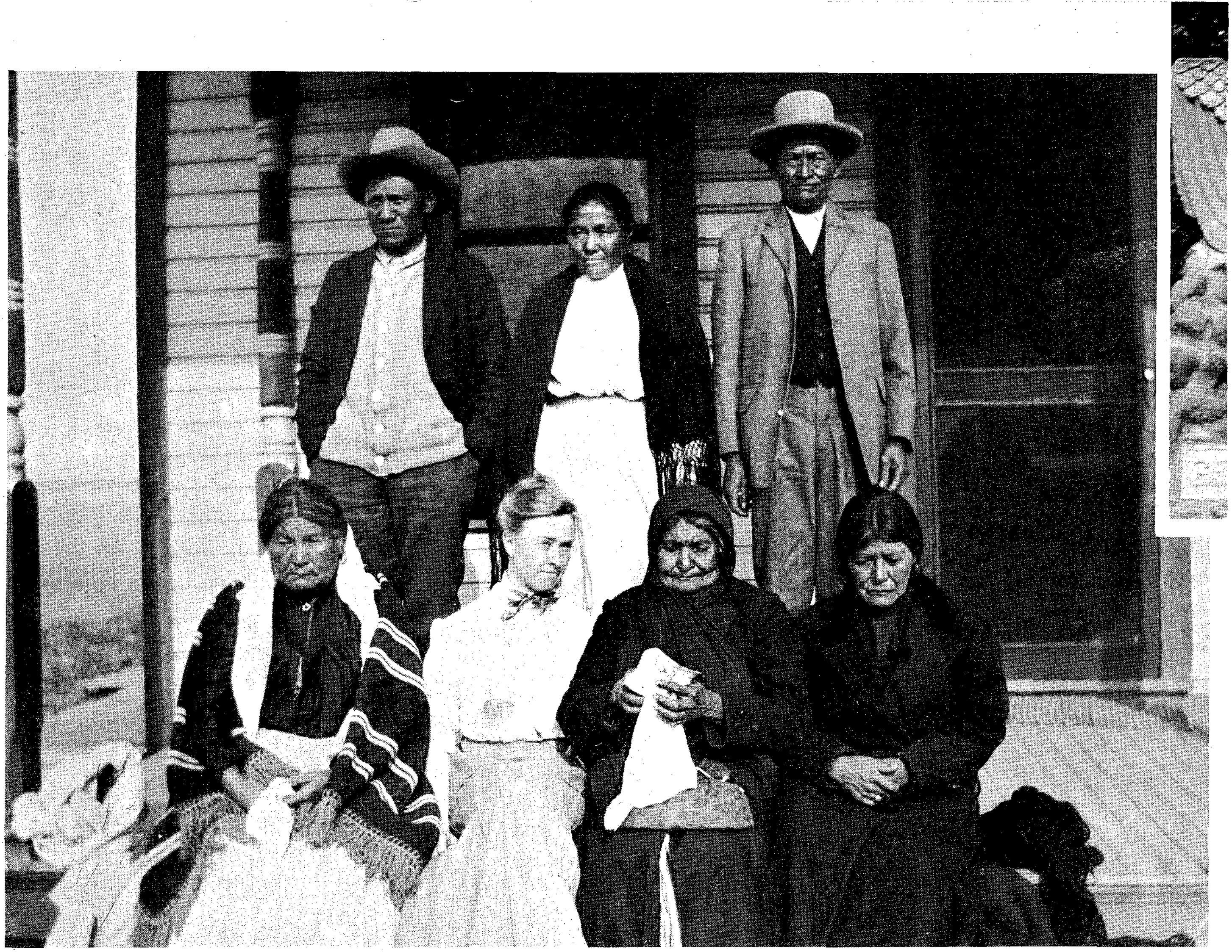
I enclose $________. Send TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES for ________ years, starting with your next issue.

Name________
Address________
City________ State________ Zip Code________
New________ Renewal________

☐ This is a Gift Subscription. Please send one of your special Gift Announcement Cards with my compliments.

Sent By:________

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)



Miss Hospers and the Ladies Aid Society at Fort Sill about 1906. Standing (left to right), Oliver; Tsisto's wife and Tom Chiracahua Seated (left to right), Mrs. Tom Chiracahua; Miss Hospers; Nah Thle-Tla, the cousin of Geronimo and mother of Jason Betzinez; Mrs. William Quin-eh. The men asked permission to be photographed with the women. (Inset), Miss Hospers at the grave of Geronimo during the dedication of the Apache cemeteries at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, June, 1961.

Missionary to the Apaches

(Continued from page 31)

Much publicity was given the freeing of the Apaches. Schools throughout the train's route in Oklahoma, the Texas Panhandle and New Mexico were let out. For miles before the train reached a town and after it had passed, people gathered along the tracks to witness this historic event.

One amusing incident happened en route, Miss Hospers recalled.

"I was sitting beside a car window with a small Indian child on my lap. There were many people on the platform at Tucumcari, New Mexico, where we made a stop. Suddenly a man pointed at me and shouted, 'Look, there's one of Geronimo's captive white women and that's their child!' "

Tularosa, New Mexico, was the end of the train trip. There hundreds of wagons provided by the Mescalero Apaches stood waiting to transport the newcomers and their household goods and cattle to the reservation.

"After the wagons were loaded and began to move, the road between Tularosa and Mescalero looked like a writhing bullsnake," said Miss Hospers. "The welcome the newcomers received from their kinsmen was really heart-warming."

THE Chiricahuas and their white friends spent the summer in tents. By fall, permanent houses, neat and sturdy, had been built by the Government for its charges.

Meanwhile, Miss Hospers had been hearing about the dreadful conditions existing among the Jicarilla Apaches in northern New Mexico.

"I learned that marked fatalism dominated this group of Apaches," the former missionary said. "This was due, I was told, to their terrifically high death rate from tuberculosis, their dire poverty and other factors. Indeed, the population was dying faster than babies could be born. They believed whole-heartedly that God wanted them to die."

Going about her daily missionary work among the Mescalero Apaches in their pleasant homes and even more pleasant surroundings, she could not get the other Apaches out of her mind.

"I decided I was needed more farther north," she said. "So that fall I joined the Rev. J. Denton Simms and his wife at the mission they had established near Dulce, New Mexico. Like the one at Fort Sill, it was the only one on the reservation."

Miss Hospers spent thirty-one years as a missionary to the Jicarilla Apaches. "With financial aid from the Government and the help and understanding accorded them by Mr. and Mrs. Simms and Superintendent Chester Faris, the picture gradually changed. Miss Hospers was too modest to mention her own influence, but judging by the letters she has received from the Jicarillas, it was great.

"I retired and left the reservation with a peaceful mind," she added. "The Jicarillas were a happier, healthier and more prosperous people. They have grown in numbers, too."

Many of the Apaches from all three reservations still refer to Miss Hospers as "Apache-Et-San-Y"—Apache woman.

Only last summer she received an urgent request to participate in the fiftieth anniversay celebration commemorating the arrival of the Chiricahua Apaches at Mescalero. She was unable to accept, however. She returned to the scene of her first missionary work at Fort Sill in June, 1961.

"I had a wonderful reunion with many of the Indians I had known there, especially my Sunday School pupils. But I was surprised to see that some of them were gray-haired and wrinkled. Many were grandparents! Among them was Chatto's widow. She, like the others, greeted me with hugs and even kisses. The only landmark I recognized, however, was the guardhouse where Geronimo spent a lot of time. It is now a museum."

The occasion of her return to Fort Sill was the dedication of the historic old Apache cemeteries at the fort, where 311 Apache men, women and children died between 1894 and 1913. The dedication represented years of painstaking work

on the part of the U. S. Army, the Government and individual Apaches to identify and mark each grave with a white headstone. The dedication took place near Geronimo's grave which is more imposing than the others with its gray cobblestone marker topped with an eagle.

The invitation to attend the ceremony was sent to Miss Hospers by the Commanding General of the U. S. Artillery and Missile Base at Fort Sill, Major General Lewis S. Griffing.

Miss Hospers is as active as many women half her age. She continues in church work, takes care of her own home, and makes surgical dressings for an Albuquerque hospital. Asked what she would do if she had her life to live over, she did not hesitate.

"I'd do exactly the same. No one has led a more rewarding life than I."

And few, it might be added, have seen more history in the making.

A Long Ride With Matt Warner

(Continued from page 35)

there because of trouble with the law. The three of them began rustling Mexican cattle which they drove into the United States and sold. The book told how their second raid into Mexico ran into trouble. It described the attack by the U. S. Marshals, how Josh was wounded and several of the posse killed, the ride to the ranch, the primitive surgery on Josh's wound, and the long ride to Lees Ferry. Even the incident of the boatman and the end of the chase were all told in the book just about as Josh had told it to me some forty or fifty years after the events had occurred. There was no possibility that Josh had gotten his information from reading Warner's book because Josh could not read.

Since the incidents preceded the writing of Warner's book by about thirty-five years and Josh Sweat's recital by about forty-five years, it would be remarkable if there were not some discrepancies between the two accounts. For instance, Warner said that they got $3.50 a head for the Mexican cattle; Josh said they were sold for $3.00 a head. Warner said that he dressed Josh's wound; Josh said that Tom McCarty, whose father had been a doctor, dressed the wound. Warner said that Josh received three wounds in the fight; Josh only mentioned one. But to me the most remarkable thing about Josh's story was the fact that he never mentioned the name of Matt Warner, just spoke of him as a boy he used to know up in Utah. On the whole though, the two accounts agree very well for tales told so long after the events had taken place.

His adventures in New Mexico must have suggested to Josh that "crime does not pay," for he seems to have followed the straight and narrow path for a while. Later he had one conflict with the law up in Utah that got him sentenced to a term in the Territorial Penitentiary at Sugar House near Salt Lake City.

Josh claimed that this was due to a misunderstanding as to the ownership of a calf that he killed for food. Josh said that he had cut out the brand on the calf that he killed and put it under a rock and offered to produce it in court at his trial but was not allowed to do so. It is quite possible that he did not receive a fair trial. After a short stay in the Penitentiary he got a chance to tell his story to the Governor of the Territory and was pardoned very shortly.

Matt Warner, on the other hand, followed the "Bandit Trail" for a number of years and was an associate of Butch Cassidy and other notorious members of the Robber's Roost Gang in Utah and the Hole in the Wall gang in Wyoming. Eventually he was captured, tried, convicted and sentenced to a term in the same Utah Prison where Josh had served a short time. After several years' confinement, Warren was pardoned by the Governor of Utah and apparently lived a blameless life thereafter. He was the Justice of the Peace at Price, Carbon County, Utah, when his book was written.

The ride that Josh Sweat made from the Mexican Border to Beaver County, Utah, was in excess of 500 miles and the conditions under which it was made about as tough as could be imagined. Riding horseback with a wound such as Josh had, through Apache country with the Law in close pursuit; having to live off the country, with no time to rest or prepare food—it took good leather to stand it. Makes you wonder if they were all that tough back in those days or was life so rugged that only the tough ones survived to tell about it.

Gold Camp Ruffian

(Continued from page 29)

that they report to him if things did not go well.

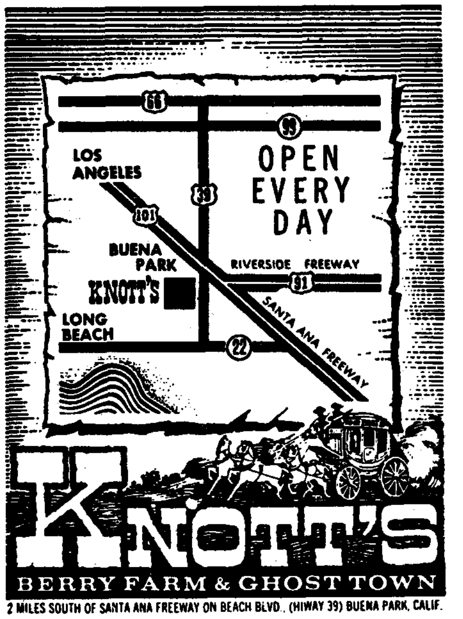
On New Year's Eve, Bill Willoughby and Cynthia entered the ballroom and were greeted very coolly. In fact, none of the women present tried to disguise their icy stares and looks of repugnance. They even went so far as to threaten to leave the ballroom at once if the offending couple remained.

The committee in charge of festivities had a hurried conference and decided that Willoughby and Cynthia must vacate the premises if the ball was to continue. The offending couple was so informed, and they left in a huff.

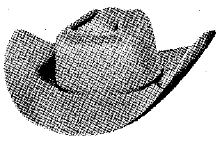
Bob was immediately told of what had happened. He flew into a rage, swearing that he would kill anyone who had so grievously offended his light of love. Such indignity must be avenged and he was just the man who could do it.

Further questioning of Willoughby and Cynthia elicited the names of two members of the committee, "Jakey" Williams and Orlando "Rube" Robbins. The former, a saloon-keeper, undoubtedly was one of Bob's business competitors.

New Year's Day was spent drinking and planning revenge. The following morning, Talbotte and Willoughby armed



2 MILES SOUTH OF SANTA ANA FREEWAY ON BEACH BLVD. (HIWAY 39) BUENA PARK, CALIF.

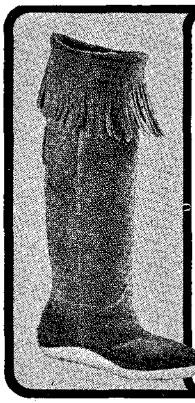


Fox Westerns to your order.
Made in Our Factory and sold directly to you.

Select your own color, style, crown height, brim width, band width. No other hat retailer can do this for you. Hand made of 7XXXXXXX, heavier weight, imported fur felt.

Brim widths to 4½ inches.
Buy Direct—Pay Less—$10.95 to $20.00.
Send for FREE illustrated folder

FOX HAT CO.
Hatters since 1910
Dept. WP
477 WABASHA ST., ST. PAUL 2, MINNESOTA



NOW!
16" DEERSKIN
SCOUT BOOT
Comfort, durability, protection, and good looks. Genuine heavy-weight deerskin. Hand-molded thick rawhide sole, foam-padded leather-lined insole. Drawstring under fringed flap. Buffalo-brown or black suede. Order yours today!
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!
Ladies—4-10 ....$16.95
Men's—6-13 ....$18.95
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
ORDER USUAL SHOE SIZE.
LARGEST MAIL-ORDER
MOCCASIN SPECIALISTS
SERVING YOU DIRECT.
POSTPAID EXCEPT ON C.O.D.'s.
Western Brands
FT-11
Estes Park, Colorado

***Find* HIDDEN TREASURES**
Find TREASURE and RELICS with new 1963 models. Used by professionals and amateurs the world over. Guaranteed to detect Gold, Silver Coins, battlefield relics. FREE INFORMATION.
RAYTRON DEPT. J-11
Box 715 • North Hollywood, California

SPECIAL—SCARCE ISSUES!
While they last, get these eight $1.00 copies all for only $5.00.

TRUE WEST #22
TRUE WEST #23
TRUE WEST #28
TRUE WEST #30
TRUE WEST #32
TRUE WEST #35
TRUE WEST #37
TRUE WEST #38

Send cash, check or money order to:
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Box 5008-SI
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78703

HALF PRICE SALE!

Special half-price offer of lightweight Scotch tweeds and fine suitings, 56 inches wide, only $2.80 per yard; originally made to sell at $5.75 per yard. Pattern swatches free on request. Personal tailoring service for ladies and gentlemen.

Hand-woven Harris tweeds. Hand-woven in crofters' own cottages. Wonderful value at $1.70 per yard. Swatches free. Scotch plaids and tartans, 57 inches wide, price $4.48 per yard; over two hundred different Clan patterns in stock. Swatches free.

An extensive range of handknitted Fair Isle and Harris wool sweaters, cardigans, and pullovers always in stock.

Price lists free. Money refund guarantee.

MacGILLIVRAY COMPANY, Weavers
Muir of Aird, Benbecula
Outer Hebrides, Scotland

$$ TREASURE $$

New transistor metal detector finds lost or hidden treasure, coins, gold, silver, jewelry, relics. Profitable hobby. New underwater metal detector detects sunken ships, outboard motors, etc. in 300 ft. of salt or fresh water. Operates from a boat. Scintillation counter. Free catalogue.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS
Dept. 34, 4729 N. 7th Ave., Phoenix, Arizona

JUST PUBLISHED
by Frederick Fell, Inc., N. Y.

The Complete and Factual Life of
BILLY THE KID
by William Brent

The real story of this notorious **OUTLAW** from those who were there! A full sized, hard cover book. Send $5.00 for autographed copy.

William Brent
Rt. 3, Box 1-F, Yuma, Arizona
Co-Author of "The Hell Hole"—the Yuma Prison Story.

A Runaway Best Seller
THE HELL HOLE

The inside story of the infamous old Arizona Territorial Prison at Yuma. Rare old photos. Send one dollar (postage prepaid) for autographed copy.

THE BRENTS
Rt. 3, Box 1-F Yuma, Arizona

COMANCHE DAN'S
"If it's Indian, we have it!"

For Catalog send 25c (refundable with first order) to: COMANCHE DAN'S, Comanche Gap, R.R. No. 3, Box 151, Belton, Texas 76513.

themselves heavily and set out to find and kill Williams and Robbins. Knowing that likely there would be repercussions, Jakey and Rube were prepared for trouble.

As soon as the four men met, hostilities began. Recriminations were flung, bullets punctuated their scalding remarks, and when the shooting was done, Bob and Bill lay where they fell. Willoughby died almost instantly and Bob passed away three days later. Talbotte was carried to his saloon, following the exchange of gunfire. He had been shot several times.

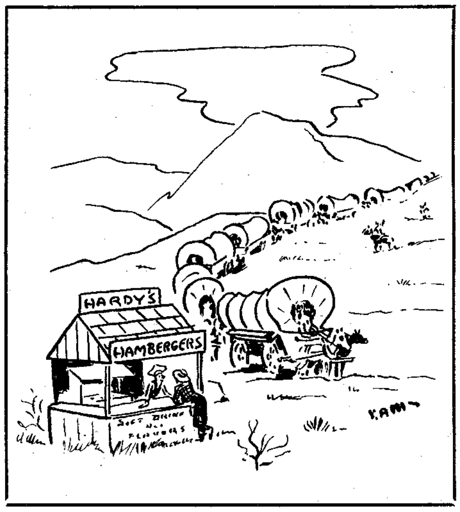
There are two other conflicting accounts of the gunfight. One eyewitness saw it as follows: Bob and Willoughby figured that they should eliminate Jakey Williams, who was an avowed enemy of lawlessness. Jakey tried to avoid a fight, even leaving his place of business to do so. He kept dodging from house to house, hoping to discourage his two pursuers. *Finally realizing that he must face the music,* he went back to his saloon. As he entered the door, his adversaries shot at him, but were unsuccessful in their aim.

Williams returned the fire, emptying his pistol. He got a shotgun from behind the bar, rushed out into the street, and the final battle began. Several citizens joined Jakey, and Willoughby fell. Cherokee Bob, who had reached the semi-security of the corner of a building, held off the crowd by shooting every time he saw a movement, but was soon outflanked and fell mortally wounded. He was brought to his saloon, where he died three days later.

Another version has it that Cynthia did not want Bob to commit murder, so she removed the caps from each chamber of his cap and ball pistol and when he tried to shoot Williams, his pistol did not discharge and he was shot by Jakey without being able to defend himself. This eyewitness also claims that there was no "refined" element in Florence and that the dance episode was merely an affair that grew out of jealousy among the sporting ladies of the town. This informant claimed to have known Cynthia in his hometown in Missouri. He was fifteen years of age at the time of the gunfight, having reached Lewiston the winter of 1861-62. (The thought enters one's mind, why didn't Bob check his gun before he left for the battle?) It is this writer's opinion that the first account agrees more closely with the Justice Court report.

In a justice docket which was found in an old building in Florence, the story of the aftermath of the shooting of Cherokee Bob and Bill Willoughby may be reconstructed. It tells that J. D. Williams and Orlando Robbins appeared in Justice Court before Jasper Rand, Justice of the Peace, on the 6th of January, 1863, accompanied by the sheriff. They demanded "an investigation in the matter of the killing of William Willoby and H. J. Talbot."

J. S. Gray appeared as attorney for the defendants and the following witnesses told their stories. They were William Courtney, Barney Roark, Benjamin Davis, George Ranning, John Moorehead, Sheriff Keenan, J. B. Dunlap, Michael Caldwell, J. H. Curley, J. B. Oldham and James Graham. These witnesses testified that the killings had been done in self defense and therefore were justifiable. The Court discharged the defendants with a few well chosen words of advice. The entire cost of the investigation was $47.90.



"108 on white, 96 on rye . . . to go!"

Talbotte and Willoughby were buried in the cemetery at Florence. Red-headed Cynthia joined her old friend and former flame, Bill Mayfield, in Boise Basin, the newest gold discovery area.

The next spring, Mayfield was shot to death by a gambler named Evans in Placerville, over a card game. Cynthia faded away into historical oblivion, remembered only as the impetuous lady who brought about Cherokee Bob's sudden demise.

Voyage to Death

(*Continued from page 43*)

bay. One of the survivors, a ship's clerk named Lewis, was badly wounded. The interpreter, being an Indian, was allowed to go ashore.

As the sun was setting in the Pacific and the shadows of the tall fir trees lengthened on shore, the survivors on the ship's cabin continued to hold off the howling mob. Presumably it was the lure of loot which kept the Indians from setting fire to the ship. After darkness fell, the Indians withdrew to land.

The uninjured white men on the *Tonquin* took a desperate chance and put off in the ship's dory during the night. Lewis alone remained on board. The exact reason for this never will be known. He may have believed himself mortally wounded and so made no effort to escape. A more romantic explanation is that he already had plotted a dreadful revenge on his enemies.

Whatever his reason for remaining, Lewis at least gained a speedy death. Not so fortunate were his companions! They decided against putting to sea in their small boat, landed a few miles away, were captured and put to death by lingering torture.

After morning dawned, the Indians on shore saw a solitary figure on the *Tonquin's* deck. It seemed that Lewis was signalling for them to come aboard. As he continued to wave and shout, some of the Indians ventured out in their long canoes. No shots were fired from the *Tonquin*, even after the bravest of the Indians had moored their canoes at the ship's side and were scrambling aboard.

In a short time there were probably 200 natives on the ghostly *Tonquin*, all searching for the lone white man who, it is believed, had retreated to a hiding place in the hold. The mystery of the white man's disappearance did not trouble the Indians for long. There was loot for the taking!

(*Continued on next page*)

PRE-PUBLICATION SPECIAL!

A $6.95 Book
for $5.50

We've finally done what you folks have asked us to do for years—selected the outstanding stories from the practically unobtainable first issues of TRUE WEST and put them together in a HARDBACK book . . .

THE BEST OF TRUE WEST

Published by Julian Messner, Inc., New York

If you take advantage of this Pre-Publication offer (good only through October 15, 1964), you can be among the first to own this great book at a solid reduction.

IMPORTANT: THESE STORIES ARE NOT REPRINTED IN OLD WEST.

Look at this great review from Dr. Daniel A. Poling of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York: "Any reader interested in authentic, thrilling stories of the West will be enthralled by this volume. Western born himself, this reviewer beginning with 'The Dead Woman' missed an important evening engagement before he was able to get his nose out of the book. Be properly warned by his experience."

Captured in these true tales is the triumph and tragedy of white man and red man, of prospector and pioneer. Here are the stories that range from a report of prospecting hysteria (a man finds $85,000,000 in silver) to a chilling account of a bewitched Navajo Medicine Woman; from long-secret details of outlaw haunts to a classic saga of three bad "Injuns," all horse thieves, as told by the grandson of one of them! There are biographical sketches of the indomitable Red Cloud, historian Francis Parkman, cattle rustler Nate Champion, renegade Juan Cortina, lawman Cap Mossman and outlaw Charley McDaniels. There is love and hate, glory and defeat all told in a colorful, exciting panorama by such gifted writers as J. Frank Dobie, Fred Gipson, Homer Croy, Curtis Bishop and Walter Prescott Webb.

In this sampler of the West, you will find a wide variety of stories about our heritage—selected to excite, inform and, always, to entertain.

BONUS? OLD "HOSSTAIL" HIMSELF WILL AUTOGRAPH THE FIRST 300 COPIES MAILED OUT!

THE BEST OF TRUE WEST

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 5008, Austin, Texas 78703

Please reserve ________ copies of THE BEST OF TRUE WEST at pre-publication price of $5.50 ($6.95 after publication), and send hot off the press. Enclosed is $________ for ________ copies of THE BEST OF TRUE WEST.

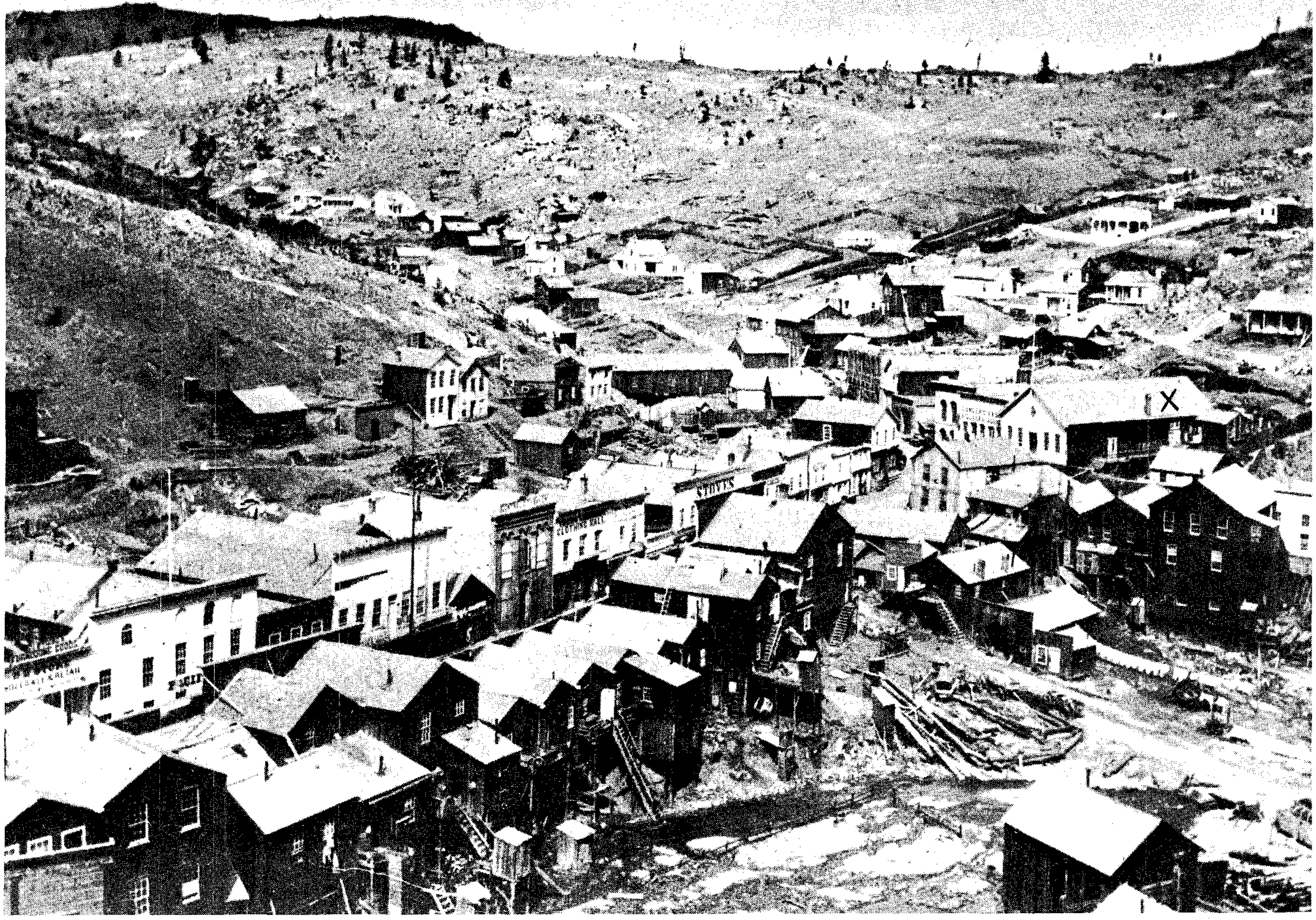
Name____

Street____

City____________________ State____________ Zip____________

Send check, cash, or money order. Your copies will be sent to you postpaid.

(If you don't want to damage this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)



State Historical Society of Colorado

Central City, Colorado, 1864. The building marked "X" is the Montana Theater where Van Horn's hearing was held.

As the plunder was at its height, a terrific explosion rent the air. It is obvious that Lewis had touched a flame to the powder magazine. In going to his death he carried scores of his enemies with him. For days the waters of Clayoquot Sound were covered with shattered bodies and broken canoes, along with wreckage of the sailing ship. Every ebb and flow of the tides cast corpses on the shore.

The two-day struggle resulted in almost total annihilation of both sides. Twenty-five white men had lost their lives! The exact number of Indian casualties never will be known, but the number must have been around 200.

The fate of the *Tonquin* remained a mystery at Astoria for months, but eventually the Indian interpreter made his way back to the fort and spread the story of the vessel's tragic end.

"Don't Cross That Line!"

(Continued from page 41)

This time, the sheriff's bluff worked. No one was drunk enough to take the risk, and the mob fell back. Cozens ordered the crowd to disperse, but most of the men continued to mill about the street, shouting threats and making and discarding plans to overpower the sheriff and hang his prisoner. This continued until about midnight when the men grew tired and began to move off toward their beds.

During the night, Van Horn was moved secretly to Denver and lodged in the Arapahoe County jail to await trial. In due time, he was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death. Only then was he moved back to Central City, there to await the carrying out of his punishment.

On the day of the hanging, the whole town turned out in a holiday mood. The incident of a few months previous was forgotten; justice had prevailed, after all. The prisoner was removed from the jail, placed in a wagon, and with Cozens supporting him on one side and United States Marshal A. C. Hunt holding his other arm, Van Horn took his last trip down Casey Road. Without ceremony or religious rites, the convicted murderer died only a few feet from the spot where he had taken the life of his rival.

The Tree That Defied A Court Order

(Contined from page 39)

The men made a hasty retreat to the courthouse to decide on a course of action. Meanwhile, Uncle Mart doggedly stood watch as the only champion and defender of the gnarled old patriarch that had saved his life from a hail of Comanche hunting arrows!

After a short, hastily called meeting, the judge and others concerned agreed to change the edict to conform to Uncle Mart's wishes. The tree would remain as a gift to posterity!

When the small delegation emerged from the courthouse, it found Uncle Mart sitting with his back against the trunk. His old black hat lay on the ground beside him and the still cocked buffalo rifle spanned his knees. As they came forward to render their decision, Uncle Mart rose to face them.

"Uncle Mart," the spokesman began, "after due consideration of your requests and the grounds on which they are based, the County Court and the citizens involved have come to a decision. We have all agreed to spare the tree as a living monument to you and to the City and County of Comanche. Furthermore, it shall now be officially known as 'FLEMING'S OAK'."

Uncle Mart turned and with long, easy strides headed for the edge of town. There he untethered his horse, mounted, waved the rifle in one last parting salute, and rode away.

On every occasion that found him in town after the incident, Mart Fleming always took a few minutes to stop by his old friend and reminisce.

The city square is now blanketed by a thick layer of asphalt. At the southwest corner of the square amidst this ebony sea is the ancient sentinel. A low rock wall protects it from today's mighty horseless carriages.

Every year its wide spreading limbs are draped in beautifully colored lights and it wears a huge star as a crown. The old oak serves as Comanche's official Christmas tree.

It serves, too, as a living monument to the past, and at least one time during the year serves to remind us that there still is hope in the future.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

"stoniest farm in Wisconsin" was very much the same. There were four of us boys and any shenanigans that took place in that area was blamed on the "Thayer Boys," even though we were innocent.

And around home I got most of the "beatin's" even though I was innocent seventy-five percent of the time.

When I was innocent, no amount of punishment could make me say "Guilty" and Dad wasn't choosy when he licked me, as he'd use the blacksnake (horse-whip), razor strap, willow switch (and make you go and cut it before he licked you with it) harness tugs, stovewood, fists, feet, iron rods, or anything that was handy. At meal time if he thought you needed punishment he'd use the broad side of a table knife.

It didn't take much encouragement for me to "go West" with a bunch of fellows to harvest wheat at Fessenden, North Dakota. From there I went to Montana and eventually settled here in Washington State with no desire to go back East to live.

There were a few comical things happened when I was a kid. Such as the time a big batch of "home brew" went "flat" and wasn't good enough to drink. Rather than throw it all away, we poured a lot of it in the pig trough to see if they'd drink it. Before long they were the happiest pigs I ever saw and we all got plenty of laughs out of it. And one day we gave a few drops of whiskey (it was only four bits a pint) to our rooster and I never in my life heard any rooster crow louder than he did. But eventually it got the best of him, and he flopped down in the shade under the back porch until he sobered up. We also caught a large "pine snake" and gave it a small shot of whiskey (forcibly) and for a few minutes he was a happy snake (I think) and nearly turned himself inside out, writhing, twisting and striking at everything near him. Now and then the cattle used to get loaded if they happened to get too much silage that was highly fermented. Drunken cows are almost as comical as drunken pigs and more humorous than a lot of drunken people I've seen.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington.

Dear Joe:

Would someone please help me. I'm trying to learn all I can of the Choctaw Indians. My great grandfather married into the tribe, and all I can learn is the name Chief White Horse. Who was he and where was he located?

Your story, "Country Hick," brought back many memories for me and a few tears for so much that is in the past. Your magazine makes everything live again for everyone who reads them. Don't ever run down.—Noreen Ryan, Paynes Creek, California.

Dear Editor:

The story "Country Hick" was a joy to me for it brought back so many wonderful memories of my own childhood spent on a farm in Delta County, Texas. Like Mr. Dixon I believe those years were the happiest of my life.

Many's the morning we have been up and ready to go to the cotton patch to start picking cotton by five o'clock. We would spend many hot days canning for the winter months. My mother always canned as many as 300 to 400 quarts and half-gallons of fruit and vegetables. Besides making jam, jelly and preserves we made sweet and sour pickles, chow-chow and relishes.

We made all our soap out of lye and grease in an old black wash pot out in the yard. We did our washing on a washboard and in a tin wash tub sitting on a bench in the shade of a chinaberry tree.

The only way we had of going to town, which was five miles away, was in an old wagon with our mules hitched to it. It was a big day to us children, almost like a picnic. The reason we would get to go was to buy our winter clothes, such as shoes and coats for school, material for our dresses and my brothers' shirts which my mother made by hand. All the underclothes I wore for years were ordered from Sears Roebuck.

We walked a mile and a half to school and I have seen the mud roads frozen and so slick with ice my father would walk with us to school to help hold us so we wouldn't fall.

I well remember the peddler wagon Mr. Dixon was telling about. My mother would sell her old hens if they stopped laying, and any extra butter we would have. Many a dress and hair ribbon I have worn that was bought from the peddler wagon. The man who came by our place has stayed all night with us lots of times. I remember one time he brought the first phonograph I had ever seen. It had a big horn on it and the records were round disc and the piece it played was *Red Wing*.

When we went into town in the hot summertime we would buy a hundred-pound cake of ice and wrap it in old quilts and cotton sacks to keep it from melting. Then when we came home from church on Sunday we would have big glasses of ice tea. I can still recall how wonderful we thought that was. Then in the afternoon we would make a big freezer of ice cream. That was real living.

When I read about Mr. Dixon's grandmother liking her little jokes I remember my father telling about a preacher who was staying at their home one time and a real bad cloud came up. They were getting ready to go to the storm cellar when the preacher said, "I think we should pray." He dropped down on his knees and said, "Oh Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive." So when they came out of the cellar the barn and half of the house was blown away!

Mr. Dixon spoke of the razor strap his father would use. Well let me tell you, a wild plum limb makes a real keen switch, too! As Mr. Dixon wrote, maybe I was a country hick. But I thank God I had the privilege of being part of that time and I could never be ashamed of it. I truly enjoy your magazine and buy every issue as soon as it is put on the newsstand.—Mrs. G. E. Howe, 3517 South Naylor Circle, Corpus Christi, Texas.

The Quarter Horse

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the article on Quarter Horses in the May issue of *Frontier Times*, and enjoyed it very much.

Many years ago an old Judge by the name of Charles Jones gave me a document which he had written and claimed it was the true story of the Kilbuck horse. I have checked with several old timers and many of them do remember such a horse and claim that they were very fast with lots of endurance.

This is about all I can learn about the Kilbuck horse. So I thought perhaps some of your readers might know where there are some today.

According to Judge Jones, this Kilbuck horse was a natural pacer and won many races, and as soon as he had finished with the pacers, they would change his shoes and put him in with the trotters, where

BORROW BY MAIL!

Only $54^{00} A Month Repays

$1215^{00}

I'll Loan You By Mail Up To $1215 In The Privacy Of Your Own Home

FAST—AIRMAIL SERVICE

Yes, you can borrow any amount from $111 to $1215 immediately . . . entirely by mail. Rush coupon today for your money . . . loan papers sent in plain envelope by return mail.

I'LL GLADLY LOAN YOU $111—$315—$510—$1000—or as much as $1215 *on your own signature!* If you are steadily employed, I'll rush you the amount you need. Your friends, neighbors, relatives, employer *will not* be contacted. NO time off from work—NO witnesses or co-signers—NO insurance required—NO embarrassing investigations.

Select Your Loan Here

Cash You Receive	Monthly Payments	No. of Paym'ts.
$111.	$ 6.00	25
$315.	15.00	30
$510.	24.00	30
$809.	37.00	30
$1000.	45.00	30
$1215.	54.00	30

PAY ALL YOUR BILLS AT ONCE! Borrowing to consolidate a number of scattered obligations is a sound financial idea. And with only *one* small payment to make each month and only *one* place to pay, you'll be able to s-t-r-e-t-c-h your paycheck further than you dreamed possible.

COST-CONTROLLED LOANS! You pay *only* for the actual time you use the money—*not one day longer!* You borrow from *Postal* in complete confidence. We are licensed by the State to do business under the Small Loan Law, your assurance of fair rates and Supervised Reliability.

GET YOUR MONEY QUICK! We have the money you need waiting for *you*. For *quick loan service* and *friendly co-operation*, ACT NOW! Complete and send us the coupon TODAY! As soon as we receive your request, we will rush to you by return *airmail immediately* in a plain envelope, everything to get the *money you need!*

Postal Finance Company

POSTAL FINANCE CO.
200 KEELINE BLDG. • Dept. 107-V
OMAHA, NEBRASKA 68102

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

D. J. LEVITT, President
POSTAL FINANCE CO., Dept. 107-V
200 Keeline Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska, 68102
Please send AIRMAIL to me FREE in a plain envelope everything to get the CASH I need.

Name________________ Age______
Address________________
City____________ State________ Zip Code______
Occupation____________ Amount Needed $________

CLASSIFIED

(20c per word, cash with order)

Books & Magazines

NEVADA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map. 800 place name glossary, railroads, camps, camel trail, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296½ Yosemite, San Jose 26, California.

WESTERN AMERICANA BOOKS, Old, rare, and new. Catalog free. Out of print Western books found. Nonfiction Western books wanted. Round-Up Book Co., 1358 35th Avenue, San Francisco 22, California.

ARIZONA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, smaller early map. 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296H Yosemite, San Jose, California.

CAMPFIRES ALONG THE TREASURE TRAIL—Brand new, many photos, actual experiences, hints, tips, "diffirent" lost mine and treasure leads. $2.50. Nugget, Dept. T, Box 462, Tucson, Arizona.

"PROSPECTOR'S LIBRARY"—three top-notch books on buried treasure. $2.00. Deeco, Box 7263-TW, Houston 8, Texas.

BEST IN TREASURE BOOKS! "Lost mines and Treasures of the Pacific Northwest," Hult, $3.95. "Treasure Hunter's Manual," von Mueller. $7.50. "Coronado's Children," Dobie, $2.50. "Lost Treasure Trails," Penfield, $2.95. Postpaid—Guaranteed. Free giant catalog ready now! Joe Shelby & Sons, Box 4266-W, Saticoy, California.

"BURIED TREASURE & LOST MINES" by Frank Fish—Successful Treasure expert. Fish spent 42 years researching this information. An authentic guide and reference book. Make treasure hunting your hobby—make it pay. Price $1.50 post paid. Publisher—Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, California.

TREASURE HUNTER'S BIBLIOGRAPHY! Lists all known treasure books, maps, authors, publishers. Every true enthusiast needs this valuable, time saving reference. Only $2.00 postpaid. Shelby, Box 4266-D, Saticoy, California.

"LET'S GO PROSPECTING." Illustrated booklet on lost Treasures, Ghost Towns, Supernatural, etc. The Brixie Gang of Tenn. A tribute to the Lost Dutchman mine of Arizona. Prospector's card included. Send only $1.00 to David Shultz, Route 1, Tipton, Iowa.

TREASURE HUNTERS! Here is the most complete listings of SIGNS, SYMBOLS and MEASUREMENTS ever compiled for locating Treasure, Mines, and Artifacts. Over 500 listings and ten years of actual experience went into the making of this publication. Send $2.00. Georgia Publishing Co., P.O. Box 3133, Dallas, Texas.

"YOU CAN SURVIVE IN THE OUTDOORS"—How to live off the land. What to eat. How to travel. Actual experiences of men in survival circumstances. Illustrated. $2.00. Nugget, Dept. T, Box 462, Tucson, Arizona.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP, any books reviewed in this issue can be ordered from the Round-Up Book Co., 1358 35th Avenue, San Francisco 22, California. Include check or M.O. California residents add sales tax.

"HOW AND WHERE TO PAN GOLD"—All the details. Nineteen placer location maps for US, Canada, Mexico. Profusely illustrated. Sluice, rocker plans. $2.00. Nugget, Dept. T, Box 462, Tucson, Arizona.

FREE CATALOG! Fabulous selection of new and out of print books on the Southwest! Write Pioneer, Drawer 400, Ruidoso, New Mexico.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—How and Where to Find Them. A reprint of the prospector's handbook, first printed 1881. Areas to prospect; what to look for; field tests. $2.00. Nugget, Dept. T, Box 462, Tucson, Arizona.

LOCATE ANY BOOKS! Any subject. No obligation. Frontier Bookfinders, Box 1749, Orlando, Florida 32802.

TRUE WEST—FRONTIER TIMES FOR SALE—Good to very good copies! TW 22—50c; TW 23—75c; TW 24—50c; TW 25—50c; TW 26—50c; TW 27—50c; TW 28—50c; TW 30—50c; TW 32—$1.00; TW 33—50c; TW 35—75c; TW 36—50c; TW 37—75c; TW 39—50c; TW 40—50c; TW 42—$1.00; TW 43—$1.00; TW 44—50c; TW 45—50c; FT 3—75c; FT 4—50c; FT 5—50c; FT 6—50c; FT 8—$1.00; FT 9—50c; FT 15—50c; FT 16—50c; FT 18—50c; FT 20—50c; FT 21—50c. Charles Crum, 4322 Victor Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

"RATTLESNAKE HUNTING," 53 photos, story Oklahoma's famous sport, $2.00. Mickey, Box M, Ottawa, Kansas.

OLD TIME BOTTLES PUB. CO. presents—"Old Time Bottles"—74 page guide book with pictures and values of over 300 ghost town bottles, Plus—ghost town pictures and instructions for the amateur collector. $2.00 per copy. Write—Old Time Bottles, 3915 Rivercrest Dr., Salem, Oregon.

GUIDE FOR ROCKHOUNDS & PROSPECTORS—G. G. Hayes' new book. Helps you identify what you find. Field tests. Huge glossary. Every rockhound needs it. $2.00 from Nugget, Dept. T, Box 462, Tucson, Arizona.

"THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG." Absolutely true. 75c coin-stamps. Johnson, 215TT East Severn, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

GHOST TOWN GUIDE: Over 100 California Ghost Towns listed, with directions on how to reach them. Only $1.95. B. Abbott, 1513 West Romneya Drive, Anaheim, California.

he often won. In the ten-page document the Judge wrote, this is just one of the many things he claimed could be done with this horse.

I would appreciate hearing from someone who has additional information.—Lee L. Hannahs, Box 564, Johnstown, Ohio.

Frontier Post:

I am a short horse fan all the way, but I take Mr. Nelson C. Nye to task when he says in "The Versatile Quarter Horse" in May 1964 issue, that extreme dexterity has made the quarter horse the world's finest.

What about Skeeter, owned and ridden by Phil Williams, Tokio, Texas in the late Forties and early Fifties? He was not quarter, being out of a remount stallion from the Army which certainly was not a quarter breed. Like I said, I am a short horse fan all the way, but anything a quarter horse can do a thoroughbred can do better.

I read your magazine every issue and I also read *True West* just as soon as I can get it, often never stopping until it is read from cover to cover. I have some very old issues of both that money can not buy; I am donating them to the local Historical Society, as this is the home or near home of the famous Littlefield Ranches, Spade, etc. Keep up the good work.—Andy Anderson, Box 442, Littlefield, Texas.

Interesting Sidelights

Dear Sir:

Not long ago you carried a story about Henry Starr. Two of my old outlaw friends in Oklahoma were High Pockets Martin and Homer Estes. Martin successfully robbed banks, mostly in Oklahoma, for sixteen years without an arrest. His Waterloo came when he joined up with Henry Starr to rob two banks at one time in Stroud, Oklahoma. Another of Starr's companions in this robbery was Homer Estes.

At the time of the Mo-cho-rook incident, Homer was proving up a claim near old Faxon, and was a recognized tinhorn gambler. Later my Dad, as Mayor, tried him out as City Marshal at Chattanooga. Soon after his appointment, the wild bunch took the town apart one night to see what made it tick. Homer came to our back door before daylight and resigned.

He told Dad the only way he could have kept order, and protected the town, was to have killed some people he had played poker with and drunk with for years. He had gone out on the prairie and spent the night, until he had seen a light at our back door.

On one occasion Martin explained to me what an easy life bank robbing was, excepting for one drawback. "It's a cinch. I knocked off banks for sixteen years without firing a shot, and without being arrested. The trouble is, if you rob a bank that's big enough to really count, it's a two-man job. And two men knowing about such a job is one too many.

"Sooner or later your partner is going to be drinking, and feeling that he has to brag (like I'm doing now) about what a big shot he is. Probably to impress some woman. Two or three mornings later, the law is going to be knocking at your back door. One-man banks are a cinch, but there is no future in small banks. You can't get ahead."

In the Stroud robbery, High Pockets made it to the Ft. Worth rendezvous before daylight the next morning, but Henry Starr had already told the whole story to Bill Tilghman. The house in Ft. Worth was under surveillance, and the officers were knocking on the doors by the time Henry's sister had shown him to his room.

When I write a letter this long, I always take comfort in knowing there is always a waste paper basket handy and the reader is privileged to stop when he chooses.—Albert S. Gilles, Sr., 310 West Apache Street, Norman, Oklahoma.

Mysterious Artist

Dear Sirs:

The article in July *Frontier Times*, "Two Giants in Western Art" is very interesting to me. In 1927 an artist, Charles A. Walters, came to Montgomery, Alabama, from Tampa, Florida. He was traveling in a Model T truck and he had about two dozen oil paintings of Western scenes, including stagecoaches, etc. One was of a buffalo herd crossing a stream, very real looking. All the pictures were in oil. Mr. Walters put these in the paint shop (auto painting and sign shop) where I worked. He stayed here until he died several months afterwards. He said he and Charles Marion Russell were good friends. Mr. Walters said he had lived in Billings, and Great Falls, Montana. This is true according to the letters left with his pictures when he died.

Some of the letters were from a Mr. W. J. Winnett of Winnett, Montana. He had agreed to paint a scene of a particular Indian battle, which was a part of Mr. Walters' oil paintings. It was only started on a 6 x 9 canvas.

When Mr. Walters was found (he had a stroke) I wired Mr. Winnett. But the wire came back—I found out later Mr. Winnett had moved to Long Beach, California. I never could get in touch with him or any of Mr. Walters' folks or friends in Billings or Great Falls.

Mr. Walters must have surely known Charles Russell by his stories of being with him and the same colorful painting of Indians, buffalo and mustangs.

Mr. Walter's left hand was off—from an explosion in blasting with powder he had made himself. He was in his seventies when he came here in 1927, on his way back to Billings, so he stated. He did several theatres in Montgomery and surrounding places, all in oil or fireproof material.

I would like to hear from anyone who knew him. He is buried here in Montgomery.—E. M. Bingham, Route 1, Box 338, Montgomery, Alabama.

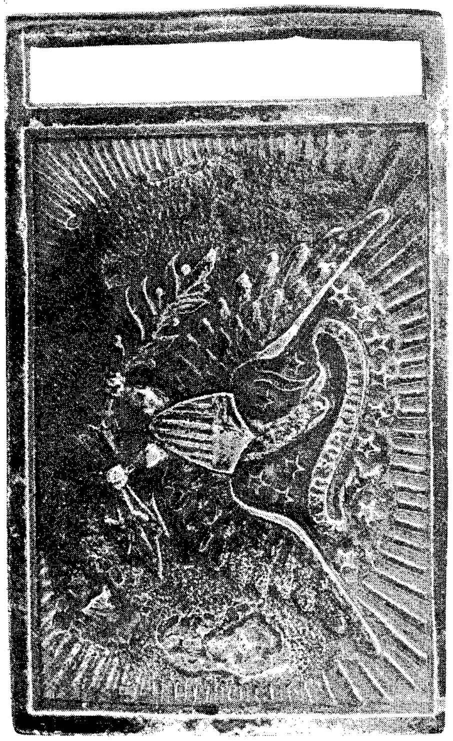
Do You Recall the Stagecoach?

Dear Mr. Small:

I'd appreciate your printing this letter, because I have some things I'd like to say that I think some people would agree with.

First of all, I get a charge out of your magazine, and I feel you shouldn't degrade your monthly masterpieces by calling them "turrible rags," as you often refer to them.

This is what I'd like the most, though: A few years back you ran a contest in *Frontier Times* wherein the folks were to see if they could find out what was wrong with the cover picture. You promised to print more contests, but so far nothing has come up. I wouldn't care if you offered one rotten potato or $50.00 for a prize, just so long as you'd have another contest, I'd enter it. Please print this, I reiterate on my knees. I don't care if you skip the rest of the letter, just so long as you print this paragraph. Am



Belt buckle found in 1925

leaving out my name on purpose.—A Western Fan, Kewanee, Illinois.

There was no way to let this reader know that we don't print letters unless the writer's name and address is given. He out-thought us (which isn't hard!). At any rate, we'd be interested in knowing if anyone else would get a kick out of a contest of this type.—Ed.

Indian Captive

Dear Joe Austell Small:

We enjoy both *True West* and *Frontier Times*. The story of "Nine Years Among the Indians" brought to memory a story often told of a boy who was captured eight years and rescued by a Mexican. A $2,500 reward was offered and paid. The boy was brought to my Grandma, Eliza Green McDermott Touchstone, as my Grandpa John Touchstone was county commissioner of Menard County, Texas from 1866-1870. My father, Joseph D. Touchstone, knew the boy's widowed mother well and I wish I could remember the family's name. Perhaps some one knows of this boy's rescue.

The boy was tied on a horse to herd the Indian ponies every day, his hands tied behind his back with thongs. The old squaws fed him what scraps they could find. The Mexican waited his chances to get the boy, hid and watched and waited for a stormy night. He stole the boy late in the evening and they rode until one of the horses died. They ate the heart of the horse and walked in the rain all night to my Grandma's home, where my Grandpa arranged for the reward to be paid to the Mexican.

Does anyone know of this rescue?—Mrs. Julia Stover, 1120 So. 13th Street, Grover City, California 93433.

Keepsake from the Trail

Dear Sirs:

When I read the letter by J. W. Duckett of San Angelo, it brought back memories. In the summer of 1925, I was camped east of San Angelo, Texas, on the north bank of the Concho near where the spring creek comes in, on the Hart Ranch. I found this belt buckle (picture enclosed) and also five or six uniform buttons that had the same design on them. We found several arrowheads in the same vicinity. This buckle is of bronze or brass moulding, crude, rough and heavy. Could and would you give me some information about it?

Sure enjoy reading *True West* and *Frontier Times*. Only thing, some of the stories make me homesick. Texas is my home and always will be.—J. M. Keen, P. O. Box 134, Sedro Woolley, Washington.

They Remember

Dear Sir:

Your July *Frontier Times* at hand. It is full of wonderful stories: the Russell Story is a humdinger and the James Kane Stage Line story is just exactly as it did happen. I saw two stage lines go out of business just the same way. Tried to feed horses all summer so as to haul mail in winter. Old stage drivers couldn't drive a Ford.

Then I tried building roads. Did fine until long came the bulldozer and cats. Then Old Dobbin "shorley" was done. I have driven some mighty good stage teams in my time. Had good ones in Yellowstone Park back in 1910. Also some good grade teams up until about 1928 or '30.

I was born in Wyoming, year of 1886. I saw the big change. It shore looks funny to me to see what an expense people go to nowadays, when a good 4-up would have it done while those younger men go to town for a barrel of gas!—W. J. Clark, Box 922, Dixon, Wyoming.

Dear Sirs:

Such a wonderful story we found in your July, 1964, *Frontier Times*, "James Kane's Stage Line." Knowing that Gardnerville and Minden area since 1923, and the history of all this, I deem it a marvelous account of the early stage lines in this area. I know the outfit from the place they started in Carson City and ended at the terminus of the famous Virginia and Truckee Railroad and all about the operation.

The Raycrafts both started from Genoa and I saw the barn and corrals of the Raycrafts in Carson before they were torn down. The history of the Kane Lines was worth the entire magazine. Keep the good work going. All the stories are wonderful and the best accurate data of the real West, prior to our times and during the building of Western Nevada and California.—Walter S. Young, Box 74, Genoa, Nevada.

Cow By The Tail

(Continued from page 46)

We stopped over one day to cut up all the meat and dry a lot of it as we went along, hanging it on ropes in the wagon top. Dry jerky is almost as good as fresh.

All the way down we had a good time, everything in the country new, no settlements anywhere. Several cattlemen had moved in, but we didn't see any of them. In the middle of November we reached the home ranch at Beeville, Texas.

IN THE next few years I made many trips north along the old Texas cattle trails. I would visit home, but there didn't seem no place at home for me, with my new stepmother in charge and things running along smooth, and brother Henry and Dad able to do the work. Anyhow I'd rather be a cowboy, and Dad didn't raise any strong objection. I'd growed full man-size by now, still lean

Books & Magazines

MAGAZINES WANTED: True West 1 through 21. Frontier Times 1 and 14. Send Price. K. Harms, 320 Moran, Reno, Nevada.

Indian Relics

SELLING 20,000 ANCIENT INDIAN RELICS. Arrowheads, Spearheads, flint knives, peace pipes both stone and clay. Ancient Skulls $25.00. Birdstones, bannerstones, flint and stone Maces and Sceptres, boatstones, gorgets, game balls, bell pestles, bird arrowheads. List free. Lear's, Glenwood, Arkansas.

RELICS. FLINT ARROWHEAD MAKING SECRET, ancient illustrated methods. Guaranteed. $1.00. Blackhawk, Umatilla, Oregon.

2 INDIAN WAR ARROWHEADS, Scalping Knife, Flint Thunderbird, $4.00. Catalog Free. Arrowhead, Glenwood, Arkansas.

INDIAN relics, relic books, arrowhead jewelry, agates, supplies. Circulars, 25c. Blackhawk, Umatilla, Oregon.

BUYING, SELLING AND TRADING Indian arrowheads, spears, axes, Historic Iron, Gorgets and Pottery. Ed Hyde, Rosemar Road, Parkersburg, West Virginia.

PRIVATE COLLECTION. Columbia River Gempoints. 120 selected, perfect gempoints in two glass frames, $115. Antiquity Guaranteed. Photo, 50c. Dick Sherman, Umatilla, Oregon.

INDIAN ARROWHEADS 40 cents each or 3 for $1.00 —Postpaid. Norman Duncan, Box 34A, Pylesville, Maryland.

Rare Coins and Stamps

RARE SILVER DOLLARS: 1883-1884-1885-1899-1900-1901-1902 O Mint or 1880-1881 S mint. Uncirculated, $3.00 ea. New Catalogue 50c. SHULTZ, Salt Lake, Utah 84110.

CHOICE AMERICAN GOLD COINS for sale. $5.00 @ $25.00; $10.00 @ $35.00; $20.00 @ $60.00. Grant Morris, 1440 Canterbury Drive, Salt Lake City 8, Utah.

Business & Employment Opportunities

GAME WARDEN, Government Hunter Forestry, Park and Wildlife Services announce job openings regularly. Prepare at home for outdoor work, good pay, security. Complete information Free! Write North American School of Conservation, 941-AP No. Highland, Los Angeles 38, California.

CAREER OUTDOORS FOR YOU? Find your place in America's booming $6 billion outdoors. Write B. E. R. Service, Box 530-W, North Hollywood, California 91603.

CHRISTMAS CARDS—Business and Personal. Customer's name imprinted. Earn unusually high commissions from this medium and high-priced line. Free Sample Album. Process Corp. (our 43rd year). 3470A S. 54th Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60650.

EXPLODING OPPORTUNITIES with your camera. Big earnings. Amateurs and professionals. Free information. Photoprofits, 1802 N. Nevada, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

300 WAYS TO MAKE Money while living in the Country. Complete book of ideas. $1.00 postpaid. HOLLAND HOUSE, Box 311, Annandale, Virginia.

MAKE $100 to $1,000 monthly in your spare time. Write: CASH FOR COINS, Box 1274, Great Falls, Montana.

HIGH WEEKLY EARNINGS! Address-mail letters featuring real merchandise. Get $10 with every order —keep $8 profit. Supplies furnished. Free particulars. Modern Merchandising, Box 357, Oceanside, New York.

Western Merchandise

PEARL SNAPS for Western Wear. Free Catalog. Bee Lee Company, Box 20464-FT, Dallas 20, Texas.

FANCY WESTERN SHIRT SNAPFASTENERS. 75 colors and kinds. Shirtmaking supplies. Free catalogue. Campau Company, Box 76055 G, Sanford Station, Los Angeles, California 90005.

"LONGHORN" SPANS MEASURING 5 to 6 FEET, $24.95; 6 to 7 feet, $29.95. Check with order. Shipped Express Collect. Dime for circular. Western Products Co., P.O. Box 771, Laredo 8, Texas.

WESTERN CRAFTS—Deer, Elk Antler Jewelry and Novelties. Catalog. Dealers Wanted. Wolf's Den, Story, Wyoming.

Real Estate

MOUNTAIN PROPERTY. The finest, among the pines and aspens. Excellent hunting and fishing. Ideal for summer homes and vacation retreats. One-half acre to 1,000. D. W. CORRY REAL ESTATE CO., P.O. Box 903, Cedar City, Utah.

GOVERNMENT LAND NOW AVAILABLE in 25 States. Millions of acres low as $1.00 acre. Exclusive copyrighted Report! Send $1.00 to U.S. Land Disposal, Box 18177-WJ, Indianapolis 18, Indiana.

GET IN ON THE SILVER BOOM! Silver prices up! Mines, closed for years, now re-opening. You can get deeded claims for $15.00 per acre while they last. Send $1.00 bill for sample list, details to: JONCO, WP-2, Box 5473 Terminal Annex, Denver, Colorado 80217.

Real Estate

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full price $385.00. 40 acres $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing, investment. Free information. Land Corporation, 3768-W Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

TEN ACRES—Cabin garage. Highway six. Good spring deer, pinenuts, prospecting, climate. $800.00 offer. W. E. Cook, Box 826, Ely, Nevada.

PUBLIC LAND NOTICE: New Law. Alaska Homesteads 640 acres. No residence required. Wife also 640 acres. Detailed information—$4.95. Clyde Lee, Mountain View—FT, Oklahoma.

Fishing & Hunting

SILENCERS: FOR RIFLE and pistols. Complete details of construction and operation $1.00. GUNSCO, B373W, Soquel, California.

Leathercraft

VELVET: THREE POUNDS $3.25 postpaid. Satin $2.25. Rainbow, Estill Springs, Tennessee.

Miscellaneous

"OVERLOOKED FORTUNES" in the rarer minerals and gemstones. Here are a few of the 300 or more you may be overlooking while mining, prospecting or gem hunting: Uranium, vanadium, columbium, tantalum, tungsten, nickel, cobalt, selenium, germanium, bismuth, platinum, beryllium, golden beryl, emeralds, etc. Some minerals worth $1 to $2 a pound, others $25 to $100 an ounce. Some beryllium gems worth a fortune; get out of the agate class into the big money; an emerald the size of your thumb may be worth $500 to $10,000 or more. Learn how to find, identify and cash in on them. New simple ,system. Send for free copy "Overlooked Fortunes"—it may lead to knowledge which may make you rich. Duke's Research Laboratory, Box 666, Dept. 4, Truth or Consequences, New Mexico.

FIND COINS, SOUVENIRS, MINERALS, treasure—even underwater. Finest transistor locators, nine models. Valuable information and details, 25c. IGWTT, Williamsburg, New Mexico.

TEXAS TREASURE MAP. Geographic locations of lost mines and treasure. Based on old legends. Suitable for study or framing. Money back if dissatisfied. $3.50 postpaid in tube. C. A. Gaedecke, 9524 Truscon Drive, Houston 55, Texas.

GOLD AND SILVER INDICATORS—Also Mexican Dip Needle, Jacob Rod, Hall Instrument, Spanish Rod and other instruments. For information send 10 cents to CLARENCE STADTER, P.O. Box 51, Plant City, Florida.

PLACER GOLD, $2.00. Pocket gold, $2.00. Gold dust, $1.00. Attractively displayed. Moneyback guarantee. Lester Lea, Box 1125, Mt. Shasta, California.

FOUR "WILL" FORMS and "Booklet by Lawyer."—$1.00. NATIONAL, Box 48313-TW, Los Angeles 48, California.

AMERICAN INDIAN COLOR SLIDES. Superb museum specimens covering archeology and ethnology of Western Hemisphere. Excellent for teachers, collectors, artists. Free list. American Indian Museum, 3753 Broadway, New York 32, New York.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, Self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog FREE. Research Association, Box 24-TW, Olympia, Washington.

"LOSE 45 POUNDS!"—No drugs, exercises, hunger! Guaranteed Plan $1.00. GLICK, Box 369-Y, South Pasadena, California.

FREE HYPNOTISM, self-hypnosis, sleep-learning catalog. Records, tapes, books, equipment. Write Drawer FT-697 Ruidoso, New Mexico.

PROSPECTORS—TREASURE HUNTERS! Metal Detector $3.00 sold WORLD WIDE on MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Will located metal many feet underground. Weight 8 ounces. Users have traced underground veins, located covered mine shafts, located treasure articles, old Spanish graves, etc. Complete instructions. Send cash, M.O. or check—we pay postage or c.o.d. PLASTINO MFG. CO., 6907 W. 12th, Denver 15, Colorado.

THERMOGRAPHED BUSINESS CARDS only $3.95 for 1,000 postpaid. Raised letter printing. Black and colors. For type style chart and sample cards write, Hill & Hill Co., 1254 Gardenia, Houston, Texas 77018.

GHOST TOWN TREASURES. Odd mining, ranching, railroad auto items, books, desert glass, bottles. Your choice: small purple paste jar, finding placer gold booklet or necklace with polished native California gem stone $1.00 each. Free folder, history, prints of interest map included. Roberta's Desert Shop in Garlock Ghost Town, P.O. Box C, Randsburg, California 93554.

JESSE JAMES' hometown souvenir. Send $1.00: Jesse, Box 178-tw, Lathrop, Missouri.

BUILD YOUR OWN SLUICE BOX. Complete drawings sent $2.00. No C.O.D. R. King, Route 1, Box 256, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

BEAUTIFUL NATURAL COLOR Prints of Charles M. Russell's Masterpieces, suitable for framing. 50c Each. Over 100 subjects. Send 10c for list and sample reproduction. Strobeck, Box 62, Seal Rock, Oregon.

BEERS, PEACH BRANDY, WINES—Strongest formulas, $2.00. (Complete Brew Supplies, Hydrometers, Fruit Presses). Research Enterprises, 29-W07 Samoset, Road, Woburn, Massachusetts.

MECHANICS ASSORTMENT, 200 pieces, no two alike. $1.95 postpaid. OVERLAND'S, Independence, Iowa.

but very strong, and dark brown as a Mexican, an old hand with rope and pistol at sixteen.

I still worked for Mr. Odem. He owned several ranches by this time—the old home ranch way down in Bee County, Texas, then the one in the Panhandle, on the North Prong of the Red River, 800 miles northwest. First it was a holding ranch part-way to Kansas markets. Then he used it to raise cattle. In the '80s the cowmen were a-pushing westward all the time into new country, tall grass and better ranges. It were said the Panhandle were no good because it didn't have water. Just flat plain like a tabletop and snowed under a good part of the winter, the wind blowing bleak and cold in that high country, and very desolate-looking it were.

But Texas cowmen weren't afeared of nothing. They kept pushing out to new country with the tall grass as the buffalo hunters cleared the ranges of the buffalo and the cowboys did the same with the wild mustangs.

Odem made a deal with the officer at Fort Mobeetie to purchase enough lumber for a two-room house. Lumber and carpenter was hauled out and the house soon was ready and a stove set up to cook on, the first cooking stove ever seen on a cow ranch, I reckon. The corrals were built, while some of the cowboys went to meet the herd; calves and cows to stay on this ranch, the steers to be driven north. I well remember the cowboys on this ranch: Billie Wolfe, Bud Somers, Henry Deering, Joe Youngblood, Bert Bray, Jap Brooks, Jimmy Fox, and the Negro cook, and a horse wrangler whose name I can't recall.

Next year Mr. Odem pushed out thirty miles more and established another ranch at the tip of the plains on the head of the North Prong. There were the finest grass because never before had a cow grazed on this range. Joe Youngblood, Jap Brooks, Bert Bray, Bud Somers, and I were left to handle this range. Odem picked a site on the south side of the hill. "Now," he says, "here we will dig us a dugout twenty by thirty feet." Part of us went to digging the dugout and part to setting up pokes and pickets for a good corral. In about ten days we had dugout and corral finished, the dugout for us to live in.

That was a long winter. While at this camp we never seen a newspaper, or a letter, but Mr. Odem brought some school books for the younger boys and made us study two or three hours every day. That was the kind of man Mr. Odem were. I had been to school only three months in my life, though my sister Phebe had taught me and brother Henry to read and write a little. I was glad now of the chance to learn. Mr. Odem helped us boys when he was there, and the older cowboys that could, helped us. They felt like a father to us. I got so I could read better and could figure pretty well.

Up to this time we had old Smith and Wesson pistols and .44 Winchester rifles. One time Odem told us when he left, "Boys, there's a new pistol out that they say is fine, better than these pistols or even the .44 Winchester. I'll bring each of you boys one, with plenty of cartridges. Then you can clean up the mustangs and the lobos around here."

When he come back he brought a brand-new Colt .45 for each boy and about five thousand cartridges. It was like Christmas to us. We petted those new guns like they was dogs, and couldn't wait to try them out for distance and accuracy. They proved to be the best pistols ever made. For true shooting and distance to two hundred yards they was dead medicine.

Our cattle here was distributed along the river plumb up to the head of the North Fork—about 500 cows and calves and yearlings and 500 or 600 big steers. Grass best I ever seen.

BUT THERE was always something to contend with. Lobo wolves everywhere. They would sneak in at night and kill the calves. Injuns everywhere making raids, killing mostly the buffalo hunters on the plains. But the worst was the wild mustangs.

These horses would come out at night on the long narrow points of land from off the high plain. They was very small and not worth a dime, but faithful and valuable horses would get in with a bunch of the wild ones, and then the tame ones would become the wildest in the band. I have seen many an old rancher or traveler seeking their lost horses, helpless without them, yet it were almost impossible to catch them once they got tangled with a wild bunch.

At night we would station ourselves where we knew the wild bunches would pass going back up to the plains. First shot and they would all come galloping, and all hands try their luck. Then, when they were near enough, we'd ride in close, all of us running our horses at top speed and blazing away with our Colts at twenty-five or thirty feet. Down would go a mustang most every shot. It were exciting sport.

Running buffalo were even better sport. It took more lead to down them than any other animal. You had to learn just how to do it. It takes a good fast horse to keep up with them, and only a few horses can be spurred near them when they get the strong smell. I've had plenty of horses stop and turn back because of that smell. You pull just as close to the critter as you can on the left-hand side, put two or three shots just back of the first and second ribs, and he won't run much after that.

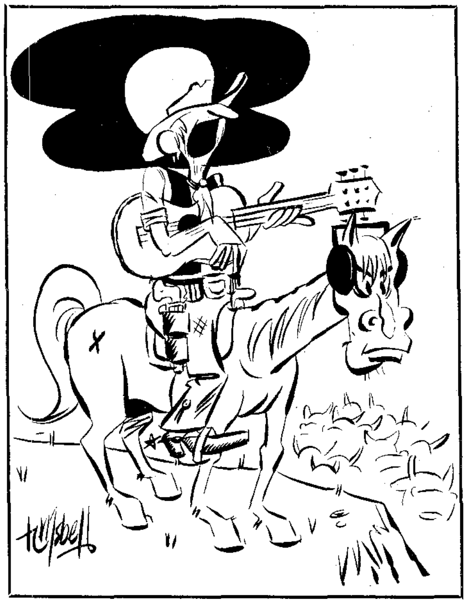
Their hide and hair is thin on the flank, but thick enough other places to almost stop a bullet. You have to let your shot range forward.

After we'd had a run we would skin them and sell their hides to hide men or buffalo hunters, and leave their carcasses where they fell. Seems a shame, but everyone else were doing it, so we did it too and never thought much about it.

Sometimes we would find a whole bunch of carcasses left by the hunters, yet not a fly, not a buzzard, not a snake or ant around anywhere. I have cut into the skinned hump of a big bull buffalo that had been killed six months before, and the meat were dry and not spoiled and made fine eating. Yet in the same locality at the present time the flies will blow a beef in five minutes. With people and civilization came all the pests.

One day myself, Billie Wolfe, and Youngblood tipped the rimrock, 250 feet high west of our camp, and believe me it were a sight to us boys—not a hill nor holler just as far as your eyes could reach. And all you could see were herds of antelope, buffalo, and mustangs.

NOW IN those days of '77 no white man we ever heard of had crossed the high plains of the Panhandle. It weren't till the '80s they begun to venture out. Part, it were the danger of the Injuns, but most, the old-timers were



sure there were no water out there. White men had been on this side of the plains and north and south of them, but never straight across.

As we looked over the plains to the westward, all spotted with animals, something looked mighty queer to us. Any man with brains ought to know there must be plenty of water somewhere—river, lake, or spring—because those animals would not stay on the plateau unless they could get water. They would have to come to the breaks and gullies down off the plains every day, and not very many come.

Us young fellows made up our minds to explore the plains as far as we could ride out and back in one day. We left camp before daylight the next day, taking the cook with us, and pulled out southwest across the flat mesa, all of us well-armed, because as likely as not we'd run into a band of Injuns.

Twenty miles out we begun to notice the animals in great herds all traveling in one direction. The sun was very hot and made mirages dance. Heat waves rose from the ground just like smoke and made the buffalo look twenty foot high. Joe, the Negro, was scared. He kept yelling about lakes and giant animals.

About eleven o'clock the herds of buffalo and antelope and mustangs began to start for water. We trailed along with them, watching, wanting to find out where they went. We pulled up some rising ground over a knoll and there was the prettiest lake, birds flying over it and the banks black with critters, some of them standing in the water up to their knees. It were about a mile and a half around.

We was tired so we set there by the lake and ate our lunch and let our horses graze while we watched the animals come for water. Herds of antelope circled around the lake to the other side before they drank, but the mustangs and buffalo paid little attention to us. Coyotes and lobo wolves came also, and acted as though we wasn't even there. We did not fire a shot, as we didn't see any use to kill them. Also we had seen fresh Injun signs and was not anxious to attract the redskins.

We started back, full of joy at our experience. I always liked new country, would take a chance of any kind to see it, and right then begun an itching in my bones to go straight across the plains sometime. Someday when I was older I would do it.

WHEN I was sixteen, living at this same ranch on the edge of the plains, most of the same boys with us—that were in '79—Odem sent word along in the spring for four of us to meet the herd that would leave Corpus Christi in February. We could start in time so that we could visit our old homes before we joined up with the outfit.

Gus White, Billie Wolfe, Tommy the Outlaw—whose real name I never learned—and I got ourselves ready one bright morning and pulled straight south like a wild goose does when he starts out in the fall. We was all good plainsmen, didn't need a compass. We just followed the rim of the plains southward as they drop off into breaks and coulees and arroyos. Sometimes we would be five or ten miles out onto the flat and other times in the breaks.

It was a 700 or 800 mile journey and not a white human being to be seen, nor a fence within 200 miles of us at any time, except when we went through Fort Griffin. But that didn't worry us. We was feeling fine, had plenty of ammunition and good horses.

We took it easy, figuring to take a long while to reach home. Plenty to eat, jerky beef and buffalo meat. Made our bread on the lip of a sack of flour and cooked it on sticks, like I have said. Washed down bread and jerky with strong black coffee, and sometimes we ate beans. In those days we had no canned goods. We carried tin cups for coffee and a tin can for a coffee pot. At night we slept on our saddle blankets and looked up at the stars and the bright moon and was happy. We didn't need all the things folks clutter theirselves up with nowadays.

About the sixth day we had got too far out into the plains, and it begun to worry us, because we always took our water from the heads of canyons that ran down into the bluffs and breaks along the edge of the plains. And there was always the Injuns to worry about.

"Better move in," Billie Wolfe said, squinting all around. He seen them first—black dots to the south that looked like ants but were men on horseback loping along fast.

"It's Injuns sure as hell!" Gus White shouted.

We spurred eastward for the breaks, five or six miles away, them Injuns taking out after us. They split up into two bunches, and one bunch tried to head us off. There must of been twenty or thirty of them altogether. The one bunch riding to cut us off near done it.

As they come to a high lope, we waited till they got into pistol range. First round we dropped two from their horses. They checked a little and that give us the lead. We held it but didn't gain much. They stayed in rifle range and kept potting at us, though only two or three must of had rifles, the rest bows and arrows. Just as we reached the breaks, my horse fell, shot out from under me, and how glad I was I'd left my Gray Eagle on the ranch.

One of the other boys stopped long enough for me to pull up behind his saddle, and I whipped around and kept firing at them with my Colt and dropped another one. Down into the breaks we went, and got down on the ground in a little wash, there to make a stand. The Injuns come on whooping down a buffalo trail from the plains that rose above us.

Miscellaneous

OLD-TIME REMEDIES—Completely new, enlarged edition. Over 200 simple remedies. Includes asthma, rheumatism, constipation, colds, baldness, Indian remedies, others. $2.95. Frontier Publications, Box 186-W, Penrose, Colorado 81240.

DEER HORNS. CHOOSE your size. $1.00 per point. Cut for plaque mounting, makes wonderful gun racks, coat racks, etc. Authentic Ancient pottery Sherds. Assortment of five types, $1.00. Write F. M. Dickens, 201 East Cedar, Gallup, New Mexico

TANNING, 8 FORMULAS and instructions $1.00. Rayson, Box 6350 FT, Phoenix 5, Arizona.

HYDROMETERS—Alcohol Testers. Saccharometers. Complete Supplies! Free Catalog. Research Enterprises, 29-DM4 Samoset Road, Woburn, Massachusetts.

"SOURDOUGH" recipes. Delicious chuckwagon biscuits, hot cakes, donuts. $1.00.
"CHUCKWAGON BAR-B-Q" recipes, sauces, beans, etc. Favorites with Sourdough. $1.00. Box 99, Brush Prairie, Washington.

MAKE YOUR OWN METAL DETECTOR for 25c. Free information. Historical — County — Topographic — Aerial Photo maps of all Western States. Kidnap Sales, Menard, Texas.

UNUSUAL ODD SHAPES, extra wide, thick natural grained plank from Vermont woods. Polished and made into sturdy primitive colonial furniture, trophy mounts, household wares. Finished with modern bar top lacquer. Send 25c for folder of standard items and instructions on how to order special sizes, shapes. Vermont Treeforms Inc., Groton, Vermont.

WILL FORMS—Six Standard blanks, with Instructions, $1.00. Brugenheimer Company, Box 158-KS5, Lexington, Massachusetts.

SUPERSENSITIVE TRANSISTOR TREASURE FINDERS. $19.95 up. Kits available. Free catalog. Relco, Box 10563, Houston 18, Texas.

SUFFERING FROM ARTHRITIS? Try Ginseng; Information free. Write Ginseng, Asheville 51, North Carolina.

50 FRONTIER RECIPES, formulas, remedies used before 1867, authentic, $1.00. Mickey, Box M, Ottawa, Kansas.

TREASURE, RELIC, ARTIFACT HUNTERS—club now forming for purpose of exchanging information regarding discoveries, locations, etc. If interested write A. T. Evans, 1401 Glenwood, Odessa, Texas.

LEGAL WILL FORMS. Make your own will. 2 for $1.00 Postpaid. Duncan, 1662 2nd Avenue, Olivehurst, California.

OREGON GHOST TOWN & TREASURE MAP $2.00. G. W. James, 2836 N. E. 19th, Portland, Oregon.

DISCOVER BURIED LOOT, gold, silver, coins; battlefield and ghost town relics, with most powerful, sensitive transistorized metal detectors available. Two Year Warranty. Free literature. GOLDAK, Dept. F-11, 1544 W Glenoaks, Glendale, California 91201.

GHOST TOWN MAP—Arizona, Nevada, and California. Over 450 camps shown on 20" x 26" 3-color map. $1.75 postpaid. Southwestern Maps, 902 S. Eli Drive, Tucson, Arizona.

WORLD WAR II SURRENDER Documents, Hitler's Germany and Hirohito's Japan. Signatures of famous military leaders, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, etc. 8" x 10" Ideal size for framing. $2.00 each or both for $3.00. Historic Documents, 607 Montana, El Paso 2, Texas.

OLD WEST CHRISTMAS CARDS BY NAPOLETANO. 12 For A Dollar With Envelopes. Horse Art, P. O. Box 512, Novato, California.

MAP OF ARIZONA'S LOST MINES, ghost towns and military forts. Colorfully illustrated border. Excellent for framing. 23" x 29". Send $1.50 to: Maps, P. O. Box 265F, Scottsdale, Arizona.

FIND BURIED GOLD, SILVER, COINS, INDIAN Burial Grounds, ancient ruins, underwater treasures with improved DYNATECTOR. Free "Where and How to Find Buried Treasure" with order. Unconditionally guaranteed. $3.00 postpaid. Dee, Box 7263-N13, Houston 8, Texas.

"FREE" SOURDOUGH recipe, from the "Ole West." Send 25c cover handling and mailing. Box 174, Battleground, Washington.

TREASURE, METAL DETECTOR. Find buried gold, silver, jewelry, coins, relics. Guaranteed. $3.00 postpaid. Free "How to Buy Government Surplus" with order. Metal Indicator Company, Box 7262-J, Fort Worth, Texas.

WANTED! OLD WESTERN saddle catalogs for research. $50.00 paid for intact, well illustrated catalog published in Texas or California before 1910. 50c a year more for each year earlier than 1910. The poorer its condition and the fewer the pictures the lower the pay. 50c a year less for each year since 1910. $3.00 less for catalogs not from Texas or California. Must have some proof. Henry Schipman, Jr., 644 West Court, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

HOW-WHEN-WHY claiming horses win. Send $5.00 for complete details and big profits with claimers. T. J. Gorman, 3250 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44115.

TWENTY EXCEPTIONAL MINERAL specimens $2.00. Includes FREE catalog. Green's, 6552 Vrain, Arvada 4, Colorado.

MEXICO—TWO! CAN LIVE royally on $100 a month, with full time servant included. Send $2.00 for complete information. Mexican Border Exchange, 607 Montana, El Paso 2, Texas.

Miscellaneous

"INSTANT SPANISH" Actual conversation. Free sample lesson. Ray, 68 River Route, Kingman 6, Arizona 86401.

WANT OIL WELL, Limestone Quarry or strip mine? Prospecting charge. Minerals already found. Mark Whitlock, Geneseo, Illinois.

MEXICAN COINS eight currently used, $1.00. Religious pictures. Send for list. El Buzon, Box 1270, El Paso, Texas.

HAWAIIAN—JEWELRY! Exotic! Unique! Inexpensive! Illustrated list free. O'Dells, Box 1703-TW, Prescott, Arizona.

HOMEBREWING GUIDE. Make beer, wines, $1.00. Rayson, Box 6350FT, Phoenix 5, Arizona.

JEEPS $62.50—Autos—Boats—Many others. Buy direct from Government! Send $1.00 for "How to Buy in Your State" and "1964 Directory." Surplus Disposal, 2230-WJ Wisconsin, Washington, D.C. 20007.

SOURDOUGH RECIPES. Used by the old west. Delicious biscuits, hot cakes, doughnuts. Send $1.00, Ed Poer, 1634 Ronne Drive, Santa Rosa, California.

CHOP STICKS. Three pair with instructions for using, $1.00. El Buzon, Box 1270, El Paso, Texas.

TEXAS RANCH RECIPES—*Exclusive collection compiled over 30 years by a Texas veterinarian—includes* MEXICAN FIXENS. $2.00 Bilco, Box 40243, Houston, Texas 77040

OLDTIME CALENDARS FOR 1965. 12 beautiful colored Posters of the Past—"Billy the Kid, Joaquin, Pony Express," etc., made into an excitingly different calendar. Plastic bound and packed in an attractive gift box. Perfect Xmas present for men of the house, young or old. $4.00 postage paid; or Posters may be bought separately, without calendar, 3 for $1.00. Write: Key Publishing Company, 1369 Solano Avenue, Albany, California, Dealers Welcomed.

"WE, TOO, REMEMBER NORM WILTSEY!"

BRAVE WARRIORS
by NORMAN B. WILTSEY

"Norman B. Wiltsey belongs to those western story authors whose writings made history in the world of good, reliable and interesting western literature. And among all those writers he is in truth one of the most understanding and qualified."

The above quotation is from a portion of a letter sent to us from one of our readers in West Germany. *BRAVE WARRIORS* is being read all over the world! It's a single volume of authentic, fast-moving, highly readable accounts of seven important tribes of Western Indians—351 pages . . . . 38 illustrations—Published by the Caxton Printers, Ltd. Only $6.50 pp. If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on sheet of paper.

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. Box 5008, Austin, Texas 78703.

Send me ______ copies of BRAVE WARRIORS at $6.50 each. I enclose $________ —cash, check, or money order.

Name________________________________
St. or Box No.__________________________
City__________State______Code__________

It were about a hundred yards away, just good range for the long-barrel Colt .45. Our pistols was a surprise to those Injuns, every one of us crack shots and dead game and not too afraid to shoot straight, every one younger than twenty year old.

We kept a-picking them off, but they kept coming, horseback and afoot. We had good concealment under the bushes and in that draw, but once in a while they'd hit us. We got shot up pretty bad, but not bad enough so we couldn't work our pistols. Billie Wolfe had three arrows in him, feathered ends sticking out. Gus White were shot through the hip with an arrow, very painful. I had one through my wrist and one in my shoulder, all poisonous wounds. We had blood spattered all over us.

THOUGH we kept looking around behind our backs, one of them managed to sneak in on us. Somehow we missed seeing him until he made a rush at Tommy the Outlaw, with a tomahawk raised and blood in his eye. Tommy saw him and begun shooting, but he seemed to miss him every shot. Must of been his gun and his pistol was empty and he didn't know it and kept shooting on empty barrels.

Then Tommy grabbed his dirk knife and him and that Injun locked together in a hand-to-hand fight. Tommy stabbed him twice, once clear through the stomach and the other time clear through the chest, but the Injun swung his tomahawk down at the same time and split Tommy's skull. Both of them fell all in a heap, dead before the rest of us could lift a hand to help Tommy.

We kept shooting away at the bluff and finally no more Injuns tried to come down the trail, so the fight had ended. From the blood signs we had killed seven or eight of them up there, but of course they had toted the bodies away. The trail was covered with dead horses.

I had here my first taste of real Injun fighting, and believe me it were a mouthful. Now that the fight was over and the Injuns gone, what was we to do? It was fully 200 miles to doctor or settlement.

We commenced pulling the arrows out of us and dressing the wounds, tearing up our shirts and wrapping ourselves as best we could. Gus White couldn't move. He kept groaning with his hip. He was the worst wounded.

Next Billie Wolfe and I buried our dead comrade, Tommy the Outlaw. His head were a mess. Reckon he never knowed what hit him. We dug the grave good and deep and put all his belongings in with him except his pistol, gun, and cartridge belt. Where we buried him were just under the rimrock at the head of Pecos River, or the head of the Big or Little Wichita, I never knew which. And I never knew his right name. After we covered the grave we put a big sandstone rock on top and chopped the letter T into it with the dead Injun's tomahawk. We left the dead Injun where he was. We used our dirk knives and the Injun tomahawk to dig the grave.

That concluded, Billie and I explored around to see all that had happened. I come on a horse laying on the slope that was not dead. I walked over to him and behold if he didn't have my saddle and bridle on him. The Injuns had stripped my horse and put bridle and saddle on this one. I put the horse out of his misery with a bullet in his head and pulled my saddle off him. There was three or four live horses nearby with rawhide ropes on them. I set out to catch them.

When I was crossing down into a little ravine, something moved in the bushes. I figured it were a wounded buck. I jerked my pistol out with one hand and made a grab for his hair with the other and yanked him up to put a bullet in him. It were a squaw.

NOW, it was not considered bad in those days to shoot the squaws as well as the bucks, and I had the same notion.

"Don't kill me. Me your friend," she said to me in plain English.

She weren't bad-looking, and she didn't act afraid. She kept her black eyes on me all the time. But I thought of Tommy the Outlaw. "Why shouldn't I kill you?"

"Me your friend. My man you kill him. Me glad. Him steal me. Me no want to go with him. Me glad you kill him. Me like white man."

I told her to come with me, and she followed me to camp. I went back to the boys, dragging my saddle and followed by the Injun squaw.

Gus saw me and said, "What in hell you got there, Jesse?"

I grinned. "Me, I got me a woman."

When she saw how bad wounded we was, she told us, "My man, medicine man, Comanche medicine man. Me have all medicines for hurt."

I said, "Let's see."

She was carrying an old red rag tied in about twenty knots. She commenced undoing those knots. It took her a long time. She said, "Heap good, me fix 'em up. All get well quick."

When she finally got that bundle open, she started to dress our wounds. She were a real nurse and doctor. I think every one of us might have died from those poison wounds if she hadn't been there to fix us up.

Billie Wolfe could still talk Comanche because of the three years he had lived with the Injuns playing his fiddle. He talked to the squaw with words and sign language and found out she was a Comanche. This Sioux buck had stole her awhile back. Now she wanted to return to her husband near Fort Sill. The Injun that had stole her were the one Tommy the Outlaw had killed, and she went over to him and took $50 in silver from off his body. We let her keep the money.

We caught our horses, had one of the bareback Injun horses for the squaw, and I used Tommy's horse with my saddle. Mounted that way we moved down two or three miles to a fine watering place and stayed six days until all hands could ride, the squaw doctoring us every day. We had nothing but boiled deer and buffalo to live on.

Then we set out for Fort Griffin. Here we tried to get up a party to go back after Tommy's body. "No," they said. "The Injuns are too bad, and we couldn't bring him back so far anyhow." We hated to leave poor Tommy out there in his lonely grave, but there were no help for it.

At Fort Griffin I saw the captain and told him about the squaw, and he said he would arrange to send her back to Fort Sill, back to her reservation, as there was several other captured Comanches to be returned.

She carried on a fit when she left us. Cried and kissed us and told us she liked "white mans." I didn't see her for two years, but when I did meet her again she were to play a mighty important part in my young life.

(Continued in next issue)

Superior COLLECTION OF WESTERN AMERICANA

There's a Superior picture-classic for everyone on your Christmas gift list!

The CUSTER ALBUM
TRIBUNE EXTRA
MASSACRED
A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER
BULL RUN ★ LITTLE BIG HORN
PICTURE GALLERY PIONEERS
By Ralph W. Andrews
First Photographers of the West 1860 to 1875
Western GHOST TOWN SHADOWS
BY LAMBERT FLORIN

Just out — Superior's newest titles

THE CUSTER ALBUM By Lawrence A. Frost
More than 315 fine photos bring you, in this one volume, the full life of Gen. George A. Custer . . . his family, his soldiers, his friends, his enemies. Author Frost, curator of Custer Room in the Monroe County Historical Museum, has spent years assembling the material for this book, sure to become a classic in the field of Custerana. Brings virtually a Custer museum into your home through rare photos and drawings. Includes largest collection of "Last Stand" paintings published to date. 8½ x 11 **$12.50**

PICTURE GALLERY PIONEERS By Ralph W. Andrews
See the Old West with the men who pictured it being won—camera artists like Jack Hillers, T. H. O'Sullivan, Charles R. Savage, William H. Jackson, Peter Britt and Carleton E. Watkins. More than 200 historic views and portraits selected from the finest work of 30 pioneer photographers. Follow these camera stalwarts across plains, up and down rugged canyons, on a profusely illustrated tour of Colorado, California, Utah, Idaho, Oregon and Washington in their early days. Letterpress-printed on heavy stock. 8½ x 11 **$12.50**

OLD FORTS OF THE SOUTHWEST By Herbert M. Hart
Ride to the forefront as cavalry and artillery regiments advance the banner of civilization in the Old West, in Hart's second volume on the prairie forts. Read the history of: Robert E. Lee Was Here • The Camel Experiment • Road to Santa Fe • Kit Carson, The General • MacKenzie's Raiders. Includes a directory of all Southwest military forts, plats of original layouts and guide maps for visiting them today. Hundreds of outstanding photos of over 60 old army posts "then" and "now." (See next page for Hart's first volume) **$12.50**

WESTERN GHOST TOWN SHADOWS By Lambert Florin
Bring your spades and picks . . . your imagination and sense of discovery . . . and come along as Florin's 4th Ghost Town volume takes you to Pizen Switch, Patagonia, Tumacacori and Whiskeytown . . . the fabulous gold camps of the Old West. Includes—for the first time—Alaska and the Yukon. More than 200 photos of ghost towns never before published. Location maps show you how to get there. **All new material**—no towns in Florin's books are duplicated. (See next page for first 3 in series.) 8½ x 11 **$12.50**

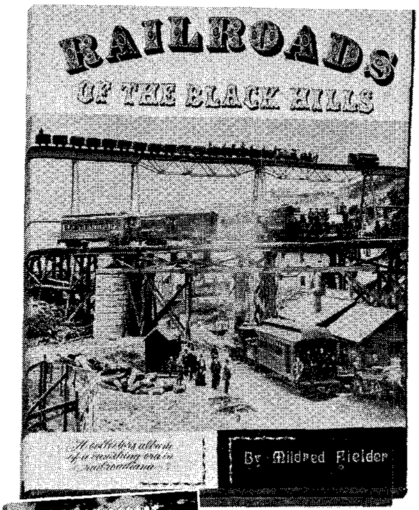
ORDER GIFT BOOKS NOW AND SAVE—
PAY AFTER CHRISTMAS!

If you order two or three copies or titles, deduct 5%; four, five or six, deduct 10%; seven or more, deduct 12%. All will be shipped in time for Christmas-giving, but you needn't pay until January. **Satisfaction guaranteed.**

SEE FOLLOWING PAGES FOR MORE SUPERIOR BOOKS AND HANDY ORDER COUPON

Superior Publishing Co., P. O. Box 1710, Seattle, Wash. 98111

Superior books will please every Western fan!



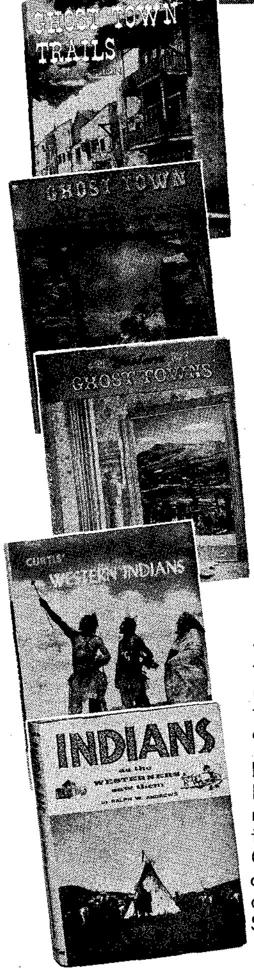
RAILROADS OF THE BLACK HILLS.

By Mildred Fielde

More than 200 photos, representing years of research, bring to life the color and dram of the sturdy little engines and the men on the narrow gauge pike that opened up the Black Hills! Listen to the trainmen spin yarns about the Deadwood Central; Gran Island and Wyoming Central; Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Lines—about railroaders like Bunchgrass Ponath, Bar Hannah, Kingpin Phillips and many more. Special 18-page portfolio of photos by famed pioneer photographer W. H. Jackson, many neve before published.

Big 8½ x 11 size, $12.5

It's just off the press!



GHOST TOWN TRAILS
Lambert Florin's third camera tour into the Ageless West in its rip-roaring days, includes British Columbia and Black Hills of S. Dakota, plus towns never before covered in Western states. More than 200 photos, location maps. $12.50

GHOST TOWN ALBUM
Second in Florin's Ghost Town series—a thrilling excursion into Glitterville, U.S.A. Sparkling word-pictures, more than 200 photos of boom-and-bust towns, also ghosts of the Mother Lode. Location maps. $12.50

WESTERN GHOST TOWNS
By Lambert Florin. First of series (there are no duplications in Ghost Town series). Accurate location maps, more than 200 photos show you where the spectres live in Yellowflake, Bingham Canyon, Magdalena, hundreds more. $12.50

CURTIS' WESTERN INDIANS
Story of famed historian Edward S. Curtis, with more than 200 of his famous "gold tone" photographs faithfully reproduced in black and white—a living chronicle of more than 80 tribes. By Ralph W. Andrews. For every collector of Indian lore. $12.50

INDIANS as the Westerners Saw Them
By Ralph Andrews. Old manuscripts, photos, reveal experiences of pioneers, settlers, traders, Army wives with Indians of the Great Plains. True adventures gleaned from dusty packets and crumbling cottonwood cases, brought to life with rare photos. $12.50

OLD FORTS of the Northwest
Big forts, little forts, skirmishes, battles, al expertly covered by Herbert M. Hart in thi pictorial history of U. S. Army forts of the Northwest, 1850-90. More than 200 photos plats, plus location maps. $12.50

INDIAN PRIMITIVE
Ralph Andrews' excellent presentation o Northwest Coast Indians and how they live when the white man found them. Rar photos from museums, private collections even from descendants of the Indian themselves. (Reviewed in Sept. Frontie Times) $12.50

HERE ROLLED THE COVERED WAGON
Travel the deep-rutted trails winding alon landmarks of the Old West. More than 22 original photos of forts, battlefields, historical markers by authors Albert and Jane Salisbury. (Reviewed in Sept. Frontier Times) $10.00

MONUMENTS IN CEDAR
Authentic story of the totem pole by Edw. L. Keithahn, curator of Alaska museum Traces life, folklore and tradition of Alask and Northwest Coast Indians. Superb photos including 8 pages in full color. $12.50

RAILS WEST
by George Abdill. Most extensive collectio of early railroad photos ever published Roundhouse of dramas and legends; cover trains, terminals and tank towns from 1850-1900. $12.50

Superior Publishing Co., P. O. Box 1710, Seattle, Wash. 98111

Please send me the books checked at right. For any two or more copies or titles, I may deduct 5%; four or more, 10%; seven or more, 12%. (With orders for two or more, state choice of free prints: ________RAILROADS, ________INDIANS, or ________TOTEM POLES.

NAME________________

STREET________________

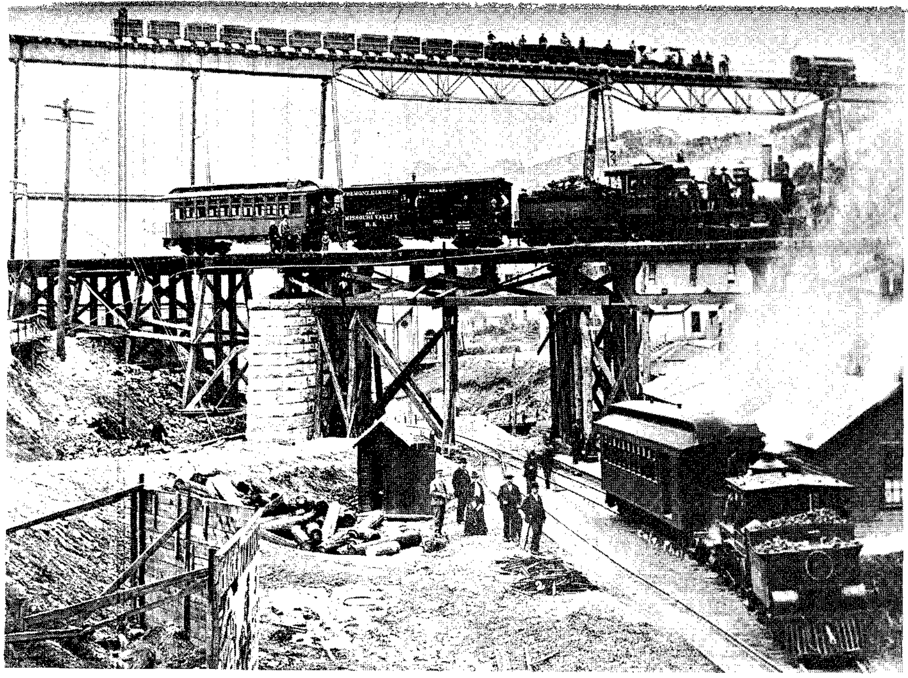
CITY________________STATE________ZIP________

☐ Payment enclosed, ship postpaid
☐ Please bill; I'll pay after Christmas

____THE CUSTER ALBUM
____PICTURE GALLERY PIONEERS
____OLD FORTS OF THE SOUTHWEST
____W. GHOST TOWN SHADOWS
____RAILROADS OF THE BLACK HILLS
____GHOST TOWN TRAILS
____GHOST TOWN ALBUM
____WESTERN GHOST TOWNS

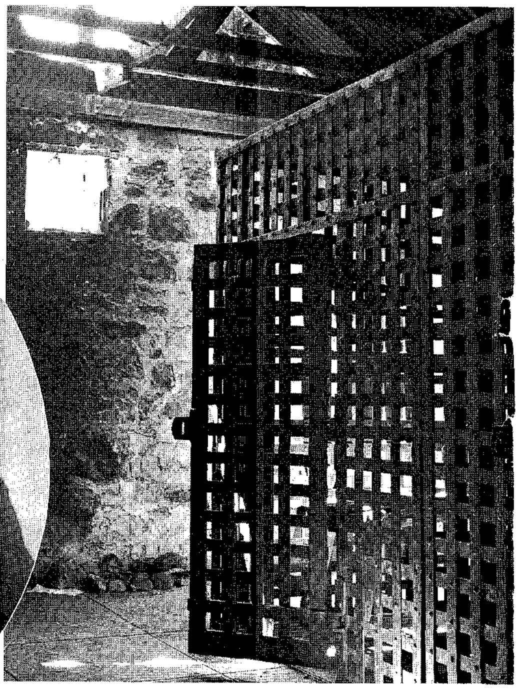
____CURTIS' WESTERN INDIANS
____INDIANS AS THE WESTERNERS SAW THEM
____OLD FORTS OF NORTHWEST
____INDIAN PRIMITIVE
____HERE ROLLED THE COVERED WAGONS
____MONUMENTS IN CEDA
____RAILS WEST

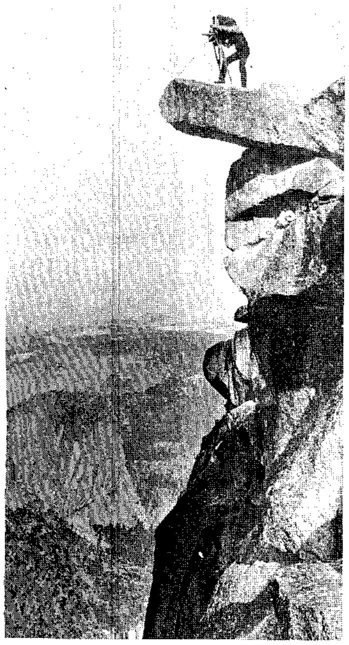
Other Superior books:________________

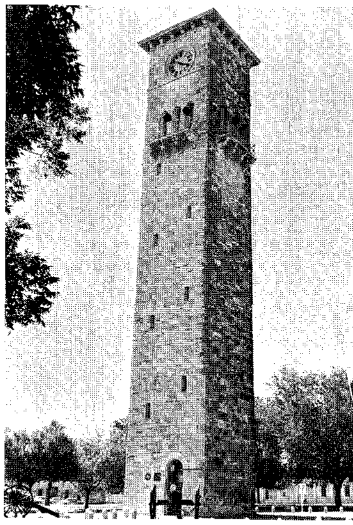


Left, from RAILROADS OF THE BLACK HILLS. Above, from The CUSTER ALBUM.

lere are just a few of the rare photos you'll find in Superior classics

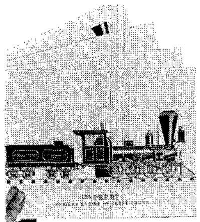






Left, from PICTURE GALLERY PIONEERS. Above, from OLD FORTS OF THE SOUTHWEST. Inset, from The CUSTER ALBUM. Far right, from Western GHOST TOWN SHADOWS. Below, from OLD FORTS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

FREE PRINTS — READY TO FRAME — WITH ORDERS FOR 2 OR MORE BOOKS!



Your choice - - -

RAILROADS

INDIANS

TOTEM POLES

orders for two or more Superior books, you get, FREE, a portfolio ur beautiful prints, ready to frame. Mark coupon for RAILROADS— olor drawings of steam locomotives; INDIANS—brown-tone prints lw. S. Curtis subjects; or TOTEM POLES—in full color.

SEND IN COUPON FOR BOOKS AND FREE PRINTS!

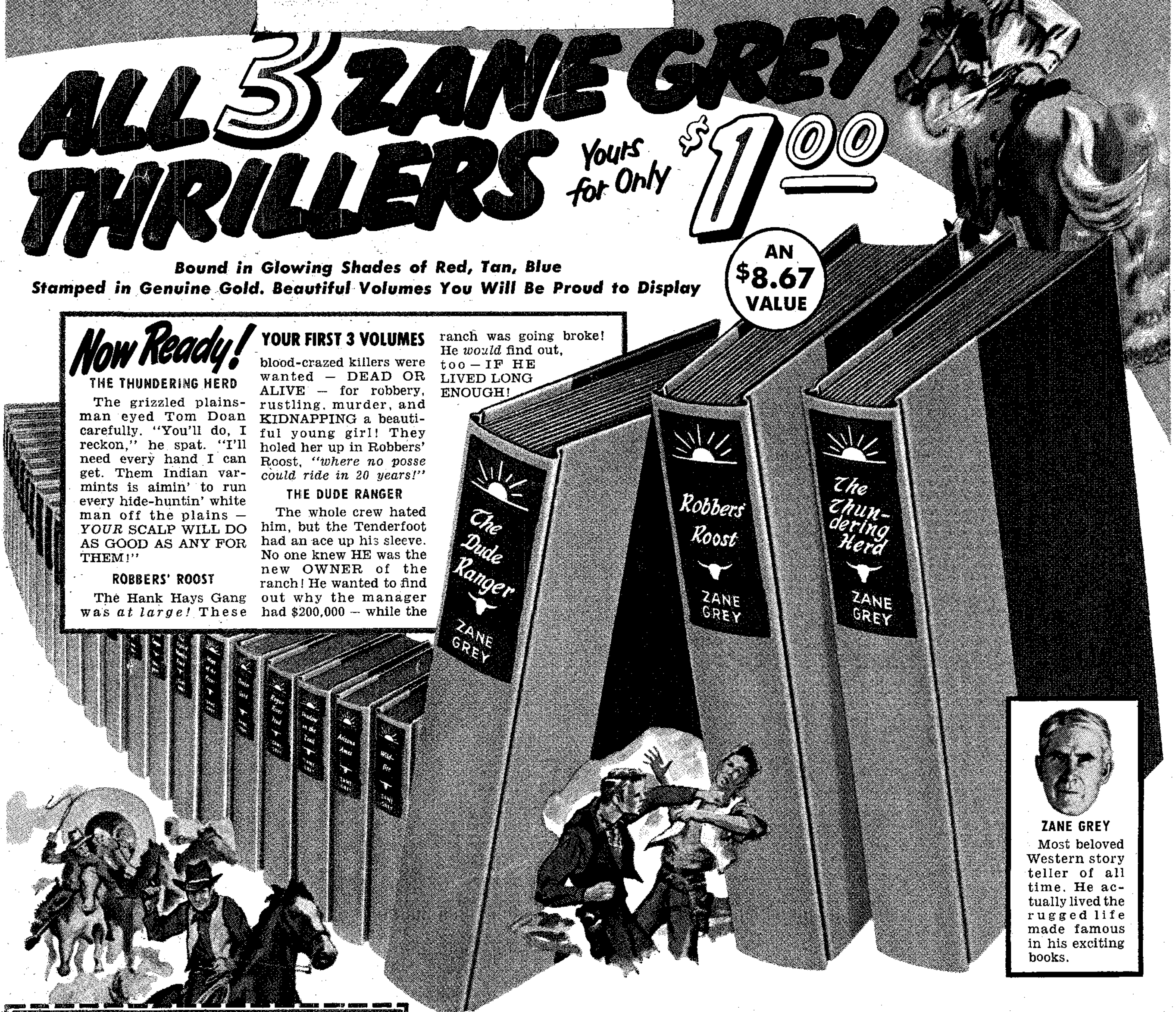
Superior PUBLISHING COMPANY

P. O. Box 1710 Seattle, Washington 98111

SENSA… …ER TO WESTERN FANS

To Introduce … Grey in Magnificent
Matched … Luxe Editions"

L28349 APR'65
A2C EARL DEATHERAGE
551ST AIR BASE SQ BOX 31
OTIS AFB MASS 02542



ALL 3 ZANE GREY THRILLERS Yours for Only $1.00

Bound in Glowing Shades of Red, Tan, Blue
Stamped in Genuine Gold. Beautiful Volumes You Will Be Proud to Display

AN $8.67 VALUE

Now Ready! YOUR FIRST 3 VOLUMES

THE THUNDERING HERD

The grizzled plainsman eyed Tom Doan carefully. "You'll do, I reckon," he spat. "I'll need every hand I can get. Them Indian varmints is aimin' to run every hide-huntin' white man off the plains — *YOUR* SCALP WILL DO AS GOOD AS ANY FOR THEM!"

ROBBERS' ROOST

The Hank Hays Gang was *at large!* These blood-crazed killers were wanted — DEAD OR ALIVE — for robbery, rustling, murder, and KIDNAPPING a beautiful young girl! They holed her up in Robbers' Roost, *"where no posse could ride in 20 years!"*

THE DUDE RANGER

The whole crew hated him, but the Tenderfoot had an ace up his sleeve. No one knew HE was the new OWNER of the ranch! He wanted to find out why the manager had $200,000 — while the ranch was going broke! He *would* find out, too — IF HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH!

ZANE GREY
Most beloved Western story teller of all time. He actually lived the rugged life made famous in his exciting books.

READER'S RESERVATION CERTIFICATE

WALTER J. BLACK, Inc. **ZU**
Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576

Please reserve in my name the beautifully-bound volumes of the Zane Grey Series. Send me at once the first three books: The Thundering Herd, Robbers' Roost and The Dude Ranger. I enclose No Money In Advance; within a week after receiving my books, I will either return them and owe nothing, or keep them for the special introductory price of Only $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charges) for All Three fine volumes.

I will then be entitled to receive additional De Luxe volumes as they come from the press, on approval, for only $2.89 each (plus a few cents mailing charges). I am to receive advance descriptions of all future volumes. I need never send money in advance; if not completely satisfied, I may return any book within one week of receipt. I may cancel my reservation at any time. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

Name..
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.. 20D

City..........................State.........Zone....

All the Glory of the Old West — Its Sweeping Action, Color and Romance — Recaptured in Beautiful Volumes Your Family Will Be Proud to Own

IMAGINE! ALL 3 Western thrillers described above are yours *for only $1.00* — to introduce you to the magnificent matched library series of Zane Grey "Golden West De Luxe Editions."

You'll be swept away by the colorful action, the breathtaking thrills, the blood-tingling excitement! You'll come face-to-face with heroic men and women . . . ruthless desperadoes and outlaws . . . the roar of blazing six-guns!

Here are the other riproaring Zane Grey Westerns in this magnificent library series:

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE. Brave days of old Utah — drenched with blood!

WILDFIRE. Story of a great wild stallion, a fiery girl — and the man who was strong enough to tame them both!

ARIZONA AMES. His blazing six-shooter spread terror among the toughest badmen!

SHADOW ON THE TRAIL. Quick-shooting Wade Holden fights with rawhide-tough rustlers.

ROGUE RIVER FEUD. Violence and death on Rogue River.

DESERT GOLD. Spine-tingling adventures of men and women crazed by the lure of riches.

WEST OF THE PECOS. A hard-riding, straight-shooting young man turns out to be a *girl!*

THE LONE STAR RANGER. One man against the toughest killers in the wild Texas borderland!

CALL OF THE CANYON. Smashing drama of death and danger!

30,000 ON THE HOOF. Pioneer Huett battles screaming Indians and lawless rustlers.

WILD HORSE MESA. A party sets out to capture a phantom stallion.

Other volumes include: The Vanishing American; Fighting Caravans; The Hash Knife Outfit; The Mysterious Rider; Twin Sombreros; The Heritage of The Desert; Western Union; Under The Tonto Rim; The Fugitive Trail; Shepherd of Guadaloupe; Thunder Mountain; To The Last Man; The Man of The Forest; many more Zane Grey classics! Every one complete!

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail RESERVATION CERTIFICATE to examine your first three volumes, shown and described above. With them will come an introductory invoice for only $1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charge) as payment IN FULL for ALL THREE books, and instructions on how to get your other beautiful volumes at the low price of $2.89 each. If not fully satisfied, you may return all three introductory books, or any later volume in the series; you may cancel your reservation at any time.

No other charges. No "fee"; no "deposit" in advance. Send Reservation Certificate NOW.

WALTER J. BLACK, INC., Roslyn, L.I., N. Y.